

T H E
W O R K S
O F

Mr. Thomas Southerne.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The LOYAL BROTHER:
Or, The PERSIAN
PRINCE.

The DISAPPOINT-
MENT: Or, The
MOIHER in Fashion.

Sir ANTHONY LOVE:
Or, The RAMBLING
LADY.

The WIVES EXCUSE:
Or, CUCKOLDS
make Themselves.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head* over-against
Catherine-Street in the *Strand*, *Benjamin Tooke* at the
Middle-Temple Gate, and *Bernard Lintott* at the *Cross*
Keys between the *Two Temple-Gates* in *Fleetstreet*. 1713.



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PREFACE.



Have done my Part in this Edition of my Plays, by carefully examining the several Copies, and correcting the many Errors as well as I could.

Eight Plays, I must own, are a numerous Issue for one Man to Father : And yet I have another, which, I am told, might be pleaded in Abatement of the Faults of the rest, a Tragedy, call'd, *The Spartan Dame*, which I should have been glad to have seen among 'em for the Support of the Family : But she has not been allow'd to appear in Publick, even in the Person of Mrs. *Barry* : So wanting the

P R E F A C E.

Recommendation of the Stage, that Play is contented to lye by, and wait upon the Leisure of Peace, and the Humanity of the Great Men in Power, to be permitted at one time or other to try its Fortune in the World.

All this while, if I think well of my Play, my Vanity is ungratified: Where is the Commendation, you will ask, which is the daily Food for the Poet to live upon? The Hunger of Praise is very craving, I confess: But I have satisfied that craving, by printing at the Head of my Plays, Mr. *Fenton's* Excellent Poem, where he says finer Things of the *Spartan Dame*, than, may be, the Town would come up to, if they had her among 'em.



A N

- A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Mr. *SOUTHERNE*,
FROM
Mr. *FENTON*.



OLD is the Muse to leave her humble
Cell,
And Sing to Thee, who know'st to
Sing so well:
Thee! who to *Britain* still preserv'st
the Crown,
And mak'st her Rival *Athens* in Renown.
Cou'd *Sophocles* behold in mournful State,
The weeping *Graces* on *Imoinda* wait;
Or hear thy *Isabella's* moving Moan,
Distress'd, and lost, for Vices not her own;

An EPISTLE to

If Envy cou'd permit, he'd sure agree
To write by Nature were to Copy Thee:
So full, so fair thy Images are shown,
He by Thy Pencil might improve his own.

There was an Age, (its Memory will last!)
Before *Italian* Airs debauch'd our Taste,
In which the Sable Muse with Hopes and Fears
Fill'd ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Eye with Tears.
But where's that Art, which all our Passions rais'd,
And mov'd the Springs of Nature as it pleas'd?
Our Poets only practise on the Pit,
With florid Lines, and trifling Turns of Wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the present Times can boast,
The Race of *CHARLES's* Reign not wholly lost:
Thy Scenes, immortal in their Worth, shall stand
Among the chosen Classics of our Land:
And whilst our Sons are by Tradition taught,
How *Barry* spoke what *Thou* and *Otway* wrote,
They'll think it Praise to relish, and repeat,
And own Thy Works inimitably Great.

Shakespear, the Genius of our Isle, whose Mind
(The universal Mirror of Mankind,)
Express'd all Images, enrich'd the Stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous Age.
When his Immortal Bays began to grow,
Rude was the Language, and the Humour Low.
He, like the God of Day, was always bright,
Yet rolling in its Course, his Orb of Light

Was

Mr. SOUTHERNE.

Was fully'd, and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,
With Spots contracted from the nether Sky.
But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd?
Forgive her Rashness, venerable Shade!
May Spring with Purple Flow'rs perfume thy Urn,
And *Avon* with his Greens thy Grave adorn.
Be all thy Faults, whatever Faults there be,
Imputed to the Times, and not to Thee.

Some *Scions* shot from this immortal Root,
Their Tops much lower, and less fair the Fruit.
Johnson the Tribute of my Verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish *Shakespeare's* Name.
But, like the radiant Twins that gild the Sphere,
Fletcher and *Beaumont* next in Pomp appear:
The first a fruitful Vine, in bloomy Pride,
Had been by Superfluity destroy'd;
But that his Friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant Boughs with artful Care:
On various-sounding Harps the Muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their *Nectar* in the Shade.

Few Moderns in the Lists with these may stand,
For in those Days were Giants in the Land:
Suffice it now by Lineal Right to claim,
And bow with Filial Awe to *Shakespeare's* Fame,
The second Honours are a glorious Name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal Lord,
To wear his Armour, and to wield his Sword.

An EPISTLE *to*

An Age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a Pious Monarch's Blood:
Whose Fall when first the Tragick Virgin saw,
She fled, and left her Province to the Law.
Her Merry Sister still pursu'd the Game,
Her Garb was alter'd, but her Gifts the same.
She first Reform'd the Muscles of her Face,
And learnt the solemn Scrue, for Signs of Grace;
Then Circumcis'd her Locks, and form'd her Tone,
By humming to a Tabor, and a Drone:
Her Eyes She disciplin'd precisely Right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the White;
Thus banish'd from the Stage, She gravely next
Assum'd a Cloak, and quibled o'er a Text.

But when, by Miracles of Mercy shown,
Much-suffering *Charles* regain'd his Father's Throne;
When Peace and Plenty overflow'd the Land,
She strait pull'd off her Sattin Cap, and Band:
Bade *Witcherly* be Bold in her Defence,
Glittering with pointed Wit, and manly Sense:
Etherege and *Sidley* join'd him in her Cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd Applause.

Restor'd with less Success, the Tragic Muse,
Had quite forgot her Stile by long Disuse:
She taught her *Maximins* to rant in Rhime,
Mistaking ratling Nonsense for Sublime;
'Till witty *Buckingham* reform'd her Taste,
And sneering sham'd her into Sense at last.

But

Mr. SOUTHERNE.

But now relaps'd, She dwindles to a Song,
And weakly warbles on an *Eunuch's* Tongue;
And with her Minstrelsie may still remain,
'Till *Southerne* court Her to be Great again.
Perhaps the Beauties of thy *Spartan Dame*,
Who (long defrauded of the Publick Fame)
Shall, with Superior Majesty avow'd
Shine like a Goddess breaking from a Cloud,
Once more may reinstate Her on the Stage,
Her Action graceful, and Divine her Rage.

Arts have their Empires, and, like other States,
Their Rise and Fall are govern'd by the Fates:
They, when their Period's measur'd out by Time,
Transplant their Laurels to another Clime.
The *Grecian* Muse once fill'd with loud Alarms
The Court of Heav'n, and clad the Gods in Arms:
The Trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The Dorick Reed, and sung beneath the Shade,
Extoll'd a frugal Life, and taught the Swains
To observe the Seasons, and manure the Plains.
Sometimes in warbled Hymns she pay'd her Vow,
Or wove Olympic Wreaths for *Theron's* Brow;
Sometimes on flow'ry Beds she lay Supine,
And gave her Thoughts a Loose to Love and Wine,
Or in her Sable Stole, and Buskins dress'd,
Shew'd Vice enthron'd, and virtuous Kings oppress'd.

The Nymph still fair, however past her Bloom,
From *Greece* at length was led in Chains to *Rome*:

An EPISTLE to

Whilst Wars abroad, and Civil Discord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous Captive long remain'd:
That Interval employ'd her sacred Care,
To Study, and refine the Language there:
She views with Anguish on the *Roman* Stage
The *Grecian* Beauties weep, the Warriors rage;
But most those Scenes delight th' Immortal Maid,
Which *Scipio* had revis'd, and *Roscius* play'd.
Thence to the Pleadings of the Gown she goes,
(For *Themis* then could speak in polish'd Prose.)
Charm'd at the Bar, amid th' attentive Throng.
She bless'd the *Syren* Power of *Tully's* Tongue.
But when, *Octavius*, thy successful Sword
Was sheath'd, and universal Peace restor'd,
Fond of a Monarch to the Court she came,
And chose a numerous Choir to chant his Fame:
First from the green Retreats, and lowly Plains,
Her *Virgil* soar'd sublime in Epic Strains;
His Theme so glorious, and his Flight so true;
She with *Meonian* Garlands grac'd his Brow.
Taught *Horace* then to touch the *Lesbian* Lyre,
And *Sappho's* Sweetness join'd with *Pindar's* Fire.
By *Cæsar's* Bounty all the tuneful Train
Enjoy'd, and sung of *Saturn's* Golden Reign:
No Genius then was left to live on Praise,
Or curst the barren Ornament of Bays;
On all her Sons he cast a kind Regard,
Nor could They write so fast as He reward.
The Muse industrious to record his Name
In the bright Annals of eternal Fame,

Profuse

Mr. SOUTHERNE.

Profuse of Favours lavish'd all her Store,
And for one Reign made many Ages poor.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd Swarms
Invade the *Latian* Coasts with barbarous Arms;
A Race unpolish'd, but inur'd to Toil,
Rough as their Heav'n, and barren as their Soil:
Those Locusts ev'ry springing Art destroy'd,
And soft Humanity before 'em dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful Strife
With Nature's Scenes, nor gave the Canvass Life;
Nor *Sculpture* exercis'd her Skill, beneath
Her forming Hand to make the Marble breathe;
Struck with Despair, they stood devoid of Thought,
Less lively than the Works themselves had wrought;
On those Twin Sisters such Disasters came,
Tho' Colours and Proportions are the same
In ev'ry Age, and Clime; their Beauties known
To ev'ry Language, and confin'd by none.
But Fate less Freedom to the Muse affords,
And checks her Genius with the Choice of Words:
To paint her Thoughts the Diction must be found
Of easie Grandeur, and harmonious Sound.
Thus when she rais'd her Voice divinely great,
To sing the Founder of the *Roman* State;
The Language was adapted to the Song,
Sweet and Sublime, with native Beauty strong.
But when the *Goths* insulting Troops appear'd,
Such Dissonance the trembling Virgin heard,
Chang'd to a Swan, from *Tyber's* troubled Streams
She wing'd her Flight, and sought the silver *Thames*.

Long

An EPISTLE to

Long in the melancholy Grove she stay'd,
And taught the pensive *Druids* in the Shade;
In solemn and instructive Notes they sung,
From whence the beauteous Frame of Nature sprung;
Who polish'd all the radiant Orbs above,
And in bright Order made the Planets move;
Whence Thunders roar, and frightful Meteors fly,
And Comets roll unbounded through the Sky:
Who wing'd the Winds, and gave the Streams to flow,
And rais'd the Rocks, and spread the Lawns below;
Whence the gay Spring exults in flow'ry Pride,
And Autumn with the bleeding Grape is dy'd;
Whence Summer Suns imbrown the lab'ring Swains,
And shiv'ring Winter pines in Icy Chains:
And prais'd the Pow'r Supream, nor dar'd advance
So vain a Theory as that of Chance.

But in this Isle she found the Nymphs so fair;
She chang'd her Hand, and chose a softer Air,
And Love and Beauty next became her Care.
Greece, her lov'd Country, only cou'd afford
A *Venus* and a *Helen* to Record;
A Thousand radiant Nymphs She here beheld,
Who match'd the Goddess, and the Queen excell'd,
T' immortalize their Loves She long essay'd,
But still the Tongue her generous Toil betray'd:
Chaucer had all that Beauty cou'd inspire,
And *Surry's* Numbers glow'd with warm Desire:
And now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the Thoughts are in the Language lost;

Mr. SOUTHERNE.

Ev'n *Spencer's* Pearls in muddy Waters lye,
Yet soon their Beams attract the Diver's Eye.
Rich was their Imag'ry, 'till Time defac'd
The curious Works; but *Waller* came at last:
Waller the Muse with Heav'nly Verse supplies,
Smooth as the Fair, and sparkling as their Eyes;
" All but the Nymph, that should redress his Wrong,
" Attend his Passion, and approve his Song.
But when this *Orpheus* sunk, and hoary Age
Suppress'd the Lover's, and the Poet's Rage;
To *Granville* his melodious Lute She gave,
Granville, whose faithful Verse is Beauty's Slave:
Accept this Gift, my Fav'rite Youth! She cry'd,
To sound a brighter Theme, and sing of *Hyde*;
Hyde's, and thy lovely *Myra's* Praise proclaim,
And match *Carlisle's*, and *Sacharissa's* Fame.

O! Would he now forsake the Myrtle Grove,
And sing of Arms, as late he sung of Love!
His Colours, and his Hand alone should paint,
In *Britain's* QUEEN, the Warriour and the Saint;
In whom Conspire, to form Her truly Great,
Wisdom with Power, and Piety with State.
Whilst from Her Throne the Streams of Justice flow,
Strong and Serene, to bless the Land below;
O'er distant Realms her dreaded Thunders roll,
And the wild Rage of Tyranny controul.
Her Pow'r to quell, and Pity to redress,
The *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine* confess;
Whence bleeding *Iber* hopes, around his Head
To see fresh Olives spring, and Plenty spread:

And

An EPISTLE to

And whilst they sound their great Deliv'rer's Fame,
The *Sein* retires, and sickens at Her Name.
O *Granville*! all these glorious Scenes display,
Instruct succeeding Monarchs how to Sway;
And make Her Memory rever'd by All,
When Triumphs are forgot, and mouldring Arches fall.

Pardon me, Friend! I own my Muse too free,
To write so long on such a Theme to Thee:
To play the Critic here — with equal Right
Bid Her pretend to teach *Argyle* to Fight:
Instruct th' unerring Sun to Guide the Year,
And *Harley* by what Schemes he ought to Steer,
Give *Harcourt* Eloquence t' adorn the Seal,
Maxims of State to *Leeds*, to *Beaufort* Zeal.
Try to Correct what *Orrery* shall write,
And make Harmonious *St. John* more Polite.
Teach Law to *Islay* for the Crown's Support,
Or *Fersey* how to Serve, and Grace a Court:
Dictate soft warbling Airs to *Sheffield's* Hand,
When *Venus* and her *Loves* around Him stand:
In sage Debates to *Rocheſter* impart
A searching Head, and ever faithful Heart:
Make *Talbot's* finish'd Virtue more compleat,
High without Pride, and amiably Great;
Where Nature all her Pow'rs with Fortune join'd,
At once to Please, and Benefit Mankind.

When Cares were to my blooming Youth unknown,
My Fancy free, and all my Hours my own;

Mr. SOUTHERNE.

I lov'd along the Laureat Grove to stray,
The Paths were pleasant, and the Prospect gay:
But now my Genius sinks, and hardly knows
To make a Couplet tinkle in the Close.
Yet when you next to *Medway* shall repair,
And quit the Town to breathe a purer Air;
Retiring from the Crowd, to steal the Sweets
Of easie Life in *TWYSDEN*'s calm Retreats;
(As *Terence* to his *Lilius* lov'd to come,
And in *Campania* scorn'd the Pomp of *Rome*.)
Where *Lambard*, form'd for Business, and to please,
By sharing, will improve your Happiness;
In both their Souls Imperial Reason sways,
In both the Patriot, and the Friend displays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit Love and Praise. }
With bright Ideas there inspir'd anew,
By Them excited, and inform'd by You,
I may with happier Skill essay to Sing
Sublimer Notes, and strike a louder String.

Languid and Dull, when Absent from her Cave,
No Oracles of Old the *Sybil* gave;
But when beneath her sacred Shrine she stood,
Her Fury soon confess'd the coming God;
Her Breast began to heave, her Eyes to roul,
And wond'rous Visions fill'd her lab'ring Soul.



THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

CAUSES, THE CONDUCT, AND THE

ISSUES OF THE GREAT

WAR, WHICH BROKE OUT

BETWEEN HIM AND HIS

PARLIAMENTS, AND THE

REASON OF HIS DEATH

AND OF THE CONSEQUENCES

OF HIS REIGN, BY

JOHN BURNET, ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON, Printed by

J. BARNARD, at the

Sign of the Sun in

St. Pauls Church-yard,

1724.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED

THE REMAINDER OF THE

HISTORY OF THE REIGN

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THE

THE
Loyal Brother;
OR, THE
Persian PRINCE.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,
In the YEAR 1682.

I, fuge; sed poteras tutior esse Domi. Mart.

Printed in the YEAR 1713.

TO HIS
G R A C E
The DUKE of
R I C H M O N D, &c.

*Master of the Horse to His Majesty,
and Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter.*

S I R,



WHEN Things of this nature
are presented to Persons of
Your high Rank and Qua-
lity, Flattery is always sup-
pos'd the Trade-wind that
carries the Author quite through the De-
dication. But my Design is wholly to of-
fer to Your Grace the First-Fruits of my
Muse, that (when Pleasure tires, and se-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rious Thoughts come on) I may excuse my Folly, by laying my Maiden-head at Your Door. Nor durst I have attempted thus far into the World, had not the Laureat's own Pen secur'd me, maintaining the Out-works, while I lay safe intrencht within his Lines; and Malice, Ill-nature and Censure were forc'd to grin at a Distance. If I have not perform'd my Part in this Piece; the Excuse of a young Beginner will pass with the reasonable Part of Mankind: But when I look upon Your Lordship, and join Your Princely Birth, to the early Promises of manly Virtue which You daily give us (if You communicate an influencing Beam on me) (as You must shine on all) I dare, without the Gift of Prophecie, venture to say, the Inspiration may refine my Thoughts, to some more worthy Offering. Could my Vanity carry me to the Hopes of succeeding in things of this kind; I am confident my surest Way would be, to draw my Characters from You, in whom the fairest Images of Nature are shewn in little:

Your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Royal Father's Greatness, Majestick Awfulness, Wit and Goodness, are promis'd all in You: Your Mother's conquering Beauty triumphs again in You: Nature has blest You with a Royal Parentage, and Fortune been just to You in a Princely Education: And nothing is wanting now to Crown our Hopes, but Time, to make You in *England* what *Titus* was in *Rome*, the Delight of Mankind; which that You may prove, shall ever be the Constant Wish of,

S I R,

Your GRACE's

most humbly Devoted Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

POETS, like lawful Monarchs, rul'd the Stage,
'Till Criticks, like damn'd Whiggs, debauch'd our Age.
Mark how they jump: Criticks wou'd regulate
Our Theatres, and Whiggs reform our State:
Both pretend Love, and both (Plague rot 'em) hate.
The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,
The fawning Whigg Petitions to the King:
But one's Advice into a Satyr slides;
T'other's Petition a Romonstrance hides.
These will no Taxes give, and those no Pence:
Criticks wou'd starve the Poet, Whiggs the Prince.
The Critick all our Troops of Friends discards;
Just so the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the Guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive Foes away,
As watchful Shepherds, that fright Beasts of Prey.
Kings, who disband such needles Aids as these,
Are safe — as long as e'er their Subjects please:
And that wou'd be 'till next Queen Besses Night:
Which thus, grave Penny Chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmond-berry first, in woful wise,
Leads up the Show, and Milks their maudlin Eyes.
There's not a Butcher's Wife but dribs her Part,
And pities the poor Pageant from her Heart;
Who, to provoke Revenge, rides round the Fire,
And, with a civil Congee, does retire.

But

PROLOGUE.

But guiltless Blood to Ground must never fall:
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The Punk of Babylon in Pomp appears,
A lewd old Gentleman of seventy Years.
Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore;
For few take pity on an Old-cast Whore.
The Devil, who brought him to the Shame, takes part;
Sits Cheek by Jowl, in black, to cheer his Heart:
Like Thief and Rascal in a Tiburn-Cart.
The Word is giv'n; and with a loud Huzza
The miter'd Moppet from his Chair they draw:
On the slain Corps contending Nations fall:
Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true Hearts your Triumphs ring:
And next (for Fashion) cry, God save the King.
A needful Cry in midst of such Alarms:
When forty thousand Men are up in Arms.
But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
In each succeeding Health they damn his Friends:
So God begins, but still the Devil ends.
What if some one inspir'd with Zeal, shou'd call,
Come let's go cry, God save him at Whitehall?
His best Friends wou'd not like this Over-care:
Or think him e'er the safer for that Pray'r.
Five praying Saints are by an Act allow'd:
But not the whole Church-Militant, in crowd.
Yet, should Heav'n all the true Petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who wou'd Kings maintain;
Of forty Thousand, five wou'd scarce remain.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Seliman, the *Sophy* of *Persia*. Mr. *Goodman*.

Tachmas, his Brother. Mr. *Clark*.

Ismael, a Villanous Favourite. } Major *Moon*.

Arbanes, a disaffected General. Mr. *Griffin*.

Osman, a Captain to *Tachmas*. } Mr. *Saunders*.

Several Officers.

Citizens, and their Wives.

Eunuchs, and Guards.

W O M E N.

Begona, Mother to *Seliman* and *Tachmas*. } Mrs. *Cory*.

Semanthe, belov'd and in love with *Tachmas*. } Mrs. *Cook*.

Sunamire, Sister to *Arbanes*, in love with *Tachmas* secretly. } Mrs. *Guin*.

T H E



THE
LOYAL BROTHER;
OR, THE
Persian PRINCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Chamber of State.*

Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, *Guards, Attendants.*

S E L I M A N.



Y Lords, our Letters from our Brother
shew
The Enemy encamp'd on *Gebus*
Banks;
Headed by that brave *Tartar*, that so
long
Has kept us warm for Glory in the
Field:

Their Number's fifty thousand, ours but twenty,
To poise their Fate, or turn the Scale of War.

B 5.

©

10 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

O glorious Odds! and by our Prophet's Soul,
Worthy imperial Gamesters, worthy us,
And the Renown of this immortal Throne.

Ism. Long have these Tempests threatned from the North,
To overturn the Fate of *Persia*,

And shrowd her Glories in eternal Night:
But say, my Lords, What has their Fury done?

Arb. Like Clouds, it vanish'd at our rising Sun,
To the Renown of Royal *Seliman*;
Let some report their Conquests to the World;
They Provinces subdued, but under Ground,
And peopled Graves: They triumph'd too, but how?
In Death they triumph'd, for they fell by you.

Sel. There spoke the Voice of War!
Yes, we have conquer'd 'em, and shall again,
Since *Tachmas* leads our Armies to the Field.
Thrice they the *Gehun* pass, as oft thou know'st,
Khoheumus felt the Wounds of *Tartars* Swords.
Where was I then, *Arbanes*? stood I idle?
For thou wert my Lieutenant in the War,
Saw'st all my Actions, therefore best canst speak 'em.

Arb. The *Grecian* Eloquence can never paint
Your Victories, (to mention but the first)
How then shall I? but my reflecting Soul
Shews the past Scene of Glory to my View,
And I can speak a Truth.

Sel. You Gods! a Truth?
I think my Actions do disdain a Lie
To speak 'em brave.

Arb. Dread S'r, you wrong my Meaning.

Sel. I am calm, proceed.

Arb. A barbarous People, of a rougher Clime,
Invade our Frontiers, burn our Villages,
Unyoke our labouring Oxen from the Plow,
Our Flocks destroy, and after them our Hinds:
The fatal News enters our City Gates,
And *Isfahan* appears one Face of Sorrow!
The Virgins shriek, the Matrons Fear prevents
The stroke of War; old Bed-ridden Age laments
Its many Winters, or does wish 'em more,

To

The PERSIAN PRINCE. II

To have more Strength to fight, or less, to die.
But then you rose, and Fortune could no more:
War is proclaim'd, and you the General.
Then to have heard your drooping Subjects shout
To Arm, to Arms, all to the famous Field,
The Sophy leads us on, and all must follow;
By the bright Sun was wonderful indeed.
Our Virgins, who before stood dumb as Death,
Now sing us on our way: The very Boys
Act Victory at home: And coward Priests
In Mosques with Prayer battel with the Gods.
But when we join'd the Foe —

Sel. Ay then *Arbanes!*

Fierce as a Winter Storm upon the Main,
I rang'd the Field; whilst my affrighted Foes,
Like Billows at the angry Neptune's Frown,
Successively did vanish from my Sight.
Did I not pour upon their foremost Ranks,
Sudden and fierce as Lightning, rush among
Their thickest Squadrons, and in glorious Heat
(Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud)
Make Desolation wait upon my Arms?

Ism. How Vanity distorts him! [To *Arbanes.*

Sel. With my drawn Sword I pointed out the Paths
Of dazzling Fame, which none but I could tread
Mounting that stately Pyramid alone,
Whilst all my Army lagg'd, and you below
Trembled, like Girls, to behold my Daring.

Ism. Now to fire him.

Sel. Nay more; when my too eager Courage bore me
Amidst a Band of bold *Tartarian* Horse;
No Guard, but Death, that hung upon my Sword
To make it fatal, say, who brought me off?
By *Mars*, the single Virtue of this Arm
Dispers'd their Troops, and sent 'em from the Field.

Ism. So, he beat them all himself.

Arb. Great Sir, your Royal Brother claims a Share
In that renowned Day.

Sel. *Arbanes!* ha!

12 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Arb. But all his glorious Actions are your own;
Since you, like Streams, from the same Fountain run.

Sel. I cannot talk of Fields, of War, or Arms,
Mention a Siege, or Battel, that I won;
But I am thought to boast: I know your Idol;
You plant my Lawrel Wreaths on *Tachmas'* Brow;
And would my Crown: By Heav'n I know your Hearts.

Arb. *Alha* forbid that you should think us Traitors.

Ism. He's strangely thoughtful.

Arb. O it stings his Soul.

Sel. *Ismael* thou art honest: Dost thou think the Prince—

Ism. What of the Prince, my Lord?

Sel. Why nothing now:

'Twas but an idle Thought, and I dismiss it.

Ism. Your Royal Mother, with the fair *Semanthe*,
Intend this Way.

Sel. Then comes the brightest Star, the chastest Glory,
That ever waited on *Diana's* Pride;

Light without Heat, and Youth without Desire.

Oh *Ismael*! what Courage can resist

The raging Torments of a hopeless Love?

'Tis that in spite of all my Victories,

My past Renown, or Soldiers Hardiness,

That drives me, like a Coward, to the Ground,

Breathless and pale before that scornful Beauty.

Ism. It goes as I would have it.

[*Aside.*

Sel. Still as I woo'd, when at her Feet I lay,

Begging the Bounty of a Look to bless me,

Hadst thou but seen with what a modest Pride,

A Virgin Innocence, and chaste Reserv'dness,

She took the humble Offering of my Love;

How still in all the Windings of my Passion,

Through the High-tide of Vows, and strong Temptations,

She kept an equal Mind; by Heav'n I think,

Hadst thou then seen the temperate Virgin stand,

Cold to my Flame, as Marble to the Sun,

(Not flush and haughty with her Conquest made,

As others vainer of her Sex would be)

Thou would'st have lov'd her rigid Virtue too.

Ism. Take warmer Beauties to your Breast, whose Heat

May melt that frozen Image of a Love.

Sel.

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 13

Sel. O thou mistak'st, nothing can drive her hence:
 Her rigorous Beauty binds me for her Slave,
 Freezes the wandring Current of my Love,
 Which did she smile, would loosely glide along
 Into the boundless Ocean of her Sex.
 Were she like other Women to be mov'd,
 Coming, and forward to believe our Vows,
 To drink our Tears, and melt within our Arms;
 Then I should slight the easie conquer'd Prey:
 But of such different Tempers we are fram'd,
 There's such a Contrariety between us,
 Like fighting Qualities, each gathers Force,
 And as she freezes, I consume, and burn
 With fiercer Violence of raging Love.

Ism. My Lord, she enters.

Enter Begona, and Semanthe attended.

Sel. Hail beauteous Maid! thou leading Light of Heav'n!
 So near the Sun you shine, so bright your Lustre;
 We justly may mistake you for the Morn,
 And pay our earlier Devotion here.

Sem. The Pomp and Entertainments of the Day
 Speek some high Festival: Perhaps your Birth
 Has claim'd this Sun a sacrifice to Jolity.
 While you, the royal Lord,
 Conclude in lavishly bestowing Praises.

Sel. Take 'em as th' Offering of excessive Love;
 The Meaning of my Soul.

Sem. As they are meant,
 The effect of Gallantry, I take 'em all.

Sel. O! how *Semanthe*? how shall I convince thee?
 What shall I say, or how shall I protest,
 To conquer thy Belief?

Cou'dst thou discern the Workings of my Soul,
 Pass through this Bosom to my throbbing Heart;
 O! there thou wouldst behold thy heav'nly Form
 Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away.

Why dost thou take the Beauties from my Eyes?
 Like the Sun's Flower, my folded Glories fade,
 Perish, and die, unless thou shine upon me.
 Ha! weeping too! what has my Passion done?

14 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

O Mother! beg her, on your Knees implore,
Entreat her for your poor offending Son;
Tell her I kneel, but dare not ask for Pardon,
Lest ev'n then my Words should give Offence.

Beg. O rise my royal Lord! Some secret Grief
Bedews her Cheeks, which I cou'd never learn,
Altho' I often prest her to discover.

Enter an Eunuch.

Eun. An Officer begs Admittance from the Prince.

Sel. Conduct him in.

Sem. Did he not name the Prince? my Heart confirms it:
For I have lost the weight of my Afflictions,
And am within a little World of Joy.

Ism. Methinks a sudden Pleasure overcomes
Your Mistress's Sorrows.

Sel. Ha!

Ism. Was there ought, in what
The *Eunuch* said, to work so quick a Change?

Sel. Nothing to her — but why that Question?

Ism. Only a foolish Doubt, — but I am satisfy'd.

Sel. The manner of thy Speech says not.

Ism. Alas! Age in a Minute raises Scruples,
That Years can't solve; and this perhaps is one.
But since you tell me she was not concern'd
In what the *Eunuch* said, I'll give it o'er.

Sel. He said, an Officer begs Admittance from the Prince.

Ism. He did, my Lord; and as he nam'd the Prince,
A sudden Joy, like Light'ning, dry'd her Tears,
And not a Cloud was seen in that bright Heav'n.

Sel. Ha! *Ismael!* thy Words have stunn'd me more,
Than the united Force of Heav'n cou'd do.
I fear thy Friendship has been fatal to me,
With an officious Eye discovering,
What, for my Peace, had better been conceal'd.

Enter Osman.

Osman. Let *Persia* flourish, and its royal Lord
Be ever Master of the *Asian* World:
And when Fame calls your Armies to the Field,
May *Tachmas* lead 'em out, and still return
As now, triumphant Home,
In all the Glories of a famous War.

Sel.

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 15

Sel. Say, have we conquer'd then? Relate the Means
How such prodigious Odds were overthrown.

Ofm. Our Armies lay in view; *Gohun* between
Gently, as Peace, in silver Currents stream'd,
Off'ring her Store to quench the Flame of War;
But all in vain: Shouts, Trumpets, Drums,
In dreadful Eccho's, bid the Battels join:
We on our Guard, and they expecting when
To pour a purple Deluge on our Plain.

Sem. How my Heart beats with Fear!

Ofm. This was our Posture; when one solemn Morn
Riot began in the proud *Tartars* Tents,
Nor ended with the Sun, for half the Night
Was given to Sporting, Luxury, and Wine:
Which, when the Prince perceiv'd; silent, as Sleep
Stole on their reeling Senses, forth he drew
His Army, and at their Head he cry'd,
If Glory be your Aim, now follow me:
Then leap'd into the Stream,
And, like a Sea-God mounted on a Wave,
Dash'd the strong Tide, and lead a floating War:
Which, when their Out-guards found, alarm'd the Camp;
But there Confusion in a thousand Shapes
Besided us; like *Cadmus* Brood, they fell
By each others Swords, and made our Conquest easie.

Sel. By *Haly's* Soul 'twas Conduct for a God!
And worth th' Experience of an Age of Arms.
O! now my Mother! Peace is doubly welcome,
Not only banishing my Peoples Fears,
But as the Glory of my Brother's Arms.

Beg. *Tachmas* has copied what your Sword first drew:
You for your Father conquer'd, he for you.

Sel. Said the Prince nothing of returning Home?

Ofm. My Speed had been prevented,
Had not some Orders to the Army staid him.
To Morrow's earliest Sun will see him here.

Sel. A thousand Tumains for thy welcome News.

Sem. Blessings for ever hang upon thy Tongue.

Sel. Fly then, and thro' my Kingdoms, loud as Fame
Can speak, proclaim an universal Joy:

Let

16 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Let Plenty triumph in our Streets, rich Presents
Be shar'd among our Subjects, not a Face
Be seen in Sorrow: Grief her self must smile,
When *Seliman* appears to Crown the Day.
Let our soft Virgins now no longer mourn,
But fly to every Meadow, Bower, and Grove,
Supinely melting on the Bed of Love:
For the glad Day comes on, that will restore
Their Lovers to their Arms, and to my Power
Confirm new Blessings, ne'er enjoy'd before.

[*Exeunt omnes, præ. Ism. & Arb.*

Ism. Twice have I held the Glories of a Favourite;
And sway'd the Father once, as now the Son;
High, as Ambition join'd with Power cou'd raise me.
Yet Blasts have nipt my Summers blowing Pride,
Wither'd the glorious Blossoms of my Hopes,
And left me leafless to the threatening Storms.

Arb. When *Sophy Cabas* rul'd, most true my Lord,
You shar'd some part of his divided Favours:
But safe in *Seliman's* Breast you sleep secure,
Far above Envy, or a Rival's Reach.

Ism. No, no, *Arbanes*, no; thou'rt short-ey'd here:
There's yet a Cedar that out-tops my Pride;
That grows too fast, and shades me from the Sun:
'Tis *Tachmas*; baneful Name to all my Hopes,
Who by the Giant weight of his Deserts
Presses my Fate, and keeps it struggling under.

Arb. *Ismael*, in that Name thou stabb'st my Soul
With the remembrance of my former Glory:
Once I was great; my Hopes as flourishing,
As now declin'd; my Fate erected high
As Victory could raise it; 'till the Prince,
That Boy, my Scholar in the trade of Arms,
By Treachery despoil'd me of those Plumes,
My Valour purchas'd with an Age of War.

Ism. Why did you bear it?

Arb. Dost thou not know the Fate of Soldiers?
We're but Ambition's Tools, to cut a way
To her unlawful Ends; and when we're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant Service, thrown aside.

To rust in Peace; or rot in Hospitals.
But tell me, *Ismael*! nay feel these Limbs,
These Arms, are they past wielding of a Sword?
By Heav'n I think not: or has my good old Friend
Forgot his killing Virtue? or has Rust
Bound up its Fury? neither; see, it comes, [Draws.
And feels as keen, and looks as bright, and gay
As the young Warrior's, when he first appears
In polish'd Steel, and marching to the Field.
Then why am I lain by? why am I not
A General still?

Ism. Ay, there's a Question will admit debating.

Arb. And not to be decided, 'till this Sword
Appears in Blood again: O *Ismael*!
Thou kind Regarder of my Fame, I swear,
Were not thy stricter Virtue to inspire
A generous heat of Action in my Soul,
I think 'twou'd settle almost to Dishonour.
Alas! I was a conscientious Fool,
And durst not think of Vengeance; all my Wrongs
Quite blotted from my Memory, and lost;
But now they live again, and by my Sword
Shall be reveng'd at full.

Ism. Be calm, and hear me.

Arb. Calm! *Ismael*! sure thou mock'st my Patience:
Why I'm a Pidgeon-hearted Slave, a thing
So overgrown with that poor sneaking Virtue,
I almost doubt my Courage.

Ism. *Arbanes*! know I look upon the Prince,
As a black Cloud, that rises on my Glory;
I know it, and I hate him more than thou;
Tho' with less Noise; I have no Army lost,
No Titles of the War; 'twas not my Province:
The Court has been my Sphear,
Where, with the Musick of my Tongue in Council
I've charm'd Opinion after me, been thought
The voice of Fate, and ere my Words cou'd mount,
The *Sophy's* Ear has sloop'd to entertain 'em;
Where I have revel'd long, and whence I fear
No Banishment, unless outed by the Prince:

His

18. *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

His Merit flows fast as the *Sophy's* Love,
Which if I aim not wide, like meeting Tides,
May dash my Fate, and sink my Pride for ever.
Thus tho' from different Lines our Wrongs proceed,
They center in Revenge.

Arb. I'll stab him in his Triumph.

Isin. The Policy of Soldiers! here is one
Can't purchase a Revenge, without being hang'd.
A Statesman wou'd have found a thousand ways.
But see, we are disturb'd.

Enter Sunamire.

Arb. My Sister *Sunamire* alone, and thoughtful!

Isin. I know her haughty Spirit
Resents an Injury above her Sex;
And has all the Contrivance of a Woman,
In working of a Revenge: Wou'd she was ours.

Arb. A Plot without a Priest, or Woman in't,
Had been a Prodigy.

Isin. Let us withdraw, I wou'd unseen observe her.

Sun. *Tachmas* to Morrow to return, and therefore
Through *Ispahan* a general Joy: Goes it not there!
O Tortures! Furies! Hell! ay, that's the Cause:
No, *Sunamire* must curse his crowding Triumphs:
And when he comes, my Wishes be his Welcome:
But if I must behold him; may these Eyes,
These Eyes that wanted Fire to warm his Heart,
Flash fierce as Basilisks, and dart him dead.

Isin. Yet nigher —

[To *Arbanes*.

Sun. Not that my Fondness does exceed the Bounds
Of a Court Lady; no, I can accept
Whate'er a Score of fond protesting Things,
In all their height of Gallantry, can say,
And the next Minute part with 'em for ever,
If that were all: But to be scorn'd! that that's
The Hell of Hells, the Plague of Womankind!

Isin. *Arbanes*! said she not scorn'd?

Arb. She did.

Sun. Had I been born of vulgar Parentage,
Then unobserv'd I might retire, and in
Some Corner melt my Sorrows into Tears:

But

But here at Court,
Where each Apartment is a Theatre,
And all the World Observers of our Follies,
For me to whine a tedious Scene of Love,
Is beyond Patience: Let my Fancy work——

Ism. O now she's on the Rack!

Sun. Ay, now the Presence fills, I see the Prince
In the bright Circle, like a Charmer stand,
With all the Beauties of the East around him:
I hear his melting Language, hear his Court,
His soft Addresses, and his sighing Love;
Whilst my false Senses, flattering my Despair,
Whisper through every Mansion of my Soul,
To *Sunamire* they're meant, they're meant to me:
Then, then I can no longer bear the Thought;
My eager Joy works outward on my Cheeks,
And every Eye observes my wild Concern:
At which the Ladies laugh, and I too late
The Cause perceiving, blushing fly the Room,
To mourn my past Disgrace—— My Brother here!

Arb. Sister, I've heard your Story, and am glad
That your Revenge points at the Man I hate.

Ism. Long have I waited Time, and now it comes,
The golden Minute comes, that offers us
A safe Revenge, but mounted on the Wing:
Say *Sunamire*, *Arbanes*, shall it pass
Unheeded like the common Births of Time?

Sun. Why is it made a Question? you are wrong'd,
Else why Revenge? If so, why trifle you
The Hours in Talk? But coward Man wou'd cool,
Did not the Shame, or publick Tongue provoke him,
More than the Sense of Honour, to Revenge.

Ism. O! you have rais'd a dire, provoking Thought,
Wou'd make a timorous Anchorite fearless,
Run to the fatal Steel, and stab his Prince:

Arbanes! now he dies, a thousand Wrongs
Cry in the voice of Murder, for Revenge:
Thine, mine.——

Arb. But what more sensibly does touch me,
Is his proud Scorn of thee.

Sun.

20 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Sun. Brother, that word
Would paint a Shame for ever on my Brow:
But my fir'd Spirit mounts; and if I blush again,
Think it the scarlet Trapping of my Rage.

Arb. 'Twas like my Sister spoke.

Ism. You know the *Sophy's* of a Nature hot,
Vain, and ambitious; yet withal most pliant,
And easie for the Flatterer to mould
To any form; so jealous of his Glory,
That when you but oppos'd the Prince's Merit,
Ambition broke through all the Bonds of Love,
And shot his fiery Soul out of his Eyes.

Arb. I mark'd, and hop'd for Wonders from his Passion:
But Hell! too soon he cool'd.

Ism. And things that soonest cool, are soonest heated.
'Tis not a sudden overflowing Passion,
But a just Tide of Rage, in Ebbs and Flows,
Must perfect a Revenge: And tho' his Virtue
Awhile suppress his Fears, yet they will rise,
Engendring Doubts, Distrusts and Jealousies,
Which of themselves will ne'er be conjur'd down,
But with the Fall of him who first begot 'em.
We must foment his Passion for *Semanthe*,
Since that conduces most to our Design.

Sun. How that, my Lord?

Ism. With my continual Praises of her Beauty,
I've blown his Flame to such a raging Height,
That now he'd brook a Partner in his Throne,
Rather than in her Heart.

Sun. Alas! unrival'd he may keep that Seat:
And if the Beauties of the *Persian* Crown
Did not attract beyond *Semanthe's* Charms,
Sure even in that he might unenvy'd be.

Ism. *Tachmas* thinks otherwise,

Sun. Ha! nam'd you *Tachmas*?

Ism. Madam, I did the Prince.

Sun. 'Tis false;

Or if you did, yet falser, if you say
He casts one Thought away upon *Semanthe*.

Ism.

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 21

Ism. Madam, let this speak for me; 'tis his Hand,
And to *Semantke* written. [Gives her a Letter.]

Sun. The burning Fever rages in my Veins;
But hold my Heart, restrain the Fury in,
Which heaves me, like the fighting Winds for vent.
One Question more, and like the stormy God,
I'll let you loose, to act it as you please,
To shake me into Atoms, tear my Brain,
With a Distraction that becomes Revenge.

Arb. She raves already.

Sun. My Lord! how came this Letter to your Hands?

Ism. The Prince's Goodness wisely chose my Age,
To be his Confident in these Amours;
And knowing me unfit for fiercer Joys,
Thinks I still love the Sport, and therefore makes me
The Go-between, the Pander to their Loves.
And I think I have so much of my Office right,
To hasten on their Ruins. True, I make bold
To taste their Letters to 'em, as they pass
Through my Employment, (for to me they're all
Enclos'd) what serve my Ends, I keep, the rest
I am most faithful in delivering.

Sun. Still he goes on, and every Sound more soft,
Tender, and melting than the former: Hell!

And to *Semantke* all! O I could tear

My self, them, you, and all the World, like this
Dumb piece of Love; Lose him to her! to her!

A poor, young, artless, indigested thing,

Whose utmost Pride can only boast of Youth;

And Innocence; whose Stature speaks her Mind,

And what Fate meant her, a Plebeian Wife;

Whilst my erected Head was rais'd to give

A fuller Majesty to Crowns; my Years

(Rich with the Summer fruit of riper Joys)

Design'd fit Offerings to the God of Love:

But now no more:

Since I am scorn'd, my nobler Thoughts aspir

To glorious Actions, worthy Female Ire:

Revenge, and Death, and Blood my working Fancy fire

[Exit.]

Ism.

22 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Ism. *Arbanes* after her; cool her if thou canst,
Or storm her into Calmness. [*Exit Arbanes.*]

Ismael solus.

Ism. Virtue avault! to Villages be gone:
But haunt the Luxury of Courts no more;
Much less aspiring Statesmens nobler Thoughts.
Ambition is our Idol, on whose Wings
Great Minds are carried only to Extreams;
To be sublimely Great, or to be nothing:
And he who aims his Actions at this Mark,
Must rush with manly Resolution on,
Stopping at nothing when he has begun;
Still pass the shortest Way, altho' untrod,
Not loyter in the beaten, honest Road:
But let our Masters watch the Heights we soar:
A Statesman's Loyalty is growing Power,
And we but watch Occasion to devour.

} [Exit.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Tachmas's Triumph usher'd in by Drums and
Trumpets; and answer'd by Flutes, Hoe-boys,
and Voices from the other side of the Stage:
Seliman meets Tachmas with a full Court.*

Sel. **W**elcome thou worthy Partner of my Fame!
From the rich Harvest of thy glorious Toil,
Welcome my General, my Friend, and Brother!
Why art thou backward in thy Part of Friendship?
Rise to my Breast, for my impatient Heart
Awaits thee there; my Arms thus fold thee in,
Thus press thee to my Soul, where thou wilt meet
A thousand Welcomes more than Words can give thee.

Tach. O my Imperial Lord! my Godlike Master!
How has your Servant merited this Grace?
Permit me prostrate on the Earth to fall,
And pay my Adoration to this Goodness,

‡

Sel.

Sel. I swear it must not be, Brother, I read
A Longing in our gracious Mother's Eye;
She claims your Knee, and Duty.

[Tachmas kneels to Begona.]

Arb. Why all your Projects are aground already,
The *Sophy* doats upon the Prince.

Ism. Be patient :

His Kindness is as short-liv'd, as his Anger.

Beg. Thou second Blessing, which the Gods enrich'd
My fruitful Youth with, Comfort of my Age,
Our Lives Preserver, welcome from the War,
Welcome to me, and *Ispahan*.

Tach. Is there a Joy in Victory beyond
My Mother's Safety? Protecting her, you Gods!
Has overpaid the little I have done;
My Hours of Blood, and I am still your Debtor.

Beg. Now I could bless these Powers, that lengthn'd out
My date of Life, to this most happy Day;
Once more to view the ancient *Persian* Glory
Shine out in these my Sons; once to behold
The face of Things serene and fair again;
The fruits of Peace ripening through all the Land,
And Plenty smiling upon every Brow:
This as the Mother of my Country; but
The Spirit of my Joy's reserv'd for you,
My Sons; or let me call you by a nearer Name,
My self; thus to behold you meet in Friendship;
To have my Blood, altho' in different Veins,
Flow in one Stream of Love; and what's yet more,
Tho' Empire stands between, like a huge Rock,
To break the Current, and divide you ever.
O! let it be my Glory now, my Sons!
To seal the Bands of Friendship, you have tied,
To bless you thus, thus, in each other's Arms,
And as a worthy Sacrifice, to offer

My stock of Breath in Prayers for both your Welfares.

Ambo. Long live thou best of Mothers!

[pets]

Sel. And mark me all my People; nay sound our Trum-
To yon bright Roof, and summon all the Gods,
As Witnesses to this great *Stygian* Vow.

By the Eternal God-head of the Sun,

24 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

I glory more that I can call thee mine,
My Friend, and Brother, than in wearing Crowns.

Tach. Gods! if there be a Possibility
To speak my Thanks; but that's impossible:
Or if there be a way to Gratitude,
Direct me to't, tho' certain Death attend
My every step, I'll on to serve the King.

Sel. I know thou wouldst. Yet *Tachmas!* O my Brother!
Great as I am in Arms,
Tho' I have Conquer'd through the *Asian* World,
And thou maintain'st my Glory in the Field;
Still there is wanting to compleat my Bliss,
Semanthe's Love; — but that wise Heav'n denies me,
To shew I am but Man: For had the Gods
Granted me her, with this vast space of Empire,
I'd been their Equal: Not envy'd 'em the Joys
They boast above, nor had a Thought of Heav'n
Beyond her Beauty. —
But private Cares must not usurp this Day.
Lead to the Banquet; all must be our Guests,
'Tis *Seliman* invites you.

[*Exeunt Omnes, prater* Ismael, & *Semanthe.*]

Ism. Madam, I know the Prince's Soul abhors
These Forms, and Ceremonies, that detain
Him from your Arms.

I have not Time to open all my Thoughts;
I must attend the King: Only prepare,
If any Storm should fall, to scape its Fury.

[*Exit.*]

Sem. Alas! what Storm? and how should I beware?
What Lover ever yet foresaw a Danger?
The God himself is blind, and all that love,
In midnight Darkness to his Temple move;
Like a tost Bark at Sea, the Pilot gone,
I'm left expos'd to Winds and Waves alone,
And Rocks on every Hand to split upon:
Yet there is one Port fair in view, where I
The Fortune of my Life and Love will try,
My *Tachmas's* Arms, where I will live or die.

‡

SCENE

SCENE *a Street.*

Enter Citizens with their Wives.

1 *Cit.* Hot work, Neighbours, very hot work; Bells ringing, Bon-fires flaming, Crackers flying, Conduits running, Engines playing, and Butts of Wine tossing about, like Church Buckets in a Fire.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; 'twill be a Day of Service; therefore I think it convenient our leaky Vessels be laid by.

Ommes. Agreed, agreed.

1 *Cit.* Yes, Doxies, you must troop, home like obedient Wives, and expect us as soon as we in our royal Pleasure shall think fit to follow.

1 *Wom.* O but Husband! We have not seen the Fire-works.

2 *Wom.* And we never saw Fire-works since we were marry'd.

1 *Cit.* And now for the Honour of Matrimony, you would meet with some red-nos'd, engineering Corporal, and be squib'd for Company.

2 *Wom.* Besides, 'tis a Holy-day, and Citizens Wives should be abroad on Holy-days.

1 *Wom.* The King has proclaim'd it, and it may be Treason to go home before Night.

1 *Cit.* We, your Representatives in the Body politick; will stay till Morning, and be loyally drunk for the King.

1 *Wom.* And we your Cyphers (if we can find any civil Gentlemen, as loyally affected as our selves) will do something else for the King before Morning.

Omn. Wom. So farewel Husbands. [*Exeunt Women.*]

1 *Cit.* So, now we have the Day before us.

2 *Cit.* The fear of Cuckoldom is removed, and we will be most obediently drunk at the King's Charges.

Ommes. Away, away, we lose time.

[*Ex. Shouting, God blses the King.*]

Enter Soldiers drunk with the former Women.

1 *Sold.* The Day is our own, the Town surrenders, and I must ravish.

1 *Wom.* O Lord! Sir! I am married.

1 *Sold.* And I am a Cuckold-maker.

26 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

1 *Wom.* O! but the Sin of Adultery is a double Sin.

1 *Sold.* And I love double Sinning with all my Heart : 'Tis a Method we Soldiers use to cheat the Devil in counting: Fornication! PoX! 'tis Boys play, and Gown-men preach against it; but justify the Reasonableness of Adultery by their own Example.

[He touches her, while the others speak.]

2 *Sold.* S'buds! a Month's Pay is Nothing to thee: I could kiss thee to pieces.

2 *Wom.* Well; if my Husband knew of the ill Customs you bring into his Family, he'd look as terrible——

2 *Sold.* As a Pair of Horns can make him: But hang him Cuckold that must be, I never fear an Enemy, when I have won his Trenches. Come, come; faith you must, faith you must——ha!

Enter former Citizens drunk, and singing; the Women shriek, and run out, the Soldiers after 'em.

1 *Cit.* Our Counters rifled! our Wives ravish'd, and we in the State of Cuckoldom again! I am drunk, desperate, and can fight for the Honour of my Vocation, and confusion of Cuckold-makers——scour, scour, scour.——

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Ismael with several Lords

Ism. My Lords! I never can enough return This Kingdom's Thanks, for making him your Care, Who is the Life and Being of us all: *Tachmas!* the general Wish of *Persia!* The Peoples longing, and the Courtiers Soul! With what an Eagerness the *Sophy* flew To meet your Loves, and ere you could demand him, Resign'd the Provinces of greatest Trust Through his Dominions, to his Brother's Care!

Lord. My Lord! his strange Behaviour at the Banquet, His start of Passion, and abrupt Departure, Provokes our Wonder.

Ism. Trust my Experience in the *Sophy's* Humour: The Eye of Time has seen him through and through;
Trac'd

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 27

Trac'd him through ev'ry Temper of his Soul,
And shewn him naked to my strictest View:
And from my Observation of his Youth,
Up to his riper Years, I dare affirm
His Soul enrich'd with all those Qualities,
That can endear a Monarch to the World.

— But see, he comes: Within this Hour, my Lords,
I'll wait you in th' Apartment of *Semantbe*,
Where I have something to propose, that may
Advantage the Design.

Lord. We will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ism. To lose your Heads, if you be there.

Enter Seliman.

Sel. Why is my Temper shaken with each Breath
Of fleeting Air, that's form'd into Voice?
Why have I not an equal Mastery
Over my Passions, with the rest of Men?
The Court is in an Uproar with my Follies
Expos'd in publick; all my Friends stand mute
Before me, not a Counsellor that dares
Advise me, even Flattery is dumb.

— I'll curb this Folly. — Ha! *Ismael* here!

Ism. I find the Poison works; I'll shew my self.

Sel. My Fit returns, and all my Promises
Vanish at sight of him: A thousand Doubts
Start in my Soul, and press to be resolv'd
From his oraculous Tongue. — Yet why should I
Rashly endanger all my future Peace,
To be inquisitive in that, may prove
A lasting Torment, and at best can give
But what I had before? — I will retire,
And so conceal my Weakness — yet that were
But to betray it more. —

Ism. Great Sir! to press upon your thoughtful Hours
May prove my Crime, 'tis fit I wait at distance.

Sel. No, *Ismael*!

Nothing of Moment entertains my Thoughts:
Only some few Reflections on my late
Deportment at the Banquet.

28 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Ism. The Cause was sure important, that could shock
Your Temper so, and in that general Joy.

Sel. The Cause, *Ismael!* as thou lov'st my Peace,
Stop there; tho' much I fear thou'st gone too far:
Thou'st ignorantly touch'd a jarring String,
That quite untunes the Orders of my Soul:
And all the Rules of Temperance I propos'd,
I shall leap o'er, if thus thou urge me on
A second time.

Ism. How, Sir, have I offended?

Sel. Thy Questions still drive on to that Discourse,
That most offends me.

Ism. Better I never spoke, than give you Trouble.

Sel. It were indeed.——Nay thou must bear with me;
I know thou wilt, *Ismael!* therefore speak,
And let thy Thoughts flow freely to thy Tongue;
As to my Ear thy Words. Is not *Semanthe*
All can be wish'd in Woman?——Ha! not answer!

Ism. I dare not, I shall give you new Disturbance.

Sel. O now thou art too hard upon my Follies:
I know this Theam provok'd me at the Banquet,
And Truths in publick are resent'd,
Which meet a fair Reception in our Closets.

Ism. Then I dare speak my Thoughts: If I respect
Semanthe, as the Goddess of your Vows,
As one, rais'd by the Merit of your Love;
Then I must think the Virtues of her Sex,
(For sure she has the Beauties) meet in her:
But if as meerly Woman I esteem her,
All'y'd to Imperfections, subject to
Temptations, which her Beauties will invite,
And Years allow of, with that tide of Youth
Swelling through every Vein, sparkling Desires,
And circulating Wishes to her Heart:
Pardon the Freedom of my own Experience,
I think this Fruit, that ripens on the Bough,
And mellows in the Sun-shine of the Court,
Must somewhere fall.

Sel. A thousand Thoughts prey on my tortur'd Soul,
And whirling Fancy turns my Senses round:

——Yet

— Yet stay — 'twas Reason all he uttered to me,
And solid Sense; and may perhaps be true.

Semanthe is a Woman;

And who can fathom that deceitful Sex?

But by the flaming God, that rides above,

Had I a Circumstance, a shew of Truth,

I would not only drive the Sorceress hence,

But sink her Lover in the Shades for ever.

Ism. My Lord! knowing your violent Passion

For *Semanthe*, and her unnatural Coldness;

Hoping to find the Cause of all, by Bribes

I wrought upon a Slave in trust, who told me,

How she in private entertains a Lover.

Sel. In private, say'st thou? sure it cannot be:

She! who like *April* Months, still wept, and shone,

Whose not one Beauty was without a Tear,

Is she, Hell! Furies! Fiends! and Plagues! Unchast?

Ism. My Lord —

Sel. She is, by Hell she is;

For all the Tears she shed, were liquid Fire,

Hot scalding Bubbles of descending Lust,

As *Jupiter* rain'd down on *Danae*.

Ism. The Gods can witness for me, I believe

Semanthe chaste, as the untainted Thoughts

Of Infancy;

Yet she is a Woman; and the Nicest sure,

That makes her Modesty her boasted Pride,

May, when solicited with earnest Vows

Of honourable Love, without a Crime

Believe, where her own Fancy prompts her.

Sel. What honourable Love can Story boast,

Through the recorded Pages of the Dead,

Equal to mine? in all my Flame of Love,

When wild Desires beat thick upon my Soul,

And Power (the Countenance of greatest Crimes)

Urging me on, nay when my boiling Blood

Has blush'd to see me, for a Woman's Coyness,

Forgo my Pleasures; not even then I swear,

Had I a Look, a Thought beyond her Virtue.

30 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Ism. I need not name your Brother, when I speak
Your Rival Master of the Charms of Youth,
Beauty and Courage; nay more than these: One learn'd
In the soft Way of melting Ladies Hearts,
So artful in the Story of his Passion,
That sure no Woman can resist his Tongue,
More than his Enemy his Sword in Battel.

Sel. O! 'tis impossible!

Ism. By Heav'n 'tis true; 'tis he alone
Resolves the frosty Weather in her Soul;
And warms her into Wishes.

Sel. Then be forgotten ever
The Ties of Blood, Friendship, Humanity,
You're empty Names, and perish all in him,
No more my Brother, but the worst of Villains.
I could behold him seated in my Throne,
Disposing Crowns and Kingdoms through the East,
And pardon his Ambition:— But my Love.—

Ism. He needs no Pardon, who offends with Power:
And should the Prince with a strong Hand maintain
His Passion to the World; nay, ease your Brow
Of the Imperial Load; who can oppose him?
All Offices are his, your Sword is his,
To be employ'd against your Royal Life;
If Gratitude permit: And who is he,
In the wild Transports of ambitious Thoughts,
And tossing on the Billows of Desire,
That for a Nicety of Good or Ill,
Would quit the Joys of Beauty, and a Crown?

Sel. No more, *Ismael!* tell me when, and where
I may behold 'em: Let thy working Brain
But guide me to the Place.—

Ism. That this does; [*Shewing a Key.*]
This Key discloses to you the whole Scene
Of their forbidden Loves: Within this Hour
They meet again in her Apartment, where
You may surprise 'em.

Sel. Attend me at that time.
O I could curse my foolish, easie Nature!
— But I am calm as yet,

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 31

The Figure of my Fury's lifeless drawn;
Rude, and unlike to what it shall be.
O! thou shalt see the Mendings of my Rage:
The manly Dashes of my stronger Passion
Shall paint the Face of my Revenge so ghastly,
Nature shall start affrighted at the Piece,
And cry the Work's not mine. [Exit.]

Isf. Full charg'd, and like a Thunder-bolt, destructive,
The *Sophy* flies to all that shall oppose him:
—*Tachmas* will stand between him, and *Semanthe*;
—But *Seliman* must pass through *Tachmas* to her:
'Tis so resolv'd, and stands like Heav'n's fixt Poles!
Come Furies all, whip up my sleeping Envy,
Lash the lean, haggard Fiend, and make her foam;
Lend me your Scorpions, reach the pois'nous Bowl,
That the green Gall may stain my venom'd Blood,
And my Infection raise a mad Combustion.
Then from the Port I will behold the Storm,
And laugh at Ruins, that my Plots perform. [Exit.]

S C E N E *Semanthe's Apartment.*

Enter Tachmas, Semanthe, and Lords.

Tach. O! why *Semanthe*, why these falling Tears?
I swear, my Love, not the last Drops of Life,
Just flowing from my Heart, are dearer to me,
Than those rich Pearls that trickle from thy Eyes.
What, on this joyful Day! it must not be:
Give me thy Griefs, pour all thy Sorrows here,
Here in my Breast, and pant within my Arms:
Tho' Fortune frown, and every Star conspire,
Yet we may love, *Semanthe*!

Sem. O my Lord!

What Sun shall see you mine? Is there no Power
Assisting to our Love?

Tach. My dearer self!

Let no sad Thought poison this happy Hour,
The Gods have sent us to begin our Joys.
No, my *Semanthe*! we will never part:
For ever thus, thus in each others Arms,

32 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Ages shall see us flourish.

Sem. Yes you shall

For ever be believ'd; for my poor Heart
Would fain be fonded with the hopes of Rest.
Yet there is something here presages Ill:
Were our Loves Scene a blissful, Silvan Grove,
And we, the happy Tenants of its Shade
An humble rural Pair, to all unknown,
Plac'd beneath Fortune's Aim, we might be blest.
But Oh! the Storms and Tempests of a Court,
The Rocks, the Quicksands, and the tossing Seas,
That Love must venture through to gain its Port,
Foil the most resolute Powers of my Soul.

Enter Seliman unseen, with Ismael and Arbanes.

Sel. There needs no more; *Ismael*, you retire,
Whilst *Arbanes* attends me. *[Exit Ismael.]*

Sem. You know the *Sophy* long has sought my Love;
And tho' I swear I never will be his,
Nor change the Passion I have vow'd you long,
For more than Earth can give, or Heav'n bestow;
Yet, O my Lord! my Fears are great for you:
What horrid Consequence, what rash Effect
Of wildest Fury ought we not to dread
From him, who when he knows his happy Rival,
Has Power to execute his fatal Will?

Tach. No, my *Semanthe*! we are now secure
From all the Darts of Fortune: These my Friends,
Soon as I march to my new Government,
Shall be your Guard, and privately convey you
To *Georgia*, which Province your brave Father
Had govern'd long, and but with Death resign'd:
'Tis now within my Power, and I doubt not,
At sight of you, but we shall have those Friends
To join our Cause, that may enable us
To justify our Loves.

Lords. In the publick Name,
We lay our Lives and Fortunes at your Feet.

Sel. O! Man me, Reason;
Restrain the Sallies of my starting Passion,
Which else will plunge me in the Gulph of Madness.

Sem.

Sem. But if that gloomy Minute should approach,
(Avert it Heav'n) when I am forc'd to lose you;
(Forgive the Virgin Fondness of my Love)
Where should your poor *Semantke* run for Succour?
Or should I live to mourn your Loss for ever?

Tach. O stop not here! for ever bless my Ears
With the delightful Story of thy Love:
My Heart is ravish'd with excessive Joy,
Leaps in my Breast,
And dances to the Musick of thy Voice.
O my *Semantke*! let me die with Rapture,
Thus sigh my Soul out on thy Virgin Bosom,
Thus press thee still, for ever hold thee to me,
Emptying the hoarded Treasure of my Love,
Till Life be spent, and I fall pale before thee.
What shall I say to speak thy wondrous Virtue?
My Tongue forsakes me, when I would go on,
Uncapable to form my dazling Thoughts,
And I can only gaze, and still admire thee.

Seliman coming forward.

Sel. Gaze on, devour her all; this Look's thy last.

Sem. O Heav'ns! we are betray'd.

Sel. O wondrous Modesty of Guilt discover'd!
Ingrateful Slave! I will not stoop to tell thee,
How thou hast basely wrong'd thy Friend and Brother.
I did design thy Death; but thank the Powers,
That have reviv'd expiring Nature in me:
But fly, be gone, to Death, or Banishment;
And all the publick Offices you held
By our Permission, here we take again:
The General Staff, *Arbanes*, now is thine.

Arb. My Service best will speak my Gratitude.

Sel. As Traitors to our Crown, and Life, your Heads:
[To the Lords.]

Are forfeit to our Laws: But meet ignobler Fates.
Madam, your Sex's Folly pleads your Cause;
But think on him no more; learn to forget
A Slave so much unworthy.

Arbanes, thou attend upon *Semantke*.

And guard her, as thou wouldst thy Life; away. [Exit.]

34 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Tach. If in my better Fortune I have ever
Deserv'd thy Love,
Grant me a parting Minute with *Semanthe*;
And in return, my Life
Shall be too short, to shew my Gratitude.

Arb. My Lord! the Time requires a short Farewel,
And you must make it so: I know there are
A thousand tender Things for you to say,
Unfit for me to hear:
Therefore, my Lord, the Guards shall wait without.

[Exit with Guards.]

Tach. Now my *Semanthe*!

Sem. O my most lov'd Lord!
Support me, for my Spirits die within me,
At the least mention of thy Banishment.

Tach. Look up my Star, my shining Happiness;
Dart through the gloomy Winter of our Fortune,
And smile upon me:

Let us deceive our Miseries a while
Talk of the Joys of Love, and never think
Of Parting; Grief will come too fast upon us.

Sem. Methinks already in some barbarous Wild,
Like a benighted Traveller, I walk;
Viewing with watry Eyes the sinking Sun,
And Night displaying her sad Ensigns round:
No friendly Village near me, all before,
A horrid maze of Death, without a Guide
To chear my heavy Steps; Despair, and Death!
Darkness, and everlasting Horror round me:
O wilt thou ne'er return to glad my Soul,
And must we never, never meet again!

Tach. My Soul's last Treasure! how I part from thee,
How far above the World I prize thy Love,
Th' Almighty Searchers of the Mind can tell:
But since irrevocable Fate has doom'd
That I must ne'er be happy; O hear my Wish
For thy Content, and future Peace of Mind!
— It matters not what shall become of me.
When I am gone for ever from thy Sight,
Forget that wretched *Tachmas* ever was;

O!

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O! think not on the Wretch, for that will grieve thee :
But give thy Love to royal *Seliman*,
Give him that Heart, that once was mine; those Vows,
That spotless Faith thou gav'st to me: Which (since
'Tis for your Peace) you Gods! I here resign;
Here on this Altar sigh you all away. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

Sem. O most unkind! why do you use me thus?
Or would you have me think you never lov'd,
That thus you wish me from you?

Tach. My Love!
My dearer self! thou Miracle of Woman!
For what recorded Story ever told
One of thy Sex so fond of Misery?
Let us live wretched then, and ever love;
So truly love, that the relenting Gods
At last in Justice may redress our Wrongs,
And bring us safe unto each others Arms.

Sem. O! if I ever prove untrue to *Tachmas*,
May I resign my Honour to a Slave,
Be branded a vile, common Prostitute,
And only known by the black Marks of Shame.

Tach. O I could hear thee ever: But thus resolv'd
Let's try to part.

Sem. O you must first begin;
For my Heart's fond, and sure to say Farewel,
Would break it quite.

Tach. Farewel, *Semantse*! Witness all you Gods,
To you I recommend this weighty Charge:
O guard her Innocence, and secure her Faith,
(For sure she will be strongly tempted from me)
That if our kinder Stars should guide me home
To these lov'd Arms, our Souls may meet in Joy.

Sem. My Heart's exceeding heavy: falling Tears
Dazle my Sight, and wonnot let me see you:
O do not leave me yet!

Tach. I must be gone:
If I stay longer we are both undone;
My Eyes would ever on that Object dwell;
—But we must part —farewel.

Sem. Farewel —farewel.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Seliman following Semanthe.

Sel. **T**HE stubborn Rocks are worn by pouring Floods!
But you, tho' cover'd with a constant Dew,
Like weeping Marble,
Give me no hopes, but are as hard as ever.

Sem. Learn Hope from widow'd Turtles,
Or from the melancholy *Philomel*,
Who perch'd all Night alone in shady Groves,
Tunes her soft Voice to sad Complaints of Love,
Making her Life one great harmonious Wo.

Sel. Cannot *Pactolus'* Strand, nor *Tagus'* Stream,
Nor heaps of Pearl join'd with a *Persian* Crown,
Bias your Thoughts, or poise a Subject's Love?

Sem. Tho' your wide Empire, with expanded Wings,
Flew o'er the East, farther than *Cyrus* led it;
Tho' the Sun tenanted his Course from you,
And the rich *Indian* World confess'd your Sway;
I would prefer my *Tachmas*, my lov'd Lord,
To all the Pageantries of gaudy Power.
Tachmas! whose Name but mention'd, warms my Heart;
Life of my Hopes! and Charmer of my Soul!

Sel. You were not form'd to run in Nature's Herd,
Sultry, and elbow'd in the Crowd of Slaves:
These matchless Beauties should adorn a Throne,
Plac'd eminently in a shining Orb,
Dart Life or Death in every awful Look.

Sem. O *Tachmas!* didst thou know
How my assaulted Faith maintains the Field,
Sure thou wouldst fly to my Assistance.

Sel. O Madam! taste the Pleasures of a Throne:
The Sweets of Nature always blow around us:
Fate cannot reach us:
The Ills she scatters through the lower World,
Like Vapours, vanish ere they gain our height:
Joys flow untainted from the bounteous Gods,

Which

Which the poor Subject takes at second hand:
No Noise molests us but what Musick makes;
Cool, gentle Breezes fan our hotter Hours,
While we look down, and view the sweating World.
See, at your Feet I offer all my Greatness,
My Love, my Life, yet all too little far
To purchase one dear Look, one pitying Smile.

Sem. O rise, my Royal Lord! why should you kneel
To me? why do you hold me thus?

Sel. Why dost thou turn away?

Sem. I must be gone.

Sel. What! not a Look! not one dear Smile, to cheer
My famish'd Love, my sad despairing Heart!
But my too happy Rival will dispense
With this——thus, thus I print my Soul.

[Kissing her Hand, she breaks from him.]

Ha! gone so soon! nay then 'tis time to speak:
By all the Pangs of Love, if thus you leave me,
Thus tortur'd with the Violence of my Passion,
Your Lover's Blood alone shall quench my Rage.

Sem. Ah! where shall Constancy meet a Reward?
Where shall that poor, abandon'd Virtue fly?
For here 'tis persecuted to undoing.

Sel. 'Tis not his Banishment that shall suffice:
That I apply'd, as a safe Remedy,
In hopes you would forget him by Degrees:
But since I find th' Infection spreads upon you,
I must be quick, and snatch the sharpest Cure:
And since he only bars my Happiness,
His Death shall guide me on my way to Bliss.

[Exit.]

Sem. O leave me not with that destructive Sound!
My Lord! oh stay! O hear me, ere you go:
——He's gone, and may perhaps intend it too:
Ah! No; *Hyrcanian* Tigers would not hurt my Love:
——But a revengeful, furious Rival may.

Tachmas and Death! O keep 'em distant, Heav'n!
For like destroying Planets, if they meet,
My Ruin's certain: Some God inspire my Mind,
In this wide Maze of Death, a Path to find,

That

38 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

That leads me to the Means, how I may save
My Love; or that, which leads me to my Grave. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter Osman with several Officers.

Osman. Far hence he cannot be;
And by the Villagers Description,
It must be the Prince, they saw.

1 Off. 'Tis strange that Misery should be so silent:
The Birds in mournful Notes should share his Griefs,
Each Grove should echo the sad Accents back,
And every Bark contain the fatal Story.

2 Off. Let's separate; he cannot scape our Search. [*Exit.*]

Enter Tachmas.

Tach. Greatness (the Earnest of malicious Fate
For future Woe) was never meant a Good;
Baited with gilded Ruin, 'tis cast out
To catch poor ease Man.
What is't to be a Prince?
To have a keener Sense of our Misfortunes:
That's all our wretched Gain.
The Vulgar think us happy; and at distance,
Like some fam'd ruinous Pile, we seem to flourish:
But we, who live at home, alone can tell
The sad Disquiets, and decays of Peace,
That always haunt the Dwelling.
O Ambition!
How strangely dost thou charm the Minds of Men!
That they will chuse to starve on Mountain Tops,
Rather than taste the Plenty of the Vale.
Had my kind Stars design'd my Fortune here;
Bred among Swains, with my *Semanthe* by me,
The conquering Beauty of some Neighbouring Village;
What Ages of Content might I have past,
Till Time had quench'd both Life and Love together?
But O! I never more must think of Peace:
Semanthe's gone for ever: O Semanthe!

[*Exit.*]

Re-Enters

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Re-Enters with Officers.

Tach. Come to my Arms, my Warriors! these are they,
Who, in the piercing Winter of our Fortune,
Cling to our sapless Sides, and keep us warm.
Once more let me endear you to my Heart:
And now, my Friends, part we like Soldiers here;
All to our several Fates: Fight for the King,
As I have done, and may your Services
Be better paid,

Ofm. Oft have we seen Fate hovering o'er our Camp,
In all the bloody Horrors of a War;
Nor have we left our General at the View:
And shall we here desert him basely? here?
Where only Hunger, or some trivial Want,
(Which War has turn'd to Nature in us) threatens?

1 Off. Fate could not part our Fortunes in the War,
Nor shall she now.

Ofm. Were those soft Slaves of Luxury and Ease
To head an Army; those who thus have wrong'd you;
How would they Veice it o'er and o'er for *Tachmas*
To come, and blunt the Edge of War again!

2 Off. Base Natures always hate, where they're oblig'd.

Enter Arbanes with a Guard.

Arb. My Lord! I come empower'd to take
You Prisoner, as Traitor to the State.

Tach. A Traitor!
Prethee forbear me that, and I resign
My self to Justice up, without the Stain
Of thy black Blood upon my Innocence.

Arb. I come not here to talk.

Ofm. There's not a Life here,
Which fondly you esteem within your Power,
But must be sold at dearer Rates of Blood,
Than you, and all your crowd of Guards can pay.

Tach. Yet hold, my generous Friends! I must not thus,
By Disobedience to my King's Command,
Rashly forgo my Virtue: If he think fit
To take my Life, or make it yet more wretched;
My Loyalty ties up my forward Sword,
And teaches silently to suffer all.

And

40 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

And now a long farewell: Live to enjoy
A better Fortune in your Prince's Favour.

[Exit with Arbanes.

Off. Let's to the Army,
Where noble Souls will not be wanting to
Assist our Cause, and turn the Prince's Fate.

Ofm. I'll to Court,
Where if kind Fortune favour my Designs,
I may prove serviceable. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Seliman and Ismael.

Sel. Since Fate has put the Traitor in my Power;
My Justice shall have Wings.

Isf. The harmless Beast bows to the sacred Knife,
But 'tis to keep off Thunder from our Crimes,
And to make Friends in Heav'n: But what? Oh! what
Can you propose by taking *Tachmas'* Life?
Thus you not only throw your Shield away
From your unguarded Head, but do incite
The long Forbearance of the Gods against you.

Sel. Has he not dar'd my Crown, as well as Love?
Has he not stoln into my Armies Hearts?
Nay more, when I had banish'd him my Court,
Has he not countenanc'd Rebellion in
My disaffected Captains?

All this thou know'st, and yet would'st have me spare him.

Isf. Only, great *Sophy*, as he is your Brother:
For, by the Gods, were he a private Man,
My Sword should reach the Villain in his Heart:
But as he is the Prince, your Peoples Idol,
And one that shares your Blood, you may forgive.

Sel. Since he is Great, and makes my Crown his Aim,
A politick Justice does perswade his Death:
A Bramble ne'er can spring up to a Cedar;
But a tall Pine, upon a Mountain's Top,
May grow my Rival, and perhaps o'erlook me.
He dies to Night, by the bright God he does:
A Scaffold shall the Traitor's Head receive;

And

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 41

And publick Justice send him to his Grave. [Exit.]

Ism. Because I seem for *Tachmas*, therefore I love him;

Thus he concludes; but the Illation's false.

I would as loath obtain the Suit I move for,

As Lawyers, brib'd against the Cause they plead:

— But thus I'm unsuspected of his Death.

— O! there's the Pleasure, so to work the Crowd,

• That their best Thoughts may crown our Villanies,

And frame us honest ev'n in the act of Mischief.

Enter Sunamire to him.

Sun. Thus far Success has led our Plots along,

And Expectation been paid with Interest:

And should these fail (which would be vain to fear,)

My teeming Brain holds a *Minerva* still,

That with unerring Mischief would supply me.

Ism. Madam, there needs no more; with wondrous Skill

You've rais'd the antick Machine up, and now

Mov'd by an inward Power, 'twill act alone:

Whilst we, like Sailors tacking for the Wind,

Mount on the Deck at last, with full blown Sails

Drive onward to our Port, and proudly ride

On dancing Billows down the foaming Tide.

Sun. How are my Spirits haunted by Revenge?

— But I can more sustain:

Nay, stab this Breast, to plague my happy Rival,

And that rash Scornor of my proffer'd Love.

Ism. *Semiramis* no more shall be ador'd

In Story; female Spirit never mention'd more:

But *Sunamire* shall fill the Cheeks of Fame,

And in the Roll of Women be the leading Name.

Sun. The Hour grows big with Fate. — But let's away;

And place a Guard on every Courtier's Eye,

As Seamen watch in Storms th'inconstant Sky. [Exeunt.]

The SCENE drawn shews Tachmas on a Scaffold, Guards, Spectators, &c.

Tach. Death we should prize, as the best Gift of Nature;
As a safe Inn, where weary Travellers,

When

42 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

When they have journied through a World of Cares,
 May put off Life, and be at Rest for ever;
 If 'twere in private, void of Pomp and Show:
 But Groans, and weeping Friends, and ghastly Blacks
 Distract us with their sad Solemnity:
 The Preparation is th' Executioner:
 For Death unmask'd shews us a friendly Face,
 And only is a Terror at a Distance:
 For as the Line of Life conducts us on
 To this great Court, the Prospect shews more fair.
 'Tis Nature's Hospital, that's always open
 To take us in, when we have drain'd the Sweets
 Of Life, or worn our Days to Age, or Wretchedness.
 Then why should I delay? or fondly fear
 To embrace this soft Repose, this last Retreat?
 I? who like Blossoms withering on the Bough,
 Dy'd in my Birth, and almost was born Old.

Enter Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, and Attendants.

Ism. Yet Sir! turn back; altho' a Criminal,
 He is your Brother; and to see him bleed,
 (So gentle is the Temper of your Soul)
 Will raise your very Thoughts in Arms against you:
 Nature and Justice, like contending Tides,
 Will drive you from the Calmness of your Mind:
 And what the Consequence may be, how fatal
 To your Peace, none knows, but all should dread:
 Therefore, my Lord, I beg you —

Sel. Urge no more:

I tell thee *Ismael*, I'll stand unmov'd,
 Behold him fall a purple Sacrifice
 To my Ambition, and my injur'd Love;
 As unconcern'd, as 'twere a common Fate.

Tach. Although sufficient Reasons urge my Death;
 Yet, O great Sir! I never could imagine
 It would rejoice you to behold me bleed:
 Here I confess you have outgone my Thoughts.

Arb. By Hell I read Concern i'th *Sophy's* Looks. [*Aside.*]

Ism. He'll never stand it out.

[*Aside.*]

Tach. Yet ere this fleeting Being disappears;
 Before I leave the World, let me avow

The

The Loyalty and Firmness of my Soul,
Before this Presence, to imperial Power.
And by th' Expectance of eternal Rest
To all my past Calamities, in Death;
By all the thousand Longings of my Soul,
Now at my parting Minute; O! I swear,
That through my Life, in all the Fields I fought,
And conquer'd in your Cause, I never bled
With more Content and Satisfaction
(When crimson Conquest clapt me in her Arms,
And lawrel'd Triumphs welcom'd my Return)
Than now I empty all the Springs of Life,
Open each Vein, and (as the last great Due)
Offer the scarlet Treasure of my Heart,
In dread Obedience to your high Command.

Sel. This rebel Nature factions in my Breast;
But 'tis resolv'd, I am not to be mov'd.

Tach. Since Fate ordain'd *Semantbe's* Charms to be
The fatal Prize of our contending Loves;
Since I must lose her; with my latest Breath,
That sacred Relique of my Soul, that all
The Riches, Empire, that my Heart rejoyc'd in,
I here resign to your eternal Care.
O take her, Sir! and be for ever blest,
Be blest far far above all human Thought;
For endless Joys are in that Heav'n of Love.
A thousand *Cupids* dance upon her Smiles,
Young, bathing Angels wanton in her Eyes,
Melt in her Looks, and pant upon her Breasts;
Each Word is gentle, as a Western Breeze,
That fans the Infant Bosom of the Spring,
And every Sigh more rose than the Morn:
—The Thought inspires my Soul; but I have done:
O! keep her close to the Business of your Loves;
Impose a mighty Task of pleasing Toil
Upon her; give her not time to think on *Tachmas*;
For if she does, sure she will give a Tear;
And Oh! I would not have *Semantbe* weep;
Tho' the dear Dew would make my Ashes flourish in my
Tomb.

Begona

44 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Begona enters attended, in great distraction.

Beg. O Horror! Horror! Torment to my Eyes!
 Why was I doom'd to this unhappy Day?
 Why gave I not my self to be devour'd
 With your great Father, in his silent Tomb,
 Rather than thus, in my declining Life,
 Have my distracted Bowels rent, and gash'd
 By two lov'd Sons, in an unnatural Strife?
 See where stript Innocence, with Brow august,
 Serenely bids Defiance to the Ax;
 As if his Soul were school'd to suffer Wrong!
 Ah! have you Eyes? or are you Marble turn'd?
 No, no; the Marble weeps, yet has no Eyes,
 — Ah! go not from me; 'tis a Mother begs,
 And as a Mother must not be refus'd;
 'Tis but an easie Boon, my *Tachmas'* Life;
 A Brother's Life, a Life less his than yours,
 But mine in chief: Then whither would your Rage?
 Like *Tullia* triumph o'er a Parent's Wounds?

Sel. My Guards confine the Queen to her Apartment
 Till Execution's past.

Arb. Curse on these Land-Syrens; what brave Designs
 Have been undone, by listning to Women? [*Aside.*

Beg. Ah! must your Empire's Hopes, your People's Joys,
 The Wishes of good Men, be sacrific'd
 To a fantastick Idol, that usurps
 The Heat of Passion, to appear a God in,
 But in cool Blood seems monstrous, as a Fury?
 Such is Revenge: If so, then stop not here,
 Let your licentious Fury sweep along,
 And make a Mother's Death compleat the Scene
 Of most triumphant Murder: Rip this Womb,
 That form'd him yet an Embrion, and gave
 Him Being, to displease you: Gash these Veins,
 That robb'd themselves of Vigor, to supply
 His Infancy with Strength to act against you;
 Strike, stab, and drown this Contest in my Blood.

Sel. Are my Commands disputed? [*The Guards advance.*

Beg. Off, you Slaves!

Is there no filial Duty to a Parent?

No

No Virtue in a Mother's Tears, to stir
Obedience in a Son? then I will kneel,
Thus, like a Vassal, follow on my Knees,
And never leave pursuing.

*Semanthe enters in great Disorder, and throws her self at
his Feet.*

Sel. This face of fatal Sorrow does confound me;
Nor can I stand this test.

Beg. Sem. Ah! go not from us. *[Both hold him.]*

Beg. Fast as a drowning Wretch, I'll grasp your Knees,
To the last Plunge of Life.

Sem. Thus pale, and dying,
With my dishevel'd Hair, I'll bind you to me:
Drag me you may, or dash me to the Ground,
Trample upon me; yet I will not leave you,
Till your wild Rage shall spurn me to my Grave.
O! can you view the Violence of my Grief,
That throws me groveling on the Pavement thus,
Torn with Distraction, raving; yet not give
A Look, a Sigh, one tender pitying Word
To raise me from Despair?—

See, see, he turns away from my Complaining,
My Sobs, my Groans, and Swoonings: O recal,
Revoke the Rigor of your dooming Voice:
Tho' you have said it, yet you have not sworn
My utter Ruin.

Beg. If you persist to take your Brother's Life,
(Oh hear what my presaging Soul divines!)
No History shall offer an Excuse:

Mothers shall curse your Memory, Nurses fright
Their crying Infants with your horrid Tale.

But if it shall be said in After-Times,
How in the height of Madness,
When nothing could arrest your lifted Hand,
Your Piety disarm'd you:

What fair Opinions then shall crown your Dust?
How bright will your Example shine in Story?
Your Name will be invoc'd, as a sure Charm
To excite Obedience; Mothers early teach
Their Children Reverence, by reciting you.

And

46 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

And is not this more worthy, than the Fame
Of that imperial Parricide of *Rome*?

Sem. Mercy is still a Virtue, and most priz'd,
When hope of Pardon leaves us: O! then speak,
Speak in the Voice of some relenting God;
Dispel the general Consternation,
That hangs, like Night, upon the Face of *Persia*,
And be ador'd above the Rising Sun.

Beg. By all the Hopes, that ripen'd in my Womb,
That sweetned the hard Labour of my Pains,
And promis'd at thy Birth, with Infant Smiles,
A World of Comfort to thy Mother's Age!
O! I conjure you pity my Complaining,
And give my *Tachmas* to these falling Tears.

Sem. By Fame.

Beg. By Nature, by your Father's Dust.

Sem. By the bright Throne of *Cyrus*.

Beg. By the Sun,

And all those Stars, that ever blest this Land
With their auspicious Influence.

Sem. He yields, he melts, I read it in his Looks:
A Blush confus'dly wanders in his Cheeks;
And now he turns away. O blessed Change!

Beg. O matchless Virtue! happy, happy Day!

Isr. Be pleas'd, great Sir! retire:

Nature may turn the Beam of Justice.

Sel. What! shall we turn Salvages in Nature's Field?

—O rise, my Royal Mother! rise, *Semanthe*!

Yes you have conquer'd, and I blush to think
I could so long resist such wondrous Virtue.

Beg. What Tongue can speak the Rapture of my Soul?
I'm lost in Joy.

Sem. You Gods! that hoard up Blessings to reward
Transcendent Virtue, here exhaust your Store;
And if a Virgin's Prayers, or Wishes, can
Add the least Grain to the vast Heap, O take 'em:
Yet all will be too little for this Goodness.

Arb. Hell! Plagues! and Death! here's your Policy:
Had I been heard, the Business had been done
Without this Ceremony.

[To *Isr.*

Sel.

Sel. Live *Tachmas*! live; come to thy Brother's Arms;
Think him no more a Monster, Parricide,
A Wolf, that lives upon the Stream of Blood:
I've lost my brutal Nature, and am Man
Again, merciful, gentle as the first.

Tach. What means my Royal Lord?

Sel. Ah! wound me not
With the Remembrance of my hated Actions,
Which shun the Light, and fain would be forgotten.
—I would compleat the general Joy,
And give the Crown of all, *Semanthe*, to thy Love,
But dare not, while a Breath of Passion stirs me:
But *Tachmas*! raise thy Expectation high:
Let Fancy revel in a thousand Forms
Of Joys, yet uninvented by Mankind:
For Virtue wins apace upon my Soul.
My tossing Thoughts will soon be rock'd in Calms,
And then *Semanthe* shall be wholly thine.
Thus at the last the beaten Voyager,
Having out-liv'd the Storm, does homeward steer,
Recounts his Dangers, in a jocund Vein,
Presents to th' Life, the Fury of the Main,
Paints every Wave; but ne'er will out again:
So since my Virtue has the Conquest won;
The Memory of what's already done,
Shall awe, and dash my rebel Passions down. [Exe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ismael, Sunamire and Arbanes.

Sun. **T**HUS long, with Pains and Toil, we've heav'd a
Stone

To the Hill's Top, and now it tumbles on us.
Curse on those Plots, that give us endless Labour.

Isin. Had our Revenge set out low-pac'd and easie,
It had with equal Might maintain'd the Course,
And reach'd untir'd the Goal of our Designs:

But

48 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

But a too violent Speed has ruin'd all.
As an unpractis'd Seaman, in a Storm,
Plies all his Sail to the unruly Winds,
To wing him to a Port, and never thinks
That the uneven Vessel is o'erpower'd;
Till he too late laments his Ignorance,
And every Billow offers him a Tomb.

Arb. The Base, on which all our Designs were founded,
Is overturn'd; the *Sophy's* Love abates;
And now 'tis rumour'd through the Court, that soon
He'll give *Semanthe* up to *Tachmas's* Arms.

Sun. First let the Frame of Nature be dissolv'd;
Let *Sumamire* be Dust, and laid in Earth
Deep as the Center; else they are not safe
From the Contrivance of a Rival's Rage.
Tho' I both hate his Person, and his Love;
Yet but to see him in another's Arms,
Would give me speedy Death.

What! shall *Semanthe* triumph in my Spoils?
Shall she enjoy him all? whilst I stand wishing,
And like a Spirit damn'd, am robb'd of Hope?
O Hell! it mads my Reason but to think on't.
I shall become their May-game;
At their lose Intervals of calmer Love,
She'll hang upon his Lips, and beg him tell
The Story of my Passion o'er again;
Which he relates, and with a scornful Smile,
Adds to my Shame, to make the Girl more vain.
And must this be whilst I have Being? no;
The Thunder rages in my Breast for vent;
Here, here it rous to make its violent Way;
And now it bursts: The flaming Bolts are hurl'd:
See, see; the Lovers are dispers'd and scatter'd,
Whiskt up into the Air, like Summer's Dust
By Whirlwinds.

[Exit.

Ism. She grows big with new Designs,
And these dire Pangs foretel their Birth at hand.

Arb. 'Tis Woman only helps us at a stand. [Exeunt.

Tachmas

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 49

Tachmas crossing the Stage.

Tach. Where shall I fly to shun this Solitude?
My Melancholy haunts me every where:
And not one kindly Beam pierces the Gloom
Of my dark Thoughts, to give a glimpse of Comfort;
Here, as in *Eden* once, tho' all things smile,
Tho' Nature plays the Prodigal, and gives
Large handed, what our boundless Wishes crave;
Yet discontentedly I roam about,
And cannot taste the Pleasures of the Place.
The Court seems all a crowded Wilderness,
Where I appear, like the first Man, forlorn;
Whilst each created Being else enjoys,
In happy Pairs, the Fellowship of Life:
And if his loanly State he did bemoan,
And wisht an *Eve*, when Woman was unknown,
What would he have done, had he been forc'd from her,
Soon as he found her fortunately Fair? [Exit

Re-enter Sunamire with a Letter, Arbanes and Ismael.

Sun. Brother, this Letter is your Care;
And tho' to me directed from the Prince,
Yet it must fall into *Semanthe's* Hands.

Arb. A Slave attendant on her Person
Shall do the Business.

Sun. I'll make a Visit to *Semanthe*, and
Prepare her by Degrees to meet the News;
Which, when she finds confirm'd in this forg'd Letter,
Must work Effects proportion'd to our Hopes.

Ism. O you're the very Spirit, and Soul of Plotting!
Nothing within the Circuit of Invention,
Can scape your searching Thoughts.

Sun. Since nothing could be hop'd for from the *Sophy*;
This, as the fittest way, I did propose,
To work each others Ruin from themselves.

Ism. About it, Madam, lose not this present Now;
This Minute's worth a Year of common Hours.

Arb. If this Plot fail, th'n Heav'n! the Fault is yours. [Exe.]

Semanthe melancholy in her Apartment.

Sem. Did Time but circumscribe my Miseries,
I'd live upon the Hopes of being blest,

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D

And

50 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

And travel chearful through my Youth, to come
In the Evening of my Life, and die within his Arms.

— Has not the *Sophy* past his Royal Word
To make us happy? why then should I fear?

— Alas! my foolish Heart! how soon thou'rt wrought on!

No, no; fond Hopes, you flattering Torments hence;
You smile upon me, to betray me on

To new Despairs, and here I cast you from me:

For, Chymist like, I waste my tedious Life

In vain Expectance, and at last die Poor.

Enter Sunamire to her.

Sun. Semanthe weeping! what can Fortune mean?

Now, when the Majesty of *Persia* comes,
In all his Royalties, and Pomp of Power,
Like a descending God, to Court you to him,
Thus to be seen in Tears provokes my Wonder.

Sem. Alas! is it so strange to view me in
That Garb of Sorrow, which I daily wear,
And never will put off, till my lov'd Lord,
My *Tachmas*' Presence shall dispel these Clouds.

Sun. O Madam! he must be forgotten now:
Let not his Memory debar your Thoughts
From all that *Indian* World, those Golden Joys,
Which an Imperial Lover offers to you.

Sem. Where would thy Language point me? O my Fears!

Sun. *Tachmas* no longer struggles with his Fate,
To force Impossibilities; and since
Heav'n has design'd you for the *Sophy*'s Bed,
He bows to th' immortal Will; and has resolv'd
(Rather than rob your Merits of a Crown)
To wean his Heart for ever from your Charms,
And fix his Wishes to some humbler Maid,
Whose Beauties, as they are not to be envy'd,
Have Store of Happiness to feed Content.

Sem. Had I a Faith beyond the Ignorant,
I could not credit this. O *Sunamire*! recal
The fleeting Air, that bears the Sound away,
Or from this Hour (tho' the divinest Truth
Spoke in thy Words) ne'er hope to be believ'd.
Tho' we are wretched, it shall ne'er be said,

That

The PERSIAN PRINCE. 51

That Fortune took the Advantage of our Crimes,
To make us so. *Tachmas* has all the Truth
Of Heav'n, so pure, so white, so innocent:
No Woman that has ever known the Arts
Of cozening Man, will think him of the Kind.

Sun. Madam, I'm sorry I should be the first
To bring unwelcome News.

Sem. And yet, my *Sunamire*! thou wert my Friend,
My Bosom Friend; and why should'st thou betray me?
Ah! no; I find it now; 'tis all a Truth,
All that thou say'st: My *Tachmas* is o'ercome
By this last generous Usage of the *Sophy*,
And I am sold to Ruin:

And it was kind in thee, most like a Friend,
To come, and give me all my Fate at once,
And not behold me languish in my Pains.

No *Sunamire*! this poor forsaken Maid
Shall not out-live her Shame: Yet ere I die,
May I not know my happy Rival's Name?

Sun. Now all the Subtilty of Woman aid me. [*Aside.*
Alas! how am I wrought into an Error,
A maze of Folly by my Indiscretion!
I could not think you yet retain'd a Thought
Of *Tachmas*, therefore ignorantly prest too far.
In me to answer, would appear insulting:
Therefore I beg you'd spare my Modesty
The Blush, my Tongue the Vanity to tell,
What soon from every Mouth will strike your Ears.

Sem. Insinuating Fiend! I see thee through
That painted Vizor of thy flatt'ring Friendship,
With all thy devilish Stratagems a going.
Now I perceive, what I so long suspected,
Thy Love to *Tachmas*: And now thou com'st to raise
My Jealousie, on some sinister End.
But to this Point I'm fixt; That should the Earth
Depose his Falshood in a general Voice,
Nay, call the Tongues of Angels to avouch it,
I would not think it of him.

Sun. Know then, as to the Conquest of the Prince,
Whose Inclinations you so firmly fixt,

52 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

'Twas got so easily, I do not think
It worth a Triumph, scarce of being vain;
For, like a Slave, I found him on the Ground,
Groaning beneath the Bondage of your Love,
And begging Liberty from any Hand.

Sem. O Heav'ns. —

Sim. Let it be never said to shame our Sex,
That any Lady in her youthful Bloom,
When Beauty wanders in a thousand Charms,
And not a Look can pass without a Wound,
That then she fulsomely detain'd a Lover
Against his Will, and cloid him with her Fondness:
O! how I loath the Sound! against his Will!

Sem. Sure thou hast drunk with Adders, that thy Tongue
Thus Poisons every Word it forms, and casts
Its Venom on my *Tachmas'* Constancy.

Sim. There's no such thing as Constancy in Nature:
'Tis but a borrow'd Name, for feeble Beauties,
Or stale decaying Virgins, to make use of.
True Love should be as wavering as the Wind:
For that remains but while the Rapture lasts,
And palls, when sunk to an Indifference.

Sem. You speak of that poor Passion in your Breast,
Rais'd by an earthly Fume of base Desire;
The sudden Fit of a distemper'd Love:
Where the gross Joy mounts not above the Sense;
Not the seraphick Flame, that warms the Soul:
Such was the sacred Fire, that light our Loves,
That fir'd my *Tachmas'* Heart, and made him mine.

Sim. Then be it so: Rave on in fond Conceits
Of airy Promises of Constancy:
Swell your thin Hopes with insubstantial Food,
Whilst I taste real Feasts of Flesh and Blood,
And in your *Tachmas'* Arms reap thousand Joys,
Which Dreams but Ape, and Fancy but destroys.
Methinks already in some smiling Grove
I sit, embracing the dear Man I love:
We Sigh, and Kiss, and now our Transports grow
Tumultuous, but the Thoughts of you,
(Tho' Love be lost in Love)
Still lend us Vigor, and our Joys renew.

[Exit,

Sem. How the insulting Creature Lords it o'er me!
And well she may, for such a Conquest sure
Might make the temperatest Victor proud:
This may be Malice, or a Plot to try me;
That's the last Hope between me, and Despair.

Enter an Eunuch with a Letter.

Eun. Madam, the Trust I have been honour'd with
In your Service, gain'd me the Prince's Faith;
From whose Hand this Letter I receiv'd
For *Sunamire*, with strict Injunctions
Of Care, and Secresie: At which mistrusting
Some Practices in hand against your Loves;
I've brought it to you.

Sem. I will reward your Care. *[Reads the Letter.]*

Sunamire,

RESIST no longer the Propositions I made you, to place
the Crown of Persia on your Head; if you will but
make use of a Project to rid us of Seliman: And do not
think that I retain any longer the least Thoughts of Seman-
the; whom my Stars and Inclinations have never design'd
for me,

Tachmas.

Sem. Ah me! where has my Fortune left me now?
What unfrequented Coast am I thrown on,
Naked, and helpless, to be made a Prey
To the next coming Salvage of the Field?
What Corner of the Earth will now afford
A Grave to take me in? what Mountain hide
Me, and my Woes for ever from the World?
Undone! thou most undone of Woman-kind!

[Falling down drops the Letter.]

Here groan thy Sorrows out, and let the Winds
Whisper thy Story through the Universe;
That never list'ning Virgin be betray'd
By the known Perjuries of faithless Men.
—My Spirits faint—sure 'tis the Hand of Death
Knocks at my Heart;—I go, I hope, to Rest.

[Swoons away.]
Enter

54 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Enter Seliman, Ismael and Arbanes.

Sel. What do I see? *Semantbe* on the Ground,
Breathless, and pale!

Arb. Some Signs of struggling Life
Appear, call in her Women to assist her.

Enter Women.

Ism. The Train has taken Fire; now the Blow
Must follow soon. *[Aside.]*

Sel. Gently, gently raise her:
She breaths, she comes again.

Scm. Bless me! where am I? in *Elizium* sure;
I know it by this Train of weeping Maids,
Who died for Love, as I have done: Stand off,
We'll walk, and tell sad Stories round,
Of injur'd Women, and betraying Men:
But I must weep a while; the Tears will flow
If I but think on *Strephon's* Cruelty:
— O! I would sleep for ever. —

[Sinks into her Womens Arms, and is born off.]

Sel. Bear her to her Bed:
Rest may relieve her Spirits. — Ha! this may
Unriddle all. *[Finds the Letter.]*

Ism. Now Fortune play thy part. *[Aside.]*

Arb. 'Tis a Design so full of Mastery,
'Twere womanish to doubt of the Success. *[Aside.]*

Sel. Ha! against my Life?

Ism. Your Majesty seems troubled; have you ought
Discover'd in that Letter?

Sel. Only this,
That I have foster'd here within my Breast
A Bosom Wolf, to lap my Vital Blood:
Here *Ismael!* read the foulest Treasons,
That ever stain'd the Innocence of Paper.
Is then my Mercy poison'd into Sin?
And black Ingratitude my Punishment?
'Tis just, you Gods! this Scourge upon my Folly
Shows infinite Wisdom, and was timely sent
To warn me of my Fate.

Ism. Yet, sacred Sir —

Sel.

Sel. Appear not in his Cause, nor dare to reason
With my unalterable Resolution :

Should Mercy's self, with all her Virgin train,
Melt at my Feet; by *Haly's* Soul, 'twere vain.

Ism. What could provoke the Prince?

Sel. The Fiends can tell: But now 'tis busie time:
Sweat at the Anvil of thy Brain, and forge
(Quick as the *Cyclops* arm an angry God)

A thousand Deaths to wait upon my Will.

Arbanes, thou secure him, till Justice calls

Him out, a Sacrifice to my Revenge.

[*Exit*]

Arb. After him:

Fix but his wavering Temper to this point,
And then the Day's our own.

[*Exit Ismael*]

My fiery Soul

Disdains the timorous Safety in Revenge,
Which *Ismael* pursues. My forward Sword,

With Resolution steel'd, shall guide me safe

Through the most desperate Attempts.

Danger has been my Mistress; Death I've met

On martial Plains, in every Garb of Fate,

And shall he awe me now? since I am in,

And Fate works up the melancholy Scene,

Fall *Tachmas*, Nature perish, all things lye

Confounded in deep Chaos, so that I

Reveng'd may in the common Ruin lye.

[*Exit*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ismael and Arbanes, at several Entrances.

Ism. THOU meet'st my Wishes; is the Business done?

Arb. This Sun shall see it finish'd.

Ism. Give it o'er; would we had never medled.

Arb. Curse on thy Fear, that undermines thy Wit.

Ism. The *Sophy* does suspect us.

56 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Arb. Danger then
Urges the Prince's Death; for to defer,
Betrays a conscious Guilt, that may undo us:
He dies this Minute, that the next may better
Advantage our Escapes.

Ism. I've not thus long
March'd Hand in Hand with Mischief, spent my Days
In Courts, forsworn my Conscience, study'd all
The knotty Arts and Rules of Policy,
Which wise Men use to their own Interests,
Not to provide me with a ready Plank,
To bear me from the Ruin, safe to Shore.

Arb. Thou canst not here be safe; my Commission
Allows a sure Protection in the Army.

Ism. I'll steer a different Course; grow popular,
And into the City;
Where Cobblers square the Government to their Lasts,
And Tinkers patch the State; some Friends I've made
Already there, brave factious, gifted Rogues,
That Cant their Doctrine to their present Wants,
And zealously upon a Fit of Conscience,
Sin or Unsin Rebellion to the Croud:
These are the fittest Instruments to gull
The easie People: Hark, the Monster roars! [*Shouts within.*
The Rabble is assembled to my Wish;
This is the Time to work 'em.

[*Exit.*

Enter Semanthe.

Arb. *Semanthe* here! then there is something still,
For me to finish.

Sem. Why do I wander this wide barren Waste,
Forfaken and forlorn; when a fair Prospect
Of everlasting Rest stands right in View?
This load of Wo, that bends me to the Ground,
I can with Life put off; yes I will rush
Into the Arms of Death, and shelter there;
There sleep securely all my Cares away;
Nor shall the Noise of Empire, or of Love,
Awaken me to Wretchedness again.

Arb. Talk not of dying, Madam; Heav'n looks down
With a kind Eye upon your Sufferings,

And

And has inspir'd me with a Tenderness,
May prove of Service to you.

Sem. Is there then
A Seat for Pity left in human Breasts?
Or is this but a visionary Beam
Of Comfort, that thus lightens in my Soul?
If it be so, oh! let me still dream on.

Arb. Madam, the Prince —

Sem. Ha! speak that yet again:
Sweet, as the *Syren's* Song, those Accents fall,
And Charm me to my Ruin: Tho' he has
Undone me ever, but to hear his Name
Awakes my dying Spirits from the Grave,
Dispels my Grief, and charms me into Joy.
Oh! then speak on,

Delude me from my Miseries a while;
Tell me some Story of my perjur'd Dear;
Tell me he lives, is happy, whilst I sigh
My Spirits out in Thanks, and die in Peace:

Arb. Wou'd you not see him, Madam?

Sem. Oh in vain
I wept, intreated, follow'd on my Knees:
For when I offer'd at a last Farewel,
Once more to see my still lov'd, faithless *Tachmas*,
The *Sophy*, quite remorseless, fled the Room;
And tho' I grasp'd him with the Pangs of Death,
Burst from my Arms, and left me on the Floor.

Arb. Yet, Madam, you shall see him; *Tachmas* is
Within my Charge; and only I, without
The King's Command, can give you Entrance to him:
Which you shall have;
Altho' my Life must answer it to the *Sophy*.

Sem. All, all the Gods reward this wondrous Pity!
Oh lead me to that dear, protesting Creature;
That perfect Image of betraying Man;
For he will swear, and talk such melting Things,
Sigh such a trembling Story of his Love,
Look such a Soul of Passion from his Eyes,
And all with such unpractis'd Innocence;
That shou'd the Sex of Woman-kind stand by,

58 *The Loyal BROTHER; OR,*

As Witnesses of my injurious Usage,
And but to hear him talk, as I have done;
The coldest sure would venture her undoing. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter a Rabble of Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Come, Neighbours, hang these cheating Shop-Countenances, they are Marks, the World knows Cuck-olds by; and tho' they be of Credit in the City, yet, let me tell you, at this end o'th'Town, they strike no more awe into the Beholders, than a Watch-man's Lanthorn, after Day break.

2 *Cit.* Ay, my Wife told me, I had a sneaking Look, and could not huff my Debtors: But now I'm charg'd with Bottle-Ale, to rectifie the Errors of my Face: And let me see, what upstart Rascal, newly come to Office, shall overlook me; I'll strut, and cock, and talk as big, as Wind and Froth can make me—— But I'll home, while my Courage lasts, ransack my Shop-Books, take account of my Debts, and arrest in a direct Line, from the Lord, to the Footman.

1 *Cit.* Of that in Season——but now we are assembled, let us put on the Gravity of Authority, and seem, as we really are, the true Judges of the Nation.

Omn. I a Judge! I a Judge!

3 *Cit.* A Tailor a Judge! that's fine I faith!

1 *Cit.* Why, I tell you, Neighbours, a cross-legg'd Tailor is the very Type of Justice; he measures Offences by the Yard, and with his Sheers snaps off the Kingdom's Vermin, I mean, those Shreds, those Remnants, those Patches of a Commonwealth, call'd Gamesters, Cuck-old-makers, and disbanded Officers, that are good for nothing, but to make our Wives run a Madding for foreign Languages, Brass Swords, superannuated Wigs, and greazy Scarlet.

2 *Cit.* Hm! a Judge say you; very like: Why, Neighbours, he has serv'd upon Juries, off and on, these twenty Years, and the Devil's in't if he main't be free of Judge's Hall by this time:——But then as to us——ay, there's

there's the Question; how we are—that is to say, how we may be?—why thus, there's none here but has exercis'd the Arbitrary Function of a Beadle in his respective Parish; and as I take it, that must be a Foot to the Chair of Government.

3 *Cit.* Ay, ay; we are all Judges, and Judges Children; indeed I ever thought I was to be a great Man, I was such a dull Rogue.

2 *Cit.* Well, I was once a Justice itinerant in my Precincts, which in the Vulgar Translation, is no more than a Constable: But 'twas a thriving time, Neighbours, a very thriving Time: For the Parish Bawds (besides all Underdealers, as Procurers, and Retailers of Pleasure) amount to—let me see—let me see, a Parcel of—no, no, I'm out—'tis no matter for Fractions; but Bribes in abundance, to wink at Copulation; I pimp'd by Commission, and drank Brandy at the Cost of the Sinners.

3 *Cit.* Lord! I'm thinking how awkward and slovenly I shall be in my new Trappings for a Day or two; Ha! and if there be occasion for Speeches, my Tongue will certainly founder: My Wife spoil'd my Oratory, when she broke my Pate, for being sawcy.

2 *Cit.* Better and better still: Few Words promise a great deal of Thinking, and that abundance of judicial Understanding: Besides you see our City Justices, how they manage themselves upon the Bench: Indeed a Nut-crack, or some such conceited Hyroglyphical Engine does well in the Hand of a Magistrate, which having us'd a while, you strait grow Lethargick, nod o'er the Cause; then start in Amazement, and condemn at a Venture.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, ay; ever while you live, ever while you live observe that: For look you, there's no one but some time or other deserves Hanging; and tho' the Prisoner be not yet a Rogue, soft and fair, all in good Time, he may be one: Therefore I say once again condemn for Prevention.

3 *Cit.* Condemnation! I'll have nothing but Condemnation in my Court, 'twill clear the Kingdom of Idlers, and then we may father our own Children.

2 *Cit.*

60 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

2 *Cit.* Well, Neighbour *Ralph*, I know you are a good Common-wealths Man, and understand Property, and Privilege, as a Man may say; but Scholars, you know, are Infidels; still at their *quare's* and their *quomodo's*, to shew their Learning; therefore I being somewhat letter'd, or so, wou'd fain know how we are these great conceal'd Persons, you talk of?

1 *Cit.* Why thus; when our Betters are at variance, beyond the Arbitration of the Bench, the Suit is remov'd to the Court of Commonalty, and decided by the infallible Knocks of Black-bill, and Paring-shovel; then to what ever Side we lean, that is sure to be weighty.

3 *Cit.* As if you had the Cause in your false Scales at Home.

Ismael enters to 'em.

1 *Cit.* But observe, here comes an Ambassador already; give him Audience, I say: State Affairs I'll warrant you, Neighbours.

Ism. My worthy Country-men! my Fellow-Sufferers! To you I come to weep this Kingdom's Tears, To sigh its groaning Sorrows out, and pour Into your Ears its sad Calamities:

You! who, like kind Physicians, always are Assisting with your utmost Art, and Care, To search its Wounds, and with a healing Hand, Unite its broken and disjointed Limbs.

1 *Cit.* Sure he takes me for a Bone-setter.

Ism. I am, like you, a *Persian*; all your Good Proportionably mine, as are your Ills; Our Hopes, and Lives tied in one common Interest; Then wonder not that I stand forth, to head you, Against this barbarous, inhuman King, That grows in Tyranny, And like a Torrent from a Mountain's fall, If not with speed diverted, will o'erwhelm us.

2 *Cit.* Now for Rebellion, I ne'er rebell'd in all my Life:

Omn. All for Rebellion, all for Rebellion.

Ism. If to defend your Lives, your Liberties, Your Laws, your Customs, and your ancient Dues, Be to rebel, then this is rank Rebellion: But Self-defence may hope a fairer Name.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Name me no Name, Sir; it shall be nam'd Rebellion, or nothing.

Omn. Rebellion or nothing, Rebellion or nothing.

Ism. Then be it so, methinks I see Oppression
Besride your Streets already, burning Lust
Pursue your Daughters to your inmost Rooms,
While you stand weeping by, and cannot help 'em.
Your Shops forc'd open, and your Goods expos'd
To the wild Rapine of licentious Soldiers,
That live on Spoil; and all without Redress,
For Justice is no more: Speak, wou'd you this?

Omn. No, no; we're all for Rebellion.

Ism. 'Tis what you must expect, if not prevented.
Last Night, O Night never to be forgotten!
Tachmas, that Model of our ancient Glory,
Tachmas, that fought your Fields, and never thought
His Blood too rich, to buy his Country's Peace,
Was by the Tyrant's Order barb'rously murder'd;
Murder'd, my Country-men! and when you hear
The Cause, I doubt not

But as the Story must provoke your Tears,
So they will stir you up to a Revenge.

1 *Cit.* Alack-a-day! I vow he makes me weep, good Gentleman!

Ism. 'Twas only this; he was too good, too virtuous,
A Lover of his Country; therefore fell.
He was your Guard, your Shield; but now is gone:
He fell because he lov'd you, and will you
Not solemnize his Funeral in Blood?
Will you stand here, like Statues, motionless,
Weep o'er his gaping Wounds, and not revenge 'em?
No, no; I see you only want a Leader;
And here I offer both my Life, and Fortune,
To farther the Design.

1 *Cit.* Lead us on, lead us on; we'll fire the Palace, depose the Tyrant, and make you King.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; a King of our own making!

Ism. Oh! you mistake me; that is not my End.

2 *Cit.* No, 'tis the beginning of your Reign, and that's better.

1 *Cit.*

62 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Cit. We lose time, we lose time; now for a Coronation!

Ommes. A Coronation! a Coronation! [*Exeunt shooting.*

Tachmas discover'd in Prison.

Tach. I think, therefore am: Hard State of Man!
That proves his Being with an Argument,
That speaks him wretched. Birds in Cages lose
The Freedom of their Natures unconfin'd;
Yet they will Sing and Bill, and murmur there
As merrily, as they were on the Wing.
But Man, that reasoning Favourite of Heav'n,
How can he bear it? tho' the Body finds
Respite from Torment, yet the Mind has none:
For thousand restless Thoughts, of different kinds,
Beat thick upon the Soul, some are comparing
The present with the past, how happy once
I was, and now how wretched: Some presenting
My Miseries by others Happiness;
Whilst others, falsely flattering me to Life,
Tell me my Fortune ripens in the Womb
Of time, and I shall yet be happy.

Enter Arbanes with Semanthe.

Arb. Madam, behold the Prince alone, and Thoughtful.

Sem. Alas! my Lord! once I was thought a Balm
For every Wound of Fortune; but I fear
My Presence now will but torment him more.

Tach. Ha! sure my Fancy, revelling in a Dream,
Presents that Form before me: See, she comes,
Bright, as the Virgin Blushes of the Morn,
Rising upon the Darkness of my Fate,
And darts a Day of Comfort through my Soul.
O my best Life! thou dearest! O *Semanthe*!
I swear, while I have thee within my Arms,
I will not lose a Thought on my Misfortunes.
Let me unboosome all my Longings here.

— She turns away! what can this mean? you Gods!
Art thou then alter'd too? O speak *Semanthe*!
For tho' I thus behold thee cold, and chang'd,
Yet there is something whispers to my Soul,
Thou never canst resolve on *Tachmas*' Ruin.

Sem.

Sem. O Heav'n! so tenderly he melts my Heart,
I shall want Power to tell him of his Falshoods.

Tach. Nay then by all the Gods, I know thee well:
No, thou art still the same; these Languishings,
Those eager Looks, those Sighs, and Tears inform me,
More than a thousand Tongues, thou lov'st me still.

Sem. Why is our Sex so easie to believe?
And coz'ning Man so artful to deceive?

Tach. Why, my best Life! why dost thou thus torment
Thy self, and me? — [She goes from him.

By all my Hopes you must not leave me thus;
I will pursue you ever with my Prayers,
Summon you with the gentle Call of Love;
'Till you awake, and answer to my Longings.

My Life! my Soul! — [Following her.

Sem. O! I can hold no longer:
Thy Tongue has softned me into Desire,
And I am all o'er Love: My dearest Lord!
Let me for ever hid me in this Bosom;
Here Sigh the tenderest Passion of my Heart.
The Extasie comes on so fast upon me,
That Words are wanting to express my Joy.

Tach. Good Gods! is't possible? hast thou at last
My fair, offended Dear! resolv'd to bless me?
Is it then true that thus I hold thee fast,
Panting, and balmy to my bleeding Heart?
My Reason ebbs, and mighty Transport sways,
In full Dominion, every Corner here,
And I cou'd rave for ever on my Love.

Sem. And I cou'd hear you ever.

Arb. O! that I cou'd run back into my Youth,
To ravish her before him: But 'tis past;
And my Revenge must lie another way. [Aside.

Tach. A Thought returns upon my Memory,
That bids me chide; *Semanthe!* O my Life!
How cou'dst thou see me rack'd with my Impatience?
How cou'dst thou so dissemble with thy Love?
Was it to try how I cou'd bear it?

Sem. Ha!

Stand off, I know thee now, thou art that false
Betraying,

64 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Betraying, perjur'd Man, that has undone me.

Tach. From thee, good Gods! do I hear this from thee?

Sem. Alas! my Thoughts were all employ'd upon thee;
My Ears devour'd the Musick of thy Love;
My Wrongs were silenc'd, and my Eyes were charm'd:
And had you but continu'd the soft Scene;
Had you still practis'd on my Easiness,
Tho' with feign'd Love, flattering my womanish Faith;
Joy wou'd have done the Business of my Grief,
And I had died contented into your Arms.

Tach. What means my Fate? Where wou'dst thou drive my Thoughts?

Sem. 'Tis true, I came to take my last farewell
Of Life, and Love; of thee, and all my Cares:
To tell thee of thy Falshoods, not upbraid thee;
To sigh my Story out without complaining;
To suffer on, nor murmur at my Fate,
Since you decreed it; this was my fond Resolve,
Th' Intention of this passionate, doting Fool:
But now, O turn of Temper! thy hard Usage
Has run me from my Reason, I am wild,
Quite mad, distracted, and must rave a while:
Rave 'till I burst, and sink down dead with Passion.

Tach. Alas! I find it now; thou art abus'd,
And I betray'd: Some Villain has traduc'd
My Constancy; but by the Pangs of Love,
By all the Torments of a bleeding Heart,
I ever was most true, and still am thine.

Sem. O Prince! forbear; if *Sunamire* shou'd hear —

Tach. Ha! Goes it there? Then there is Mischief yet:
That Woman bears us most inveterate Hate,
And shou'd not be believ'd against our selves.

Sem. But O! the Letter, Prince. —

Tach. Riddles! and Doubts!

Arb. I have a Friend, my Lord! can best unfold 'em.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Come forth, my Sister; Time has recompenc'd
Our Expectation with a full Revenge.

Enter Sunamire, and Osman disguis'd.

Sem. Revenge! alas! that fatal Word, too late
Explains my Folly, and creates my Fear.

Tach.

Tach. What shou'dst thou fear, my Love? thy Innocence
Will shield thee; and for me, the fear of Death
Flew from me when my Happiness took wing.

Sun. Infuse the mortal Drugs in the gilt Bowls;
Be ready at my Call. [Exit Osman.]

Arb. See where they stand,
Lull'd in the Arms of Love, and far remov'd
From the apprehension of that fatal Minute,
Comes posting to their Ruin.

Sun. The Thought was lucky,
With a pretended Pity, to decoy
Semanthe to the Snare.

Arb. To offer her
In the first Draught, the Nectar of her Love;
Will make the Gall of our Revenge more bitter.
But see, they turn upon us.

Sun. Sure 'tis the Error of my Sense, that shows
Semanthe here, that poor, forsaken thing:
Alas! I pity thee: But blush to see
My Sexes Fondness painted in those Tears,
Lost on a Man that scorns thee.

Sem. Why dost thou waken me into Despair?
Death is my Wish, but I wou'd meet it here. [To *Tachmas*.]

Sun. Nay now, my Lord!
I must become a Pleader in this Cause:
The fatal Purple rises in her Cheeks,
The Lillies wither, and the Roses fade;
Poor Wretch! see, see she lingers for a Look;
Do not torment the Quiet of her Death;
Speak kindly to her; bless her with a Smile;
Nay I can see her take a farewell Kiss,
Without a Rival's Fear.

Tach. Base cruel Woman!
But oh! for my *Semanthe's* sake I will
Forbear to curse thee by that gentle Name.
I know thou comest on Mischief; but I charge thee,
If thou hast any part of thy soft Sex,
Working to Virtue in thy harden'd Soul,
(Howe'er the *Sophy*, and the Gods doom me)
Beware how thou design'st against my Love.

Sun.

66 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Sen. How Sir! so hard'ned in this coz'ning Trade!
First you betray *Semanthe* to your Scorn,
Then dare not justifie your Love to me:
But, Sir, the Letter speaks your Falshood plain.

Tach. What Letter? speak; if it be sent from Hell,
Thou art its chief Commissioner; inform me:
Say, hast thou mortgag'd thy last Hope of Heav'n,
And in some fatal Scroul, to take my Life,
Or what's yet worse, to ruin me with her,
Subscrib'd thy self a Servant to the Furies?

Sen. Were I not satisfied that my Revenge
Requires the Secret from me, thou shou'dst still
Remain in Ignorance: Yes, I forg'd the Letter,
To raise her Jealousie of you, in Hopes
(A Woman's Spirit working to Revenge)
She might divulge your Treasons to the *Sophy*.

Tach. My Treasons!

Arb. Yes, against the *Sophy's* Life:
For nothing else cou'd put you in our Power.

Tach. I thought the Line of my Afflictions carried
But to the end of Life. But thou hast found
A way to vex my Quiet in the Grave;
To sacrifice my Fame to After-times,
And blot my Story with a Traytor's Stain.

Arb. I ow'd thee this, proud Prince, for thy Contempt,
And Insolence; when, to the shame of Arms,
My Wounds, and Blood forgot, *Tachmas* was nam'd
To lead those Armies, I had bred in War.

Tach. I know my latest Hour comes on apace;
And now to curse thee, were to rob my Soul
Of this soft Satisfaction in my Death.
Oh! let me hold thee fast, my only Life!
Here languish out a Farewel to our Loves;
Gaze on those heav'nly Eyes,
That, thro' the Grove of Death, must light me on
To the bright Mansions of the kindred Stars.

Sen. So unconcern'd! the Face of Death will turn
This Scene of Love: Appear thou Minister
Of Fate, come forth, and act thy tragick Part.

Enter

Enter Osman with four Bowls.

Tach. What means this fatal Pomp? All this for me?
Or to be yet more Cruel, wou'd you load
My mounting Spirit with your guilty Souls;
And damn me with your Company in Death?

Sun. This is your bridal Night; and we your Guests
Must wait upon the Ceremony:
But know, my Lord! the gilt Bowls are prepar'd
Only for you, and your fair Bride, for they
Are poison'd.

Tach. Ha! thou canst not mean her Death:
Or wou'dst thou in one Devilish Act, outdo
The eldest damn'd in Hell? O! spare her Life,
And I will bless thee with my latest Breath,
Nay, as I mount, report thee to the Gods,
And tell 'em thou art good.

Sem. My Lord! forbear
Solliciting, what granted, I refuse;
Life without you: By our immortal Loves
I am resolv'd on this. Alas! I swear
I think this Hour our first of Happiness,
And to die thus together, is an Earnest,
Sent from the Gods, of Worlds of Joy to come.

Sun. Yes Rival, thou shou'dst live, be forc'd to live,
But that the sight of thee for ever wou'd
Revive my Shame, and lay his Scorn before me!

Tach. Give me the fatal Bowls: And now, *Semantke!*
Since thou resolv'st, and Fate will have it so;
I here present thee with a Cordial Draught,
That will preserve our Loves i'th' other World.

Sem. Then cheerfully, as Birds salute the Morn
After a cold, long, stormy Winter Night,
We leave these solitary, dark Abodes,
And mount to mingle with the shining Gods.

Tach. O! how I grudge the Grave this heav'nly Form!
These Beauties will inspire the Arms of Death,
And warm the pale, cold Tyrant into Life.
O I cou'd rave for ever—but Farewel. [*All drink.*

Arb.

68 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Arb. 'Tis to their meeting in the other World.

[*To Sunamire.*

Ofm. So; to my Knowledge, you will first meet there.

[*Aside.*

Tach. 'Tis done, the business of our Fate is done:
How fares my Love? speak, for, in spite of Death,
Thy Eyes still carry their resistless Fires,
And Beauty sits in Triumph on thy Cheeks.

[*Osman gives Tachmas a Sword.*

Arb. Now, *Sunamire!* thus prosperous in Re.enge;
Let's hug our selves, and laugh to see 'em fall.

Ofm. Stand on your Guard, my Lord! soon as he finds
The Poison work; Despair and Madness will
Enforce his Hand to some damn'd bloody Deed.

Arb. Thou dost not feel the Pleasures, that I have,
To see these whining, constant Lovers die.
— What means this dulness? — ha! thy Eyes are fixt;
Thy Lips too tremble to relate the Cause.

Sun. O! we are poorly caught in our own Snare.
The Poison, we prepar'd for them, the Slave
Has given to us.

[*Sinks down.*

Arb. Ha! poison'd! — yes 'tis here:
I feel the Traitor working to my Heart.
But I have yet a Sword, that shall prevent
The turns of Fate, and we will fall reveng'd.
— What mean these Shouts? But I defer too long.
— Ha! *Tachmas* arm'd?

Tach. Yes, Traytor, to thy Ruin.

Arb. Then thus I brave my Fate.

— O! I am slain.

[*They fight, Arbanes falls.*

Sun. Speak Brother, is he down? Then to my Part,
I'll come, and triumph once over his Heart:
But see, my happy Rival does appear,
Trembling, and fainting in the Arms of Fear:
Now strike, whilst nobly thus I conquer here.

[*Dies.*

*Enter Seliman, Begona, Attendants, Ismael bound
and guarded.*

Sel. He lives, he lives, you Gods!
Once more, with all the dearness of a Brother,

I fall upon thy Breast, the Haven, where
My beaten Mind rides safe, secure from restless
Passions, which, like Tempests on the Main,
Drive Reason from the Guidance of our Lives,
And leave us shipwrack'd on a barbarous Coast.

Beg. I see, my Son, the Hands of Heav'n, and Fate,
Have been employ'd in thy Deliverance.

But say, my *Tachmas*! speak the wondrous Course,
That Heav'n pursu'd to rescue thee from Death.

Tach. That best my Life's Preserver here can tell.

[*To Osman.*]

Sel. Thy Habit speaks a Slave: Yet in thy Face
Something appears familiar to my Eyes,
That I have often seen; but when, and where,
My Memory has lost.

Ofm. Great Sir, I have been honour'd in your Service;
Your Soldier from my Youth; *Osman* my Name,
Which you, Sir, must remember, since your Favours
Distinguish'd it first from the Crowd. [*To Tachmas.*]

Tach. My Friend!

My *Osman* here! then Heav'n has sent the Sword
And Shield of all the War. O Royal Sir!
Let me present a Captain to your Knowledge,
Worthy that noble Title. [*Osman kneels to Seliman.*]

Sel. Rise to our Favour: The Particulars
How thou cam'st here disguis'd, and by what means
Thy Faith and Gratitude have work'd their Ends,
A happier Hour will claim. Remove these Bodies;
And for that Slave, such matchless Villanies
He has confess'd, as Mercy cannot pardon;
Bear him to Death, away with him.

Ism. I go; but first I make this hearty Wish:
May lame Ambition (for the publick Good,
Halting upon the Crutches of the Crowd)
Still fall:

May Treason ever need the Peoples Swords,
And may they valiantly compound for Words;
And last, may all Disturbers of the State
Grow blindly popular, and meet my Fate.

[*Is led off.*
Sel.]

70 *The Loyal BROTHER; or,*

Sel. Virtue shines out again in its full Blaze
And now not to reward thy Sufferings,
Wou'd speak me accessary to those Crimes
My Ignorance committed: Therefore here
I give *Semante* to thy longing Love:
Take her, and wear her ever in thy Heart:
Whilst I collected in my Temper stand.
And may succeeding Monarchs learn from me,
How far to trust a Statesman's Policy.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

A Virgin Poet was serv'd up to Day;
Who, 'till this Hour, ne'er cackled for a Play:
He's neither yet a Whigg nor Tory-Boy;
But, like a Girl, whom several wou'd enjoy,
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural Toy.
Were I to play my callow Author's Game,
The King's House wou'd instruct me, by the Name:
There's Loyalty to one: I wish no more:
A Commonwealth sounds like a common Whore.
Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,
One part of Woman is true Tory still.
If any factious Spirit should rebel,
Our Sex, with Ease, can every Rising quell.
Then, as you hope we shou'd your Failings hide,
As honest Fury for our Play provide:
Whiggs at their Poets never take Offence;
They save dull Culprits, who have murder'd Sense:
Tho' Nonsense is a nauseous heavy Mass,
The Vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.
Faction in Play's the Commonwealths Man's Bribe:
The leaden Farthing of the Canting Tribe:
Tho' void in Payment Laws and Statutes make it,
The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man, will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the Pit,
Their's is the Pension-Parliament of Wis.

EPILOGUE.

*In City-Clubs their Venom let 'em vent;
For there 'tis safe, in its own Element:
Here, where their Madness can have no Pretence,
Let 'em forget themselves an Hour in Sense.
In one poor Isle, why shou'd two Factions be?
Small diff'rence in your Vices I can see;
In Drink and Drabs both Sides too well agree.
Wou'd there were more Preferments in the Land;
If Places fell, the Party cou'd not stand.
Of this damn'd Grievance ev'ry Whigg complains;
They grunt like Hogs, 'till they have got their Grains.
Mean time you see what Trade our Plots advance,
We send each Year good Mony into France:
And they, that know what Merchandise we need,
Send o'er true Protestants, to mend our Breed.*

}

THE
DISAPPOINTMENT;
OR, THE
Mother in Fashion.

A
P L A Y.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL,
By their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,
In the YEAR 1684.

— *Neque in divinum Aeneada tenta,
Sed longè sequere, & vestigia semper adora.* Stat.

Printed in the YEAR 1713.

THE
DISAPPOINTMENT

ALBERT W. FORD

P. R. A. V.

THE LITTLE R. O. V.

BY ALBERT W. FORD

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1897.

THE LITTLE R. O. V.

To the Right Honourable

J A M E S,

EARL of OSSORY.

My LORD,



THE Imputation that lies on Dedications, is general: And whether the Ill-nature of the Age has traduc'd the honest Intentions of the Writers; or they, by their fulsom Corruptions, to their own Wrong, have justly fix'd the Scandal upon themselves, your Lordship may determine: This I believe, a Poet may praise his Patron out of Countenance, and a Lover look his Mistress into the confusion of a Blush, and with as little Wit on one Hand, as Passion on t'other. The fear of falling under the Justice of this Censure, has awed me: And nothing, but the Zeal of confessing myself, every way your Servant, (having hardly escap'd the venture of the Stage) cou'd per-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

swade me to throw my self, for a Forgiveness, upon a second Trial of the Town. The Reason of my Cause has harden'd me against the Malice of Detraction, and over rul'd my Fears to a Dedication. The Name of *Ossory*, I know, will draw every Reader into an Expectation of a Panegyrick; and not to rage under the Inspiration of that Theme, is Grossness, and brutal Stupidity, to be shunn'd of all the World; and here unpardonable, as wou'd be my Impudence, should I undertake it. The Virtues of your famous Ancestors, my Lord, live fresh among us; and while the *English* Chronicle survives, the *Ormond* Worth can never be forgotten; your Grandfather, in every glorious Action, through the whole Story, must begin the Page, shine out, and shew the leading Heroe there. Fortune has once been just, and joining with the Wishes of all good Men, contriv'd to make the Happiness of your Lordship's Life, answer the Quality of your House; and to the Nobility of your Birth (made yet more noble by the Accession of your Father's Glories) (which you of Right inherit, and which your forward Virtue, this Summer promises to maintain) provided you a Lady, whom Nature, in the profusion of her Bounty, seems to have made, and only meant for you; to share that Greatness, which only Descent, Virtue, Wit, and Beauty, like hers, cou'd deserve. My Lord, you are now launch'd out in-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to the Ocean of this Life; and may prosperous Gales, and smiling Summer Seas attend you: May your Course be steady; still pointing to that genuine Loyalty (the natural Virtue of your Family) which your Forefathers nobly try'd, and found the only Goal of Glory: These, with my Prayers for your long Life, and happy, safe Return, are the constant, and shall be the daily Wishes of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's entirely Faithful

Humble Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, and spoken by
Mr. BETTETON.

HOW comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,
Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense.
All Prologues treat you at your own Expence?
Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go,
They make you Fools, but never call you so.
They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip,
But Treat a Common Whore with Ladyship:
But here each sawcy Wit at Random writes,
And uses Ladies as he uses Knights.
Our Author, Young and Grateful in his Nature,
Vows, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr.
Nor will he ever Draw — I mean his Rhime,
Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker
To call MEN Fools, 'tis railing at their M A K E R.
Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf;
He's young enough to be a FOP himself.
And, if his Praise can bring you all A bed,
He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.
Your Nurses, we presume, in such a Case,
Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face;
And often they supply'd your Mother's place.
The Dry Nurse was your Mother's ancient Maid,
Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar-Candy,
Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.
Your Father, to initiate your Discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to Swear and Curse;
But was prevented by each careful Nurse.
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,
They taught you certain Parts of Man and Woman.

}

}

PROLOGUE.

*I pass your Schools, for there when first you came,
You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin Name.
In Colleges you scorn'd their Art of Thinking,
But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking:
Thence come to Town, you practise Play, to know
The Virtues of the High Dice and the Low.
Each thinks himself a SHARPER most profound:
He cheats by Pence, is cheated by the Pound:
With these Perfections, and what else he Gleans,
The SPARK sets up for Love behind our Scenes;
Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.
He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,
And, Garret high, rebels against his Father.
But he once dead —
Brings her in Triumph with her Portion down,
A Twillett, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.
Some Marry first, and then they fall to Scow'ring,
Which is, refining Marriage into Whoring.
Our Women batten well on their good Nature,
All they can rap and tend for the dear Creature.
But while abroad so liberal the DOLT is,
Poor SPOUSE at Home as ragged as a Colt is.
Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees
Of Lewdness in our Middle Galleries:
The doughty BULLIES enter bloody Drunk,
Invade and grabble one another's PUNK:
They Caterwoul, and make a dismal Rout,
Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but ne'er lugg-out:
Thus while for Paultry Punk they roar and fickle,
They make it Bawdier than a Conventicle.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Alphonso, Husband to *Erminia*. Mr. *Betterton*.
Lorenzo, Friend to *Alphonso*. Mr. *Smith*.
Alberto, a general Undertaker. Mr. *Wilshire*.
Lesbino, his Friend. Mr. *Carlisle*.
Rogero, Father to *Angelline*. Mr. *Leigh*.

W O M E N.

Erminia, Wife to *Alphonso*. Mrs. *Cook*.
Juliana, a slighted Mistress } Mrs. *Percival*.
of *Alberto's*.
Angelline, *Rogero's* Daughter. Mrs. *Knight*.
Her supposed Mother. Mrs. *Cory*.
Clara, *Erminia's* Woman. Mrs. *Leigh*.

SCENE FLORENCE.

THE



THE
DISAPPOINTMENT;
OR, THE
Mother in Fashion.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alberto Dressing.

A SONG written by the Honourable Colonel
SACKVILE.



Never saw a Face 'till now,
That could my Passion move:
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,
But durst not think of Love.

Till Beauty, charming every Sense,
An easie Conquest made;
And shew'd the vaineſs of Defence,
Where Phyllis does invade.

E 5

But

The Disappointment; or,

*But Oh! her colder Heart denies
The Thoughts, her Looks inspire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.*

*Betwixt Extreams I am undone,
Like Plants too Northward set;
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or chill'd for want of Heat.*

ALBERTO.

THE World may laugh at these laborious Follies,
That wear away the Day; and so may I,
When my full Veins are ebbing into Time;
When Age shall level me to Impotence;
And fleeting Pleasure leaves me on the Foyle.
Then I may turn a true *Diogenes*,
Snarl at the Pleasures that I cannot taste,
Despise the Gallantries of Youth and Love,
And in my Tub grow nasty for my Ease.

Enter Lesbino.

Lesb. Good-morrow to your Lordship.

Alb. O my Friend!

The sight of thee awakens the Remembrance
Of all those Pleasures we have pass'd together.

Lesb. I think the *Roman Antony*, in the Rage
Of his luxurious Appetite, nay, when
He made the highest Sacrifice to Sense,
Ne'er rated Flesh and Blood as we have done:
Such Scenes of Wit! such Hours of Love and Wine!

Alb. O my *Lesbino*! Thou remember'st all!
Once at a Feast, when fair *Panthea*, crown'd
The Queen of Love, sat smiling on her Throne,
We humbly offer'd up our Vows; and strait
Beauty descended in a thousand Charms:
Selima's Passion languish'd in her Eyes,
And thou wert caught:
Corinna's Musick triumph'd o'er the Sphere,
And over me: So all were happy made:
But then the jealous Goddess, from her Seat

Flew

Flew to our Arms, and there was better pleas'd.

Lesb. Yet this was censur'd!

Alb. Only by *Clarinda*,

Whose Virtue ne'er appear'd, but in her Pride:
Whom I have since enjoy'd, with the dear Thought,
Of leaving her to my Contempt and Scorn.

Lesb. Ah yes! there have been Days!

Alb. Have been! there are:

This Day, to Morrow, every Day shall bawd
To our Desires.

Lesb. The Regiments are marching,
And I must post to my Command to Morrow.

Alb. So suddenly! what Danger presses us?

Lesb. Only a City-Plot: Curse on their Politick Noddles,
They've Brains enough to keep their Foreheads safe;
They cry, the Soldier's surfeited with Ease,
The Tokens of foul Leachery appear —

Alb. On their own Wives and Daughters.

Lesb. And out of Christian Charity to themselves,
And to prevent the growth of Cuckoldom,
At their Expence they Physick the whole Camp,
And make a War, only to let us Blood.

Alb. And thou hast not a Vein, that thou wouldst spare
From old *Rogero's* Daughter: Have I touch'd you?

Lesb. Faith with Wonder, to hear her mention'd heret;
I thought her Birth conceal'd her from all Eyes.

Alb. If among common Pebbles, we should find
A Diamond pave our way, 'twere quickly seen.

Lesb. You know her then?

Alb. And know her to be mine:
O I am the *Columbus* of that World,
And will grow rich in Beauty: Pow'rful Gold
Has broke the Quarry up: And now, *Lesbino*,
I have a Mother working in the Mine.

Lesb. What! make a Mother Bawd to her own Child?

Alb. O none so fit in Nature, she best knows
The Constitution of her Daughter's Blood:
How high her Pulses beat, remembers too
Which way the Devil danc'd, when she was young,
And there can play him now.

Lesb.

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Lesb. My Lord! I am pleas'd the Lot is falln on you;
You'll keep the Sex in Action: When we come
Hackt from the Field, to find our Women right,
Under good Discipline, and Easiness,
Is all the Christian Comfort of a Soldier.

Alb. O! this is but the opening of the Scene,
That shews my Triumph. Thou shalt know it all.
No answer of my Letter?

Serv. None, my Lord.

Alb. Attend without.

[Exit Servant.]

'Twas to *Alphonso's* House.

Lesb. Not to his Wife?

Alb. Suppose it were!

Lesb. Do you expect an Answer?

Alb. I grant a Virgin's Modesty may blush,
And start at her own Wishes: But a Wife,
A high-fed, wanton, understanding Wife,
That knows how Beauty in a Husband's Arms,
Like Treasure rusting in a Miser's Chests,
Lies unenjoy'd, yet coveted by all:
For such a Wife, secure on every hand,
From Jealousie at home, and Tongues abroad,
Youth in her Veins, and Wishes in her Heart,
That knows the Price of Opportunity;
For her to trifle out the Hours of Love
In coy Denials, is beyond my Creed.

Lesb. But, Sir, Report speaks loudly of her Virtue.

Alb. Why virtuous let her be to all the World,
To easie Husbands, and believing Fools:
For me, I'm settled in my Faith: I've made
A Study of the Sex, and found it frail:
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,
Are earthly-minded all: There's not a She,
The coldest Constitution of the Sex,
Nay, at the Altar, telling o'er her Beads,
But some one rises on her heav'nly Thoughts,
That drives her down the Wind of strong Desire,
And makes her taste Mortality again.

Enter

The MOTHER in Fashion. 85

Enter Servants, whispers Alberto, and goes out.

Admit her.

This is the Hinge of my Designs:

Her Confident; the bawdy Confessor,

That probes her Lady's Conscience to the quick,

To give it Ease——She comes! you must withdraw.

Enter Clara.

What Comfort? Speak, thou Messenger of Love!

Clar. Undone! undone! for ever! O my Lord!

I was born to be ruin'd in your Service!

Alb. Hah! what's the Matter?

Clar. Your Letter, by what Accident I know not,
Is falln into my Lord's Hands.

Alb. Death and Hell! then all's discover'd.

Clar. O nothing but my Falshood.

Alb. The Duke's Name was subscrib'd.

Clar. Ay, you are not suspected: But the Credit
Of my Function's lost for ever. I have wept
And sworn my Innocence over, and over;
And all to no Purpose.

Alb. That's hard indeed.

Clar. He's raging mad, and has laid such a strict
Confinement on my poor Lady, so hardly us'd her,
That sure she'll never think of Mankind more——

[Alb. shews a Purse.]

Unless the Thoughts of serving your Lordship, prevail
Upon my Good-Nature, to bring her about again.

Alb. Here, thou hast won it fairly.

Clar. Our Doors are all barr'd up, and none can find
Admittance but *Lorenzo*. 'Twas with difficulty
I stole to find you out, and let you know

I am not idle: Leave the rest to me: I must away. *[Ex.]*

Lesb. I've heard it all. And now my Lord your
Thoughts upon the Matter?

Alb. Faith, were it not for a charitable Principle of my
virtuous Friend there, in setting all Things right again,
the Power of my Gold, and her own natural Inclinations
to the Office; I should think my Affairs were but in
a melancholy Condition.

Lesb. What do you resolve on?

Alb. E'en to go, as the Devil in the Woman drives me,
For

86 *The Disappointment; or,*

For since the Conquest that he made on *Eve*,
'T has been that Sexes Business to deceive——

Enter Juliana meeting him.

Juliana here! then I am Impotent: *Lesbino*, stay.

Ful. Why do you start, *Alberto*?

Alb. This indeed

Was unexpected: I was us'd to see
You oftner: I should chide you: But retire,
I would not have you seen; *Lesbino*, there ——

Ful. Has seen me here before.

Alb. Ay Madam, but

We live in a censorious talking Age,
And he is naturally fond of Scandal.

Ful. He is your Friend.

Alb. But it is hard to know

How far to trust a Friend in these Affairs;
Your Reputation——

Ful. This is poor, my Lord.

Alb. Nay then you'll not be answer'd. [*Ex. with Lesb.*]

Ful. To play the Woman right: Now I should swoon,
Call Curses down from Heav'n on his Head,
Protest my Wrongs, and vow to be reveng'd;
This were the surest way to please my Sex:
But why reveng'd? Or how have I been wrong'd?
I knew him false before; the sad Experience
Of other Women, warn'd me on my Fate;
And yet I cou'd not hold from venturing:
Had he refus'd me, then my Wrongs were plain:
But I have met the softest dear Returns
That Love could make, or longing Maids desire.
If he has left me, 'tis his Nature's Fault,
That cannot be confin'd.

Enter Clara.

O *Clara*! Welcome.

Clar. Madam, I find my Lord has soon dispatch'd your
Business.

Ful. I have met the Entertainment I expected here;
But *Clara*, must I lose him thus?

Clar. I have told you,
He loves my Lady: And he Bribes me high

To

To prove his Advocate in this Affair;
But yet methinks I would do much for you.

Ful. And thou shalt find I wonnot starve my Cause:
I'll prove a grateful Client.

Clar. As we walk;
We'll think upon the Means.

Ful. Then let the Wanderer rove,
So I enjoy him in his rounds of Love. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to Alphonso's House.*

Enter Alphonso and Lorenzo.

Alph. She might have numbred out the Stars in Sin;
Fed her hot, lustful Appetite with Change
Of every high-fed, wanton Fool in Florence;
Yet I been happy: Ignorantly blest,
Like a true Marriage-tool, I might have fate
Contented, at the lower end o'th' Feast,
To welcome all, without a farther Thought:
And when the Business of the Day was over,
When all the Company had danc'd her round;
At Night I might have ta'en her to my Heart,
With Praises on her Truth and Constancy,
And Thanks to Heav'n for such a virtuous Wife!

Lor. *Alphonso*, hear me!

Alph. But to know my self a Monster! Death and Hell!
Children and Fools will have me in the Wind,
And I shall stink of Cuckold to the World.

Lor. Come, come: You search too deep, and make
your Wound.

Alph. O! I have nothing left me but thy Friendship
To satisfy Mankind, I once was thought
Above the reach of such a common Fate.

Lor. You are above it still.

Alph. By Heav'n I should be:
For I'll appeal to Reason; is it fit
The Man thou hast honour'd with the Name of Friend,
Should fall so low, to be the common Scorn
Of Pimps and Bawds?

Lor. Your Thoughts are on the Rack:
But recollect your Reason to your Aid, And

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And cast about, to find this treacherous Slave
That has abus'd you; if I then forsake you,
May the severest Vengeance of your Fury
Fall here, and mark me with the Villain's Shame.

Alph. O! think'st thou I am thus, without just Cause?
Had any broad-mouth'd, stand'rous Villain said it,
I would have turn'd him outward to the Sun,
Display'd th' infected Fountain of his Thoughts,
And stabb'd the venom'd Lie down to his Heart:
But when the Duke's own Character confirms it!

Lor. Friend, have a care how you pursue that Thought;
There's Danger in the way, therefore no more.

Alph. And yet by Heav'n! I cannot blame the Duke;
For she has Beauty that may justify
All Actions, that are meant to compass her.
Oh! I am well acquainted with her Pow'r:
I have devour'd the Spirit of her Love,
'Till drunk with Joy, I reel'd to my Undoing.
Her Eyes have shot me with a thousand Fires;
A thousand Times, the little weeping Loves,
That wanton'd in the liquid Crystal there,
Like *April* Showers melting on my Cheeks,
Refresh'd my Veins into a wanton Spring.
O she is more than I can speak or think,
The softest Bosom-Dear! the tenderest Wife!

Lor. Yet you would part with her.

Alph. Not for the Wealth of *Pluto*, were she true:
But she is false, and all my Comfort now
Must be to drive her from my Thoughts for ever.

Lor. For ever!

Alph. Yes, among the Follies of my Life, I wou'd
Forget the Sex: I wou'd not call to Mind
How I have sold the Charter of my Manhood,
To please the fondness of a Woman's Longing:
I would not count those tedious Hours again,
(Tho' in my Thoughts!) which I have sacrific'd
To the fantastick Pride of that vain Sex.
But what I wou'd have bury'd to the World,
Is the remembrance of that fatal Hour,
In which I so dly ventur'd out my Hopes;

My

My peace of Mind, my Honour, and my Love,
In the weak, sinking Bottom of a Wife:
O sleep that Thought, and I shall be at Ease!

Lor. You speak as if there were no Woman true.

Alph. I know not what I speak: But if my Wife,
If my *Erminia*'s false, the Sex is damn'd;
I know it; and she was the last that fell.

Lor. Call old *Rogero*'s Daughter to your Mind,
To prove there may be Virtue in that Sex,
Tho' tempted by Necessity, and Want,
That Gold could not corrupt, nor Pow'r betray.

Alph. What, poor! and honest! and a Woman too!
Does she still keep that Point? Then who can tell
But I may be abus'd?

Lor. By Heav'n you are!
Some Villain practises against your Peace,
Whom Time will best discover: For *Erminia*,
So well I know the Conduct of her Life,
I'd stake my Soul upon her Innocence.

Alph. Is this thy Thought?

Lor. By Heav'n, my Friend, it is.

Alph. Wou'd I cou'd make it mine.

Lor. Go see her then.

Alph. I dare not trust my Temper.

Lor. Come, you shall,
I've given my Word.

Alph. To whom?

Lor. Your mourning Wife.

Alph. You mock my Misery.

Lor. I am your Friend.

Alph. But did *Erminia* make it her Request?
Speak, cou'd she? O the suff'ring Innocence!
Thy Words have darted Hope into my Soul,
And Comfort dawns upon me! O speak on!

Lor. Her Soul in Sadness, and her Eyes in Tears,
Sighing, he said, She fear'd her Heart might break;
But she wou'd learn the Virtue of a Wife,
And labour patiently to suffer all;
Then at my Feet, in all the Storm of Grief,
She begg'd me, as for Life, to see her Lord;

And

90 *The Disappointment; or,*

And ever as she did repeat your Name,
Such Floods of Sorrow burst from her bright Eyes,
I cou'd not keep my Manhood, but wept too.

Alph. If thou wert mov'd, my Friend! oh what must I
Have been — had I been present at the View?
Such Tendernefs must have disarm'd my Soul,
And thrown me for Forgiveness at her Feet:
But 'tis not yet too late.

Lor. Then you will see her?

Alph. Thy mournful Story has subdu'd my Heart;
And I have not a Thought that does oppose me.
Witness it Heav'n! and Earth! and thou my Friend,
I combated this Passion of my Love,
Stood this high Test of Honour to my Pow'r,
But am o'ercome: I am, I am a Man,
And can no longer bear it. O *Lorenzo*!
My panting Heart beats to *Erminia's* Breast,
Struggles and heaves, and fain would be at Rest;
Weary'd with Fears, and Jealousies, wou'd come,
Thoughtless and free, to taste Content at Home;

Firmly resolving never to remove

From such a Friend, nor my Erminia's Love. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. I Parted with *Lorenzo*, on my Promise
To see my Wife, and yet I loyter here
In a perplexing Maze of crowding Doubts:
I'll think no more on't: Ha — *Alberto* here! —

Enter Alberto.

Alb. *Alphonso*! I have met you luckily.
I came to find you out.

Alph. I am glad, my Lord,
Your Trouble's at an end, and I am found.

Alb.

Alb. Our Master, the great Duke —

Alph. Sir, what of him?

Alb. Has sent me to you.

Alph. O he honours me

Too much of late, beyond a Subject's Thanks:

What will this come to?

[*Aside.*]

Alb. Hearing that you have left the Court. —

Alph. For that,

There's a Necessity calls every Man

Into his own Concerns; and Business, Sir,

In spite of Fortune, will usurp sometimes.

Alb. 'Twas something sure of moment, unexpected,
Cou'd cause that haste, at which the Court admires.

Alph. Why Sir admire? is it a Miracle
To find a Courtier honest, at his House
With his own Wife! 'tis hardly Treason this,
Nor would I have it an Offence to any.

Alb. O! none at all: but yet the Duke, that knows
Persons of your Esteem and Quality
Make the full blaze of Honour in his Court,
Would have you always near him: therefore, Sir,
To Night he makes a publick Entertainment,
Where you and your fair Lady are his Guests.

Alph. Sits the Wind there!

[*Aside.*]

He over honours me, and I shall think
My self too poor and thankless a Return
For this high Grace: Pray let his Highness know,
My Sword and Fortune wait upon his Will;
But I am ill at measures, and must beg
To be excus'd.

Alb. Your Lady dances well.

Alph. Y'are in the right, my Lord: she does indeed;
She Sings well too: if I may be a Judge,
Who am her Husband, exquisitely well;
Yet who would think it?

Alb. What?

Alph. Nay you, my Lord,
Are out at Miracles; and this indeed
Requires a Husband's Faith: Yet you shall hear it;
My Wife (how prompted she can only tell!)

Tho

Tho' bred up to the Pleasures of the Court,
 With all those entertaining Qualities,
 That Men admire, and Women envy,
 Young, as she is, now, when her Blood might well
 Employ her Beauty in its proper use;
 Faints in the Fury of her Appetite:
 And, (what I must confess I blush to own)
 She foolishly affects a Housewife's Praise
 Amongst her Maids, and spins her Youth away.
 Is not this strange?

Alb. O most Impossible!

Alph. That I expected, and indeed I grant you.
 This Vulgar, Wife-like Virtue, Housewifery,
 In a young Lady, is scandalously old,
 Quite out of Fashion, and must be forgotten.

Alb. You cannot be in earnest?

Alph. O my Lord!

Marriage would mainly help your Unbelief. [Exit.]

Alb. As Hanging cures the Tooth-ach; Go thy way,
 Old Jealousie: Tho' I have fail'd in this;

Clara fights wary, and can never miss. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to Erminia's Chamber.

A SONG by an unknown Hand.

Poor, ill-instructed, wretched Woman-kind!
 Decree'd by Fate,
 Preposterously to Love and Hate;
 Our feeble Mind

Yields up the Keys of our ill-guarded Treasure,
 To Tyrant Man, whose arbitrary Reign
 Scarce gives us Will, or Power, to complain:
 Us and our Passions they inchain;
 The fleeting Pleasure

Holds no proportion with the lasting Pain.

And thou the most ungrateful of thy Race,
 Who hast my Honour, wouldst my Name deface,
 Cease thy pursuing,
 To my undoing.

Since

The MOTHER in Fashion. 93

*Since all the Cruel Perjuries I prove,
Do but exalt the Merit of my Love,
And whilst thy Falshood Mortal proves to me,
My Love aspires to Immortality.*

Enter Erminia and Clara.

Erm. My melancholy Thoughts are all employ'd
On those hard-fated Maids, that are bought in,
By some poor Circumstance of Interest,
To the eternal Slavery of Life.

Clar. Ah! who that sees in you the Marriage Joys,
Will ever trust their Freedom with a Man?

Erm. In me! I am most happy in Content:
I love the Hand that lays this Load upon me,
And shall, although it sink me to my Grave:
O *Clara*! this were Wretchedness indeed,
This Usage were beyond the reach of Patience,
From any but *Alphonso*, him I love,
Him, whom my Heart hangs after for its Peace.

Clar. In him, 'tis Tyranny to use you thus.

Erm. O! I am run behind-hand with my Love:
I have not yet discounted for those Sums,
Those endless Sums of Joys, that made me Happy:
And these are but the poor compounding Tears;
This Scene of Sorrow the bare Interest,
Which I will pay, till he remits the Debt,
And takes me to the Comfort of his Bosom.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. He sends for me, invites me to the Court;
To bring my Wife to Court; now the great Duke
Appears himself, and claims me for his Cuckold.
What! bring my Wife to Court! Damnation! none
But I to bawd to my Disgrace! sure something
Appears upon me, spiritless and poor,
That marks me for that Office, in his Eye:
He durst not else have done it: —
I believe her honest yet:
Her Body not acquainted with the Sin,
But if her Thoughts run foul, her Mind's a Whore:
And the next Opportunity compleats
My black Dishonour.

Clar.

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Clar. Madam, my Lord.

Alph. Mistress, you,

I guess your reverend Function by your Face.

Nay, here's Money for you :

An Ounce of Gold for but a Grain of Truth:

Canst thou inform me of thy Lady's Thoughts!

How they're employ'd! on whom? O tell me that,

And I will yet believe thou may'st live on

Some Years in Sin, before th'art to be damn'd.

Clar. Good Heav'n defend my Lord!

Alph. Nay, then thou art a praying Chamber-Bawd,
And Truth abhors thee. Foh! how she stinks o'th' Office.

[Thrusts her out.]

Erm. My Lord! my much lov'd Lord!

How has my Ignorance betray'd my Peace.

And robb'd me of your Love? Alas! I own,

Freely confess the Frailties of my Sex,

With all its forms of Follies, here before you:

Oh then if I have blindly stumbled on

A Fault, in pity to my Weakness, you

My Lord, will pardon it

Alph. Does the remembrance of any Sin
Upbraid your Thoughts?

Erm. My Sins are infinite,

As is the Mercy of relenting Heav'n.

But I defie my Memory, combin'd

With the severest Malice of my Fate,

Since the first happy Minute of our Loves,

To point me to a Crime against my Lord.

Alph. What! not in Thought, *Erminia*?

Erm. No, indeed!

Not even in Thought, as I do hope for Heav'n!

Alph. Then where's the need of Pardon? you are justify'd.

Erm. Alas! I do beseech you on my Knees,

With streaming Eyes, and a poor bleeding Heart,

Inform me: Let that Tempest on your Brow,

Fall on the wretched Head of lost *Erminia*;

But speak! O let my Accusation come,

And tell me what I've done to move you thus.

Alph. Damnation! done! Speak, answer me! what done!

Erm.

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Erm. Alas! what means my Lord?

Alph. Have you done any thing? that thus your Guilt
Betrays you to the Question?

Erm. Indeed I know of nothing to offend you.

Alph. O, were it come to that; did I but once
Conceive a slight Suspicion of the Deed;
It were not time for Words——

Erminia, I believe you've done no Fault.

Erm. Then I am happy in my Innocence.

Alph. There's not a Line in all that beauteous Face,
That promises the Picture of a Whore;
By Heav'n! she should be honest to the Soul;
O! I could curse that first seducing Priest,
Who with false Reasons triumph'd o'er the World,
And reconcil'd Mankind to Slavery:
Whilst he, and all that reverend, fatted Tribe,
Skill'd in the Arts of Luxury, and Ease,
Wisely refus'd the Doctrines that they taught,
And only damn'd the Layity to a Wife.

Erm. Did you not name your Wife?

Alph. I did, *Erminia*;
And with a Curse upon the cunning Priest,
That conjur'd us together in a Yoak,
That galls me now.

Erm. Wou'd I had never been,
Or never liv'd to hear you curse me from you.

Alph. No, I will ever bless you to my Grave.

Erm. Will you! then sure, oh sure, you cannot hate me!

Alph. By Heav'n and Earth! I never can, *Erminia*!
No: by th' eternal Majesty that awes me,
I languish with the fondness of my Love,
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my Heart:
Oh! thou'rt the very Fountain of my Joys,
The Spirit of my Peace, my Spring of Life,
All that my Wishes would, or Heav'n can give:
Yet, oh eternal Torment to my Love!

We must, we must, *Erminia*——

Erm. What, my Lord?

O sure my Heart informs me of my Fate:
What must we?

Alph.

Alph. 'Tis Heav'n alone can tell,
How fatally the Secret struggles here!
With what impetuous Force it beats my Breast;
And tears away my Quiet in its Way;
Therefore, it comes. O! we must part for ever:
I can no more. Farewel.

Erm. This, and all's well. [*She follows him.*]
Remember poor *Erminia* in her Grave. [*She swoons.*]

Alph. She sinks, she's gone: *Erminia!* Stay, my Life!
O I conjure you by those thousand Hours
Of softest Joys, that melted in thy Arms;
And by those thousand Years of Love to come,
I charge you stay.

Erm. Sure 'tis the Voice of Love,
That summons me to Life, and my *Alphonso*.

Alph. Look up, *Erminia!* see, I'm rooted here,
Fix'd to thy Fate, and cannot live without thee.
There are ten thousand Blessings yet behind,
Untasted by the Palate of our Loves,
That wait to Crown our Days and Nights together.
And oh! my Heart can never think of Joy,
Nor move me one step onward to my Peace,
Without the Partner of my Happiness.

Erm. Am I? Then sure we must not part?

Alph. O never.

Forget the guilty Thought, as I have done.
Thou something dearer to me than my Life!
Grow to my Heart, for ever fix thee here;
Till Time, long Ages hence, shall call us down,
Old, and embracing, to one Grave together.

Erm. Then I am truly Happy. Yet, my Lord,
(Forgive the Folly of a Woman's Fears)
If your late Coldness ever shou'd return,
No Wretchedness on Earth could equal mine.

Alph. Drive me not back upon my Memory,
But take me to thy Arms, and I will lose
All Thoughts, but of almighty Love and thee.
Thus Tempest-beaten Voyagers at last
(Toft by the Fury of the angry Main)
Secure and safe are in the Harbour cast,
And never, never venture out again.

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE

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SCENE *an open Garden.*

Enter Angelline with her Mother.

Moth. I've dropt my Husband in the Crowd, and this is the Walk my Lord *Alberto* promis'd to meet me in: Come hither *Angelline*! hold up thy Head Child! ah! thy Mother's own Twinkle! well, Fifteen must be provided for, I see that.

Ang. I do not understand you.

Moth. No matter for that, I understand enough in this Point for us both, Child; if you have but the Grace to be rul'd.

Ang. I hope I have ever been Obedient.

Moth. Ay. 'Twill be the better for you: Say your Prayers duely, and take your Mother's Advice along with you, and you may come to keep your Coach one Day.

Ang. Alas! I am contented with my poor Condition, And would not, if I might, be what you say; And see my good old Father go on Foot.

Moth. No *Angelline*, He and I and all of us shall ride, if you will be instructed to raise us. You know the Lord *Alberto*?

Ang. Him that you shew'd me walking with the Duke?

Moth. Ay, there's a Man for you; to my certain Knowledge he's directly in Love with thee.

Ang. So indeed the Lord *Lorenzo* tells me, he loves me; And tho' I am more inclin'd to credit him, Yet I am far from thinking of it true.

Moth. Come, you shall love both.

Ang. That's impossible! both cannot Marry me.

Moth. Marry you! no matter for that: But both may serve your turn a great deal better, another way: Come *Angelline*; thy Father's poor, thy Beauty's thy Portion, and manage it to the best Advantage.

Ang. Poor as I am, I scorn to be a Whore.

Moth. Bless me! how can you expect to thrive with such abominable, ungodly Words in your Mouth, Child? A Whore! fy, fy, don't think of the indecent thing; but as I was saying, there will be Beauty enough at Five and

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Twenty, to throw away upon a Husband; then if you should chance to tarnish, or grow rusty in the wearing, (as Beauty, alas! is but a Flower, and Flowers will fade,) 'tis but the Matrimony dip at last, and you appear again as fresh, with as glossy a Complexion, as you had never been blown on, and no harm done — I think I see him coming — Oh! 'Tis my unseasonable Husband again, that out of a starving Principle of Honesty, will neither stir himself, nor suffer me to labour in the lawful Occupation of a Mother for the Advantage of a poor Child.

[Weeps.

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Oh! have I found you! 'Tis very well — A pox o' these hot Countries. There's no taking a Mouth-full of Air, without the venture of being choak'd with the Flies: How they swarm in every Walk! Coxcombs of every Size, and Nation! from the Impertinence of the *French*, down to the leaden Figure of a *Dutchman*.

Enter Squire, Poet, and Bully.

Ang. Who have we here?

Rog. The very Picture of Folly in Leading-strings! now by his Countenance I should guess there has not been an Ounce of Brains in the Family, since his Father's great Grandfather mortgag'd his, to the purchasing a Title.

Ang. Of what Sir? a Fool! does that bear such a value in the World?

Rog. O Child! none but our swinging Estates can come up to the price on't: Our Lords buy by the whole Piece, so that a poor Man can hardly come in for a Remnant of that Commodity.

Ang. Methinks I should not covet to forestal their Markets.

Rog. Ah! Thy Father's own Daughter to a Hair! Nay, thou hast a tang of thy Mother in thee too, I'll say that for thee, *Angelline*! Thou follow'st good Example: She might have been a Lady, as she says: But no matter for that; she was wiser as I take it: For I' gad I was a Swinger in those Days: Let me see — I cou'd have done — I don't know what I could have done. — But 'tis past time

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a Day with me now; come, let's home, or these Vermin will be biting.

Squire. Well, well, let me alone; I warrant you I break her Heart, Boys: But heark you Poet! you'll stand by me and prompt upon occasion: While you with your Whiskers terrifie my Mistress into Silence and Attention.

[*Squire advances between his Poet and Bully.*]

Ang. The Thing comes towards us.

Squire. Now——will I be *Alexander* the Great; and with thy right Hand, my Poet's Brains, and my own Estate, beat down the Fortifications of these *Amazons*, and ravish to the end of the Chapter.

Bul. Bear up, Sir.

Squire. Soft, and fair: A General should not be hot-headed you know:

Poet, where are you?

Poet. Now Sir, —— *Bright as, &c.* [Prompting.]

Squire. Ay, ay:

Bright as the Virgin Tresses of the Day,

When Neptune scours the Sun-beams from the Sea.

Ang. What does he mean, Sir?

Poet. —— *My Eyes, &c.* [Prompting again.]

Squire. —— *My Eyes are scorcht by your illustrious Face,*

Like dry'd Tobacco by a Burning-Glass.

Poet. There's Poetry for you:

Squire. Ay, there's Poetry for you.

Rog. Sir, I am poor enough to pretend Acquaintance to the Muses; but I confess I don't understand you. Therefore without your Tresses, Sun-beams, and your Neptunes, I ask you what you would have?

Bully. } Have, Sir?

Squire. }

Rog. Ay, have Sir!

Squire. Prethee *Bully Whiskers* tell him you——

I am not much for fighting. [Walks off.]

Bully. Why! may be nothing, Sir.

What then, Sir?

Rog. Why then I am satisfy'd.

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Squire. Why look you there. I knew he was a civil honest Fellow.

Bully. Pox, he knows his Men.

Squire. Hark thee, old Lad. I have a great Mind to be better acquainted with thee. Prethee now, if a Man may be so bold, What a Pox art thou?

Rog. What am I! why I am nothing, have nothing, care for nothing, nor depend on nothing.

Poet. He comes of a very ancient Family.

Squire. Nothing, say'st thou? why then I 'gad I'll have the honour of thy Creation: But first here's Mony for thee: Now thou art Pimp-master in ord'nary to my Family, from this Day forward; and begin thy Office upon that same little Gipsie there.

Rog. Oh! I am proud that I have a Daughter for you; but I intend to give you the first Fruits of my Service gratis. And return your Gold to these Rascals, that deserve it for keeping you Company; And this to your Worship.

[Kicks him.]

Squire. Nay, if you are thereabouts, your Servant!

Rog. As you like me, reward me!

Bully. Come away! Sir, 'tis a poor old mad Fellow, and is not worth your Anger; and faith it goes against my Conscience to murder him, when he has bid so high for my Friendship. Else by the Threshold of *Mahomet's* Temple —

Poet. Let him alone, I am big with *Madigral*, and will prostitute his Daughter to a Tinker in my next Lampoon.

Rog. This will elevate your Imagination.

[Draws and scours 'em off.]

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Rogero! What my old Bully of Sixtyfive. Levy-ing War with thy Regiment of Years about thee! What's the matter?

Rog. The Matter, my Lord! why every thing's the matter. The Coxcomb was in the matter in provoking me; and I was in the matter for beating the Coxcomb about the matter, that in the whole matter is not a farthing matter, whether there had been any matter or no.

Alb. Very well: But prithee what pretty Creature is that there?

Rog.

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Rog. Where, Sir? who, Sir? my Wife, Sir?
What have you to say to my Wife, Sir?

Moth. More than you imagine.

[*Aside.*

Alb. Nothing, nothing, I Man!

Rog. Nothing, my Lord! why let me tell you my Lord,
She has been —

Alb. Ay, and is still, *Rogero*, a good old *Geneva* Print
for you that use Spectacles: But I wear my own Eyes,
and would fain know who this lovely young Thing is?

Rog. Lovely, did you say! I'gad and you are it's right
on't: There's a Wench for you. A Mistress for an Empe-
ror, by *Jupiter*! my own Picture to a Hair! Ah! Rogue,
there's a Shape, there's a Face, then her Eyes and Lips;
see how they blubb and pout, and twitter and swell at
you!

Alb. *Rogero*! I'll make bold, and taste your Fruit.

[*Kisses Ang.*

Rogero goes between Alberto and Angelline.

Rog. So much for Civility: And now my Lord, I am
sorry for't, but this same idle Girl of mine, this same,
what you will, this Chit, this any thing, has suck'd such a
foolish Principle from her Mother, I am asham'd on't.

Alb. Prithee *Rogero*; what is't?

Rog. Why I am sorry for't, but I vow to gad she is not
for your turn.

Alb. What dost thou mean?

Rog. Only out of stark Love and Kindness, that a Person
of your Quality should not lose his Labour; for to my cer-
tain Knowledge, she is most damnably Honest; come a-
way, *Angelline*. Come away, Child.

Alb. I do not understand thee.

Rog. Nor do I intend to explain at present: But my Lord,
you'll pardon me. I know nothing of the matter; my
Wife must answer it, it lies at her Door [*Ex. Rog. and Ang.*

Alb. He knows nothing of my Design.

Moth. 'Tis only his Humour.

Alb. Pox on him! how came he here to disturb us?

Moth. He met us at Chappel.

Alb. Nay, if our Saints prove no better Friends to the
Intreagues of this World, we shall soon fall off the Zeal
of our Devotion to them.

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But tell me, when shall be the happy Hour?
The fragrant Infancy of opening Flow'rs
Flow'd to my Senses in that melting Kiss:
O! I am wild, impatient as Desire,
To force the blushing Beauty to my Bosom,
And there dissolve it to the Balm of Love,
Speak, tell me, when! oh when?

Moth. Alas, my Lord! you think I have done nothing for you!

Have not I? When Nature, Conscience,——

Alb. I know thou hast: Nay nay, here's the best Recipe for a troublesome Conscience in Christendom

[*Gives a Purse.*]

Probatum est. I warrant it good, Mother.

Moth. Well: I am agham'd of your Bounty; but you are so winning a Person, you might ha' commanded me without a Reward. But to Morrow my Lord, you shall see her: If she should prove frail. But no matter for that, you are a virtuous Person and will scorn to take the advantage of her Weakness.

Alb. Not in the least, do not doubt me. [*Ex. Mother.*]
So, this Conquest's sure; now for *Alphonso's* Wife,
That suffering Martyr to a wedded Life;
If her false Virtue be not to be sold,
Farewel our surest Panders, Pow'r and Gold. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Angeline and Juliana.

Jul. Come, come, I know you love him: *Alberto* is
A very Master in the Arts of Love:
Practis'd in all the soft bewitching Ways,
That find the Weakness of a Woman's Heart;
Therefore without a Blush you may confess it.

Ang. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Jul. Tell me, is there not something in your Heart
Pleads strongly for him?

Ang. If something from without
Did not plead more, his Cause were desperate.

Jul. Indeed I hear your Mother favours him.

Ang. Would I could say, 'twere false.

Jul. You came to meet him here.

Ang. My Mother I believe had so design'd:

For

For as we came from Chappel with my Father,
She watcht her Time, and lost him in the Crowd:

Jul. Does he allow it?

Ang. No; he forewarns me of him.

Jul. And be advis'd: Fly from his Charms betimes;
There is no other Safety: If you think
To stand, and guard the Passes to your Heart,
You are undone: Oh! I have heard him talk,
Like the first Child of Love, when ev'ry Word
Spoke in his Eyes, and wept to be believ'd,
And all to ruin me. Had I more Time
To tell my Story out, 'twould move your Pity:
But yonder comes your Father!

I'll see you suddenly again: Farewel. [Exit Julianaz.]

Enter Lorenzo and Rogero to Angelline.

Lor. Rogero, I'm well acquainted with thy Worth:
Have study'd thee; observ'd thee in our Wars,
Where the hard chance of Fortune threw thy Lot
Among the meanest of our Soldiery;
Unheeded, friendless, destitute of all;
'Till that blunt Spirit of thy Honesty,
And forwardness to all Attempts of Honour,
Forc'd back thy Fate, and made thy Virtue known.

Rog. Yes. I have been a Soldier; and have been re-
warded too: Had Promises for Pay, and starv'd for the
honour of my Profession.

Lor. Well: All shall be amended; come to Court,
And but apply thy self to our great Duke,
And thou shalt find a Prince, whose Virtue will
Redeem thee from the smart of Poverty;
Reward thy Merits with an open Hand,
And nurse thy wanting Age with Ease and Plenty.

Rog. My Lord! you know me, and I know my self:
You bid God bless the Duke, I cry *Amen*, with all my
Heart; so far we're right: But here I leave you; not one
step further, not an Inch my Lord, I am not for the
Court, not I my Lord; there's a ruggedness in my Na-
ture will not let me sell the Freedom of my Mind, to feed
my Body: No, when I see a Fool, I must laugh at him;
not sooth him in his Vanity, nor tickle him, 'till he
F 4 wheeze,

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wheeze, and give me an Advantage of creeping to his Pocket.

Lor. But thy Family, *Rogero*.

Rog. Ay, my Daughter here: Why y'are in the right on't again; well, I confess I should be glad my *Angelline* were provided for; But I can neither Pimp, Flatter or Lye for a Portion for her,

Lor. Nor shalt thou need it: Here, *Rogero*, cherish Thy Daughter's virtuous Thoughts, nor let her Wants Betray her to Dishonour.

Rog. My Lord: You should be Honest. But the Honesty of this Purse is no better than it should be! Why, how many reverend Matrons has this corrupted into Bawds; 'Tis as sure a Damnation to a Maiden-head, as Fifteen, Wit and a good Face: But Tempter, I defie thee; and tho' it is reasonable I should be a Rogue for this; I'd have you to know I scorn the Office.

Lor. Away, away, do not suspect my Friendship: On all Occasions use me, as thy Purse; That shall be open to thee, depend upon me. And leave thy Daughter's Fortune to my Care.

Rog. *Angelline!* dost hear that Child! Th' art made for ever.

Lor. *Rogero!* that *Alberto*, whom you spoke of, Runs in my Thoughts: dost hear me; watch him close, Observe him well: His Favour with the Duke, Passes those Actions currant to the World, Which in another Man were foul and monstrous: Therefore beware of him! no more; farewell.

Rog. My Lord! Your Servant; But as I was saying, he has the Christian Liberty of the Common to ramble in as much as he pleases, and welcome: But if he be for leaping into Inclosures, if he come to pasture in my Ground; at his Peril, at his Peril, by *Jupiter*; That's all, that's all: Your Servant my Lord, your Servant.

[*Exit cum Angelline.*]

Lor. She's gone, and all my Thoughts are up in Arms, Like wanton Citizens in Luxury, Thronging in factious Parties, to their Cause, Resolv'd and headlong for their Liberties,

Before

Before they know a Danger: I am not
Of that soft Temper, that the Eye of Beauty
Can melt me from the Image of a Man,
Into the fondness of a Woman's Fool:
Yet if I'm fated to a Marriage Life,
My Happiness were pure in *Angeline*;
In whom the infancy of Innocence,
In blushing Virtue triumphs o'er again.
But then the World! Why let the babbling World
Report it as they please. Let Interest wed
The drudgery of a vexatious Bed;
Days without Peace, and Nights without Desire,
Still toil, and sweat away their Youth for Hire.
Whilst, safe in Innocence and Truth, I taste
The Sweets of Love, fresh running to the last. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. 'TIS late, and I alone: Th'hard travell'd Sun
Now wantons in the Bosom of the Sea,
Whilst amorous Clouds steal nearer to the Earth,
And melt themselves away upon the Flow'rs:
The Beasts in Companies to Coverts run;
And all the feather'd Kind, upon the wing,
Pair to the Groves, and dream the Night away.

Enter Erminia.

Erm. Then, why art thou the loyterer of Love?
Why, when *Erminia's* Arms are open'd wide,
Expecting to embrace thee to thy Rest;
Why then does my *Alphonso* chafe to wander
The melancholy Maze of Darkness here?

Alph. O thou too justly dost present my Crime!
I own I am to blame, to call thee forth
Into the rawness of a Midnight Air,
At this dark Hour; But, O! forbear to think
'Twas from my Choice, that I have staid thus long;
F 5 *'Twas*

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'Twas a rude Thought, that wou'd not be deny'd;
Indeed no more: Prithee to Bed, my Dear.

Erm. Alas! there is no Rest for me without thee!

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort! yet a Minute longer,
And I'll discharge my Soul of all its Load;
Come trembling with my strong Desires upon me,
To thy expecting Arms, 'till thou confess
I've made amends for all the Faults of Love.

Erm. I will not doubt your Truth! Farewel my Lord.
[Exit.]

Alph. Good-night, my Love: O may the softest Arm
Of downy Slumbers rock thee to Repose,
Lull all thy Senses fast: And may no Thought
(To interrupt the Quiet of thy Bed)
(In the loose Revel of a Dream) present
Those Images, that keep me waking here.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Who's there? *Alphonso?*

Alph. Ha! who calls?

Lor. Thy Friend.

Alph. Lorenzo! always welcome to my Heart:
But now thou com'st, as if my Fate design'd
My Happiness should all depend on thee.

Lor. 'Tis late! my Friend, how fares thy virtuous Wife?

Alph. Well, very well: Just parted hence, and now
Preparing for her Bed.

Lor. To Morrow we shall meet:
I have an idle Thought to satisfy,
And then to Rest: Good-night *Alphonso*.

Alph. Friend, am I to be a Stranger to that Thought?

Lor. Thou hast my Soul: But now *Erminia* stays;
Thy soft desiring Wife expects thy coming:
Busy in Thought, and hasty for the Hour,
She turns, and sighs, and wishes; counts the Clock
And every Minute drags a heavy Pace,
'Till thou appear, the Champion of thy Bed,
Arm'd at all Points, and eager for the Charge,
That calls her to the Combat of thy Love.

Alph. No: Not to Night, Lorenzo.

Lor. Not to Night!

Alph.

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Alph. No Friend : My Thoughts are Strangers to Repose ;
I'll not to Bed.

Lor. *Alphonso*, have a care,
And Physick not thy Health to a Disease :
If once the foul Infection of a Doubt
But mingle with the Current of thy Thoughts
The subtle Poison-seizes on the Heart,
Corrupts the very Fountain of thy Peace,
And then the Minutes of the Damn'd are thine.

Alph. *Lorenzo*! no; I hope my Fate intends me
To nobler Purposes. Yet——

Lor. What?

Alph. The Letter——

Lor. Well.

Alph. I must be satisfy'd of that!

Lor. You may.

Alph. By Heav'n I will.

Lor. Time must discover it.

Alph. O! may I be that hateful Thing, I scorn!
The common, ridden Cuckold of the Town;
Strag'd to the Crowd on publick Theatres,
Nay, balled about the Streets in Rhime,
When for a wanton itching in my Blood,
I gratifie a craving Appetite;
And let the just Resentment of a Wrong
Expect to-Morrow, for a cool Revenge.

Lor. I have a Sword, that wonnot be behind
In any Task of Honour, for my Friend:
Command me freely.

Alph. 'Tis not come to that.
But thus *Lorenzo*, I accept thy Love!
Go to my Wife, tell her some Discontents
Have forc'd me out to travel.

Lor. How! *Alphonso*?

Alph. Observe me out, not that I doubt *Erminia*;
But when my Absence is by all believ'd;
Conceal'd in private here, I soon shall find
My vigorous Lover bolting at my Wife;
And I may know to thank him for the Office.

Lor. It has a Face indeed; *Erminia* too,

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May bear a part in this.

Alph. Lorenzo, no.

Much may be gather'd from her Management
In my supposed Absence, that may serve,
Thro' the succeeding Changes of my Life,
To fix my Temper to the Point of Virtue.

Lor. Where shall we meet?

Alph. I cannot wander far.

Lor. This is the Door. Farewel.

[*Goes in.*]

Alph. So, now my Heart

Be still, beat even Measures in my Breast,
That when the Hour of Fate shall summon me,
The fury of my firm collected Force
May strike for Honour in a brave Revenge.
Hark, 'tis the tread of Servants coming this Way:
I would not be discover'd.

[*Ex it.*]

Enter Clara and Juliana.

Clar. Madam, this Office that I venture on, in your Service, is but an ungenerous Return for Alberto's Bounty!

Ful. 'Tis the only way you have left you, Clara. Your Lady has disappointed you: And, as I take it, your Credit's engag'd for the Payment of a Sum to Night, which I must either lay down, or you suffer in your trading hereafter.

Clar. Nay, I am easily perswaded; and, upon second Thoughts, imagine there may be less Danger, and more Conscience, in this Design, than my first Undertaking.

Ful. O! a great deal more, Clara: For so you injure no Body: Your Lord will be no Cuckold, your Lady miss nothing that ever she had, and I shall have but my own.

Clar. True, Madam, but how shall I be just to him?

Ful. That I'll tell you too.

Clar. He has paid for my Lady.

Ful. And he shall have her, or any Lady at the same Rate.

Clar. How, Madam! how? That Art were an Estate.

Ful. 'Tis but providing me a dark Room, with a little of my Direction; and the Strength of his own Imagination will carry on the Cheat.

Clar.

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Clar. But if he shou'd discover!

Ful. Why let him make the best of the Discovery;
he'll find me a Woman, *Clara*.

Clar. Truly Madam, I begin to submit to your Arguments; I believe this Project may take.

Ful. It has been successful in *England* already: Where Intreagues are carry'd on with leis Management, than the *Italian Air* will allow of.

Clar. Well, I never knew the good of a strong Imagination before.

Ful. 'Tis the best Comfort, I fear, of a Matrimonial Amour, *Clara*: But when do you expect *Alberto*?

Clar. 'Tis near the Time: Let's in and prepare to receive him. [Exeunt.]

A SONG made by Colonel *Sackville*.

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire
To wish for that, no Crown can buy!
'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire
What she in Honour will deny.

As Indians do the Eastern Skies,
I at a distance must adore
The brighter Glories of her Eyes;
And never dare pretend to more.

Enter *Alberto*.

Alb. Well! were there nothing more in an Intreague, than barely the Enjoyment, the unconscionable Expence of the Pleasure would take off our Appetite to the Sin; and the Devil would soon fail of his Correspondence with the World, unless the Prices of his Commodities fell, that honest Fellows might be damn'd at easier Rates.

Where am I? Hold! O 'tis *Alphonso's* House.
And this the very Hour, that *Clara* promis'd
To meet me at, with all her Woman's Arts,
And join in the dear Scene of Cuckoldom.
The Door opens, I will observe at distance.

Enter

110 *The Disappointment; or,*

Enter Clara.

Clar. My Lord gone in Discontent to Travel! and my poor Lady left in Distress here behind him! Let me see, there are comfortable Applications to be made out of these Doctrines. And if she has not the Discretion to turn 'em to their right Uses; I, that am wiser, am oblig'd in Conscience to provide for the Family.

Alb. And 'tis a charitable, Christian-like Principle in thee, *Clara*.

Clar. My Lord *Alberto*!

Alb. The same, I am punctual you see.

Clar. And that's an extraordinary Virtue in a young Lover, and ought to be encourag'd in an Age, when poor Women are us'd, just like your Trees; husbanded only out of a Vanity of having the first ripe Fruit, without the Desire of tasting of 'em your selves.

Alb. No faith; I am for enjoying the Fruits of my Labour, *Clara*: Besides I have a vigorous young, craving Appetite; (with a Digestion above the fear of Crudities these forty Years) that must be satisfy'd at Home, before I think of being bountifull to my Neighbours. But tell me! *Alphonso* gone to travel. Ha!

Clar. Most seasonably, my Lord.

Alb. Then Love and Fortune for me: Lead on, *Clara*.

Clar. What do you mean!

Alb. O honestly, I warrant you.

Clar. But consider, my Lord.

Alb. I do, *Clara*.

Clar. My Lady's Virtue!

Alb. And my Secrecy: There's Virtue for her Virtue: Nay, if you go to that, mine is a Cardinal Virtue among the Ladies, and ought to be respected in any Court in Christendom, where the Love as well as Religion is Catholick.

Clar. But my Lord, you know Decency requires——

Alb. And I'll do't as decently as she, or any Lady can, in Reason, require.

Clar. To-Morrow may prove more favourable to you; My Lady has but just heard the News, and her Thoughts to Night will run on my Lord's Unkindness.

Alb.

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Alb. Therefore it shall be to Night: O! 'tis the natural Constitution of Womankind, upon the first Suspicion of their Lover's Inconstancy, to Club with the next Chance-comer for a Revenge.

Clar. So that who ever fasts, the Sweet-Meats are prudently order'd to our own Table.

Alb. The Policy is true Machival, i'faith, on your sides; and now for a stronger Testimony of this within.

Clar. O hold, you ruin all else. I'll in before, dispose all things to their proper Places, and return in an instant, for Scandal must be avoided.

Alb. And 'tis but reasonable; for Reputation is the fairest Face of Virtue, and will soonest cheat the World; this brings the Physician his Patients, and the Lawyer his Clients; and though one destroy your Body, and t'other your Estate, Opinion justifies their Knavery, and secures their Functions from Poverty and Contempt. *Clara* stays long — Pox! I'm impatient — I'll e'en enter, and do my Errand my self. [Exit.]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. 'Twas here I left *Alphonso*: I know not why, Some unseen Power directs my Steps this way: Would I could find the Truth of what I fear: He is abus'd: And he's so near my Heart, That when I think upon his Injuries, A just Resentment arms within my Breast, As if my better self were wrong'd in him. I'll take another turn to find him yet. —

[Goes out and returns.]

Perhaps I staid too long, and he is gone To wait me at my House. — It must be so. —

Enter Clara and Alberto at the Door.

Alb. 'Tis hard to leave my Happiness so soon.

Clar. There may be danger in a longer stay.

Alb. I must be satisfy'd, you say.

Lor. Ha! a Man's Voice from *Alphonso's* House! The Door too open! there may be more in this: A Midnight Thief, or Murderer. — I'll venture To secure him. [They jussle and draw; as they are clos'd, Clara enters with a Light, and Exit. So]

112 *The Disappointment; or,*

So brisk! have at you Sir.

Alberto?

Alb. Ha! *Lorenzo*: 'Twas lucky that this Business grew not up to cutting Throats.

Lor. My Lord! you are the Master of your Thoughts, They can inform you best.

Alb. Of what, *Lorenzo*?

Lor. Whether you do deserve that Fate, or no?

Alb. You dare not think I do.

Lor. You know I dare

All honest things: But you, my Lord! are touch'd.

Alb. You are indispos'd, I'll leave you, Sir. [Exit.

Lor. Farewell. —

It must be so, else why alone? Why here
Alone? And at this Midnight Hour? When none
But desperate Wretches wandering to their Fates
Venture abroad, uncall'd. But then *Erminia*!
Damn her, she sins beyond a Curse! and Hell,
All Hell must do her Justice. Not allow
A minute for the changing of the Scene!
She wept! By Heav'n, I saw her faithless Tears,
And thought I saw *Alphonso* in her Eyes,
Then, in that Minute, when the Devil and Lust
Were bawding for *Alberto* in her Heart!

Oh Woman! Woman!

Dear damn'd deceitful Sex! 'Tis my own Fault,
If after this I fall into thy Snare.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Lorenzo! Welcome as the Hopes of Peace,
Thy Presence brings to my divided Soul!
O take me to thy Arms, and let me hide
These guilty Blushes, that at sight of thee
Start, and confess the Weakness of thy Friend.

Lor. What Weakness! speak, *Alphonso*.

Alph. Wou'dst thou think it?

Since last we parted, I have wandred on
Through the dark Journies of the desert Night;
My ridden Thoughts hagg'd with oppressing Fears,
That sunk my Spirits to the depths of Hell:
And ever as I went, *Erminia* stood,

Like

Like a tormenting Conscience in my way,
To keep me waking to the sense of Pain.

Lor. 'Tis scarce an Hour since we parted.

Alph. Oh! the Wretched count by Years: By Heav'n,
my Friend,

Were I to live those Minutes o'er again,
The Horrors that attend on waking Guilt
Would seize upon my Thoughts, and hurry 'em
Into the wildness of a mad Despair.

Lor. Despair, and Guilt, and Horror! These are fit
Companions for the Damn'd; the Murderer,
In his last Death-bed Agonies, hears such Sounds,
To summon him to everlasting Woe:
My Friend knows no such Crimes.

Alph. Lorenzo! Oh *Erminia!*

Lor. Well.

Alph. Instruct my Weakness here,
How to begin, what I shall say to move her,
How to confess my self enough her Slave.

Lor. You rave, *Alphonso.*

Alph. Oh to thee I do!

But didst thou know what 'tis to bear about thee
A Heart subdu'd, devoted to Desires,
Which, fierce as the first Appetite of Youth,
Drive violently to the Goal of Love:
That would inform thee better.

Lor. I cannot guess what you resolve on!

Alph. On my Happiness.

Lorenzo, like a wasteful Prodigal,
I have long spent in Folly, from my Store;
But there is yet behind a large Estate;
The Promise of eternal Joys to come,
In my *Erminia's* Arms, where I will run,
And love in Quiet all my Life away.

Lor. 'Tis well resolv'd.

Alph. My Heart must bear me Witness
With what Unwillingness I entertain'd
Those Fears that shap'd these Monsters in my Soul;
Then judge me all the World, and thou my Friend,
With what a start, and eagerness of Joy,

114 *The Disappointment; or,*

I meet that Peace, that ministers a Cure.

Lor. You mean *Erminia*!

Alph. I do: My Wife.

Lor. Is there such healing Virtue in a Wife?

Alph. Oh she's the kind Physician of my Thoughts.

Lor. Nay then, I ask your Pardon: Faith *Alphonso*,
I thought a Wife, like other Remedies,
By often Application might grow stale,
And lye a worthless Drugg upon our Hands.

Alph. *Lorenzo*, thou art alter'd in thy Thoughts.

Lor. Men are not still the same: Our Appetites
Are various, and inconstant as the Moon,
That never shines with the same Face again;
'Tis Nature's Curse never to be resolv'd;
Busie to Day, in the pursuit of what
To-Morrow's elder Judgment may despise.

Alph. These are the mouldy Morals of the Dead.

Lor. That speak the Living plain: Art thou the same?
Art thou not alter'd from what last I saw thee?
The Hero strutting in thy pageant Pride:
Swell'd with thy Wrongs, and bursting with Resentment?

Alph. Ha!

Lor. Go, you would yet be more her Slave.

Alph. What mean these Words?

Lor. Your Tongue can best explain
The Dictates of your Heart: But now you said
You wish'd you knew to be enough her Slave;
I think 'twas so.

Alph. It was by Heav'n!

Lor. And Faith

I thought a Husband needed not that Prayer.

Alph. Y'are merry Friend!

Lor. Would thou would'st be so too!
And learn to think no farther of the Sex
Than for thy Ease and Pleasure.

Alph. Still in Riddles!

Lor. To-Morrow will unfold 'em: I must leave you;
But Friend, the Night's far spent, *Erminia* too
Can live 'till Morn without you.

Alph. Say'st thou Friend?

Lor.

Lor. To Night you must not see her.

Alph. Not see her?

Lor. No.

Alph. Lorenzo, there is something in thy Thoughts
Thou dar'st not trust me with---I hope she's Honest.

Lor. O doubtless, Honest.

Alph. How did she bear thy Message?

Lor. Faith, *Alphonso*,

If I may count her Sorrow by her Tears,
She very hardly bore it: For she wept, ---
Had not all Hell been kindled in her Heart,
Enough to have cool'd the burning Devil there! [*Aside.*

Alph. Then I am satisfy'd.

Lor. Indeed!

Alph. Again!

Where would'st thou drive my Doubts? If thou wouldst
have

Me think thee still the same, my Friend, and honest,
Inform me of thy Thoughts.

Lor. Then thou art wrong'd.

Alph. That's the Disease! and know
The poisonous Scorpion that has made the Wound,
Has Virtue in its Blood to work a Cure:
The Man, my Friend, the Villain that hath done it!

Lor. There I must be excus'd!

Alph. Not tell me?

The Honour of thy Friend engag'd! and thou
Conceal the Villain from a just Revenge?

Lor. Not now! another time.

Alph. This prostituted Outside-art may pass
Upon the World, where Interest is a Friendship,
But is despis'd and scorn'd by nobler Souls.

Lor. You know me better; and I thought, *Alphonso*,
My Virtue had been try'd, and found sufficient
To justify our Honours to the World;
You might have trusted me with yours 'till Morn:
To-Morrow we shall meet on better Terms;
Farewell. ---

[*Exit.*

Alph. I was to blame: I know him honest:
And know his Thoughts are labouring for my Peace!

Yet

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Yet why he should conceal the Villain's Name
 Confounds me. Hold! if it should prove the Duke!
 Confusion! all my Spirits take th' Alarm!
 Forward to do me noble Justice there.

'Tis so—I know it now—*Lorenzo* too,
 Divided in his Thoughts, betwixt his Friend,
 And Master, comes half-hearted to my Cause,
 'Till Fame report my Vengeance to the World.
 Who's there?

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Who's there, Sir? Why may be I am here Sir!
 may be I am not here! what's that to any Man, Sir?

Alph. Nothing at all, Friend.

Rog. Here's a Rogue for you now, a fine embroider'd
 Rogue! that would scrape Acquaintance for fear of a
 beating.

Alph. This Fellow may be of use.

Rog. Friend, you say, y'are very Welcome, Sir; but as
 I take it, I never saw you in my Life before.

Alph. Then down with it for a Secret.

Rog. What?

Alb. That an old Man may be wiser than his Beard:
 Mum, not a Word of this, as you hope for Instruction.

Rog. I'll keep your Council.

Alph. Wilt thou, my old Lad! thou shalt never wear
 Spectacles more then: Hast thou heard no News of late?

Rog. No Tidings of thy Wits! God help thee.

Alph. Why then I'll tell thee, the Duke—

Rog. What of him?

Alph. Why who would think it now?

Rog. Think! what!

Alph. That when the Devil's in the Head; the Breeches
 shou'd be honest.

Rog. What's this to the Duke?

Alph. Excuse me there: There's a Method in State-
 Affairs, which we Politicians amble in to the end of our
 Discourse; now, Sir, if you will mortifie the vehemence
 of your Desire, with the Phlegm of your Discretion, and
 attend with Patience, much may be done, and so I may
 come in order to what relates to the Duke.

Rog.

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Rog. Very well, very well.

Alph. But, Sir, 'twill not be very well; when y'have heard it all.

Rog. Pray, Sir, go on.

Alph. You know the Duke.

Rog. I think I have some Reason.

Alph. You know him well.

Rog. Not well enough to lie with him.

Alph. 'Tis enough you know him.

Rog. Know him! ah God help thee, and the quantity of thy Brains, by thy impertinent Catechism.

Alph. Why then old Truepenny, the Duke is now most violently in Labour.

Rog. In Labour! alas, I am in pain for thee.

Alph. And by an Act of State, this very Day We are oblig'd, as all good Subjects ought, To bring by Turns our Wives and Daughters in As the best means of bringing him to Bed.

How the poor Fools, I warrant you, will strive who first shall lay him.

Rog. How, my Daughter to be a Midwife at fifteen! God sa' me, she is not come to the Criss-cross-row of her Profession yet.

Alph. Hast thou a Daughter? Home, quickly home then: Lock up thy Doors; let her not see the Day; let her not draw the open Air; for if there be a Pore unbarr'd about her, the bawdy Devil will get in, and then, Good-morrow Grandfather.

Rog. Gad, and it may be so, who can tell, ha! come Sir, 'tis late; if you'll along with me, you'll find a hearty Welcome, and poor Fare.

Alph. I thank you, Sir, I'll follow you: This Disguise Of Folly may conceal me for a Night; And my Revenge to-Morrow sets me right. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Alphonso's House.*

Erminia sitting.

Enter Lorenzo and Clara.

Lor. Your Lady not a-bed?

Clar. Alas, in Tears

She has spent the Night, remov'd from Comfort here,
And from all Eyes, she mourns the Hours away.

Lor. My Visit may disturb her more.

Clar. She says you are always Welcome.

Lor. She rises: I will venture on, and spare
Your farther Service.

[*Exit Clara.*

How is it with you, Madam?

[*To Erminia.*

Erm. As with one,

Who, wandering over a wide, barren Waste,
Views the last Circles of the sinking Sun,
Then gazing round, quite destitute of Hope,
Forfaken and forlorn, sits sighing down,
To mix with Night, and entertain Despair:
You are that friendly Traveller, whom Chance
Has this way brought, to guide me safely Home;
O lend some charitable Succour to me,
And let me stray no farther from my Joys!

Lor. There's such an Angel Innocence appears,
And pleads her Cause i'th' Front of all her Crimes,
That if I look upon her, I must think
That 'tis impossible she should be damn'd.

Erm. The Hand of Heav'n has reach'd my Crimes; and
why!

Oh why shou'd I complain? Yet I must own,
When I reflect upon *Alphonso's* Loss!
Oh when I think on that, my poor Heart swells,
Beats in my Breast, and rises at its Wrongs,
Disputes the Justice of the Courts above,
And thinks my Punishment outweighs my Crimes.

Lor. She'll talk me from the Credit of my Sense,
If she goes on!

Erm. Oh had wise Heav'n design'd

To

To prove my Virtue this way; I had stood
Firm as the Foot of Resolution,
And weary'd out the Trial of a Saint!
Afflictions of all kinds, the Loss of Friends,
The Shame of Poverty, the Hand of Want,
Diseases, Infamy; all, all together
Drive me far off the Comforts of this World;
But my *Alphonso*! Oh I cannot think
Of Life without him. — Heav'n has made us one,
Nor shall the Malice of our Fate divide us.

Lor. It was *Alberto*, for I was awake:
Death! I'll believe my Eyes in spite of Hell.

Erm. *Lorenzo*; you, nay you and Heav'n must do
A Justice here, and witness to my Truth.

Lor. What does she drive at now?

Erm. How I have ever liv'd, and always will,
(Tho' banisht from his Sight, and Bed for ever)
His truly loving and obedient Wife.

Lor. Indeed a most obedient, loving Wife!

Erm. Alas! *Lorenzo*! I have lost in him
All that this World calls happy; and may Peace
Be still a Stranger to my Thoughts, if I
Can guess a Cause.

Lor. Indeed! is't possible?

Erm. Thus in this awful Posture, I invoke
Heav'n, Earth and Men to evidence my Truth:
May Comfort never find me, if my Heart
E'er sent a Wish to any other Man:
If when my Eyes have wander'd, they have fix'd
On any other Object of Desire.

Then why? Oh why am I thus hardly us'd?

Lor. In Tears! away! send Sorrow to the Grave:
Let the stale, dry-bon'd Matron wish and weep
Her Wrinkles full, at the sad Memory
Of those dear Joys, that never must return:
Oh think on that; there is the Wretchedness
That sadly Sighs, Youth is not always ours.
That Beauty that invites all Eyes, and now
Charms every Heart, in favour of your Cause,
(When Time shall sink his Furrows on your Cheeks)

Will

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Will pass neglected; therefore be advis'd,
And do not lavish out those Charms in Tears,
That are a Debt to Love.

Erm. Alas! my Charms
Are useless now: The Power that first made
And conjur'd these faint Beauties into Charms,
Withdraws his Influence; my lov'd *Alphonso* —

Lor. No more of him.

Erm. No more of my *Alphonso*!
Is he not mine? my Husband!

Lor. Therefore no more of him: What Woman, when
Her Youth boils up, and wantons in her Veins,
When her hot panting Pulse beats to the Joy,
And the thin Blood springs forward to be gone,
What Woman then would quench a generous Flame,
In an unactive, heavy Husband's Arms,
That tires and jades your Expectation
In the first Stretch of Love, then dully falls
To his old Trot, and drudges out the Course?

Erm. I do not understand you.

Lor. Well, no more
Of the dull Subject; is't not so?

Erm. Lorenzo —

Lor. True, Madam: And to leave you without Cause,
As you say, Madam, without Cause, (and sure
You are the best Judge of such a Cause)
Was barbarous, and did deserve that Fate.

Erm. Alas! what Fate?

Lor. Come, come: I know the Sex;
And know there is a Spirit in the Blood
Of all you marry'd Women, that ne'er fails
Solliciting your Thoughts to a Consent,
Of forking out your Vengeance on the Brows
Of the forgiving, thoughtless Fools at home.

Erm. Our Sex may merit Censure: But I hope,
My Lord, you think some honest.

Lor. I believe
Pride may do much to keep the Body safe,
Or fear of vent'ring upon Joys unknown:
But she who once has tasted of the Sweets,

(If honest to the Love of Truth) must own
A Relish still remaining of the Joy,
That plays upon the Pallat, and invites
A youthful Appetite to taste again:
But when it comes to that, your Cravings grow
Intemperate, not to be satisfy'd.

Oh for the Brawn! the Back of *Hercules*!
With all the three Nights Sweat, his Father *Jove*
Spent in *Alcmene's* Service, but to try
If that could satisfy a Lady's Longing.

Erm. Alas! there is some Meaning in your Words
I do not apprehend: But yet I fear.

Lor. I know thou dost: The Devil, that taught thee Sin,
And train'd thee to Perfection in thy Trade,
Now leaves thee to the Conscience of thy Crimes.

Erm. Alas! what Crimes! Am I suspected then?

Lor. No. Prov'd, Confirm'd, Recorded in my Brain.
And I will think thee over twice a Day,
To warn me of the Dangers of thy Sex.
Suspected! Oh Hypocrisie of Hell!

Tho' thy feign'd Tears have seal'd *Alphonso's* Eyes,
With a fond Faith of thee, thy Truth and Love;
Thou couldst not grossly think, that all the World
Look'd with dull Eyes, thro' an Eclipse, upon thee.
But 'tis the Spight and Policy of Hell,
First to seduce, and tempt into the Sin,
And then betray us to the Scourge and Shame.

Erm. O! I had dy'd contented with the Loss
Of my lov'd Lord —

Lor. Think, think on him!

Erm. O he is never absent from my Thoughts.

Lor. Think what a Creature he would make of thee,
Did he but barely guess at what I know.

Erm. What is't you know?

Lor. Away, away, vile Woman! [*She follows him weeping.*]
How her Eyes stream! Tho' they have long profan'd
The Sanctity, and pious Use of Tears;
Yet now in pity to thy Soul, if they
Weep Penitence, for Mercy on thy Sins,
May they still flow, and wash thy Stains away.

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But thou hast forc'd me from my Faith, and left
Me hoodwink'd, blindly stumbling upon Doubts
Of thee, and all thy Sex: Therefore away,
Leave me! be gone, thou Woman.

Erm. Yes, I will

To Death, or Banishment: But I have vow'd
Never to quit this Hold, till you consent
To hear me!

Lor. Hear you! Say I should Consent;
What can you say? nay, if you should speak Truth
(Which certainly you wo'not) and confess
The Circumstances, how you learn'd the Trade,
The Time and Place, the Clients you have had;
Nay, and how often they have fee'd you too:
What Comfort can this bring? Can this atone
For that foul Mark of Shame, that Custom brands,
For Womens Sins, on their wrong'd Husbands Brows?

Erm. Heav'n knows how I am injur'd!

Lor. And Heav'n knows
How glad my Heart would be to find you so:
But last Night. Think of that.

Erm. Alas! I do;

My Grief will keep it ever in my Mind.
But what? what of last Night?

Lor. Was it well spent?

Erm. In Tears and Sorrow for —

Lor. The Disappointment

Your lewd Adulterer, *Alberto*, met with.

Erm. O Guard of Innocence!

Lor. Nay, to deny it,
With Curses minted in the Mouth of Hell,
May add to thy Damnation — but not clear
Thee from the living Proofs, these Eyes have given me.
Last Night I saw him,

Erm. How? where?

Lor. Like a Thief,

I saw him steal away from out your House,
And had rewarded then his Treachery,
But conscientious *Clara*, scouting round,
And dreading the Event, ran in, and —

Erm.

Erm. What?

Has she been practising my Ruin too?
What has she said? I see the Snares are set,
And Innocence is doom'd to fall a Prey
To the mad Censure of licentious Tongues:
But I defy the worst: What has she said?

Lor. Who, Madam? trusty *Clara*? nothing she.

Erm. Then send for her, and wrack her for the Truth;
She has a Woman's Weakness in her Soul,
That cannot look upon the Face of Death,
Without a Fear that will discover all.

Lor. Ha! if Guilty, why should she invite
This Trial, that would make her Falshood plain?

Erm. If then you find me foul; if she but hint
A doubt of Folly, in my Course of Life,
Last Night, or any time, the way you mean,
By the fair Hope of my eternal Soul,
I'll bow me to the Justice of your Sword;
Think you the holy Priest that offers up
My Blood, to satisfy my injur'd Lord.

Lor. I know not what to think.

Erm. Alas, my Lord!

I know you have condemn'd me in your Thoughts,
And I must own,
The Circumstance shews guilty on my Side.

Lor. His entring of your House —

Erm. At Midnight too —

Lor. Must come, no doubt, from some Encouragement.

Erm. Alas, I only know my Innocence!

Lor. Well, I am satisfy'd foul Play's design'd,
And *Clara* deals the Cards to cheat us all.

Erm. If that were prov'd —

Lor. I speak not yet of Proof;
But when she saw *Alberto* join'd with me,
She started, with Confusion in her Looks,
As fearing a Discovery.

Erm. Indeed!

Lor. Let her not know what I have utter'd to you,
For much depends on that.

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Erm. Oh Heav'n protect the Innocent, and bring
These Midnight Treacheries to open Day!

Lor. All shall be well again ; as yet your Lord
Is ignorant of what is past ; nor durst
I trust his Temper, lest his Violence
Might urge him on some desperate Attempt,
To ruin all : But, Madam, when he hears
From me the Story of your injur'd Truth,
Swift as a Lover's Wish, expect him here :
'Tis he must prove my Advocate, and plead
A Pardon for the Faults my Tongue has made. [Exit.

Erm. A Pardon ! Oh may Heav'n in Thunder send
A general Pardon to the sinning World,
That every Heart may feel what mine does now ;
Alphonso comes ; like Nature's God, he shows
In a May-morning thro' the golden Boughs,
Crown'd with the blushing Beauties of the Spring,
Whilst Creatures of all Kinds their Tributes bring ;
And Birds untaught, his joyful Welcome sing. }

*And all my past Misfortunes did but prove
The Purgatory to this Heav'n of Love.*

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso disguis'd, with Rogero.

Rog. SIR, I must leave you awhile.

Alph. With all my Heart.

Rog. How, Sir, with all your Heart ? Why then perhaps
you don't care for my Company.

Alph. O most infinitely, Sir, as naturally as a Woman
loves a Fiddle and a Fool : I shan't Dance 'till you return
again.

Rog. Why, Sir, you don't take me for a Fool or a
Fiddler ?

Alph. Still you are in the wrong : But that's the com-
mon Infirmary of long Beards, Heav'n and a Barber may
mend all.

Rog.

Rog. A delicate witty Fellow this: I love him dearly, dearly well by *Jupiter*: But 'tis an ill-natur'd Toad: A Pox of his Ill-nature: But your great Wits must have a relish that way: But as I was saying, I must leave you.

Alph. Your Pleasure, Sir.

Rog. My Pleasure, Sir; no, Sir, 'tis not my Pleasure; why what a plaguy, testy, troublesome, quarrellsome Puppy 'tis.— [*Aside.*] Perhaps 'twould please me better to stay here!

Alph. O Business must be obey'd.

Rog. Say'st thou so?

Alph. By all means.

Rog. I 'gad, and thou'rt i'th' right on't again. But I shall suddenly return.

Alph. The sooner the better.

Rog. By *Jupiter*, it goes against my Conscience to part with thee; I am sorry for't; but I must leave thee.

Alph. Art thou, my old Lad?

Rog. Heartily sorry.

Alph. An Onion will express it at your Eyes. For me, tho' I shall be a Loser by your Absence, The Thought on't moves not much.

Rog. Not move you! Why, Sir, are you not sorry for my Absence?

Alph. Not at all.

Rog. You are not sorry then?

Alph. Not I. There's a Philosophical Cataplasm in my Grandmother's Dispensatory, exceeds a Plantane-Leaf for a broken Shin.

Rog. Ay, may be so. But what of that?

Alph. Why that serves me well enough upon these Occasions.---- Patience! Sir, Patience!---- Every Man has his liking.— But I prefer Patience to a Post-horse.

Rog. Patience is a Virtue indeed.

Alph. O ever in a mad Dog!

Rog. Why in a mad Dog pray?

Alph. Hypocrisie, that over-rules the World, Will have it so; things are not what they seem! Go to the Pulpits, there you'll hear of Patience: But if you think to find it in the Church,

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You'll lose your Labour: Mark the Clergies Looks,
And you would swear that every Priest ingroft
That Virtue to himself; when, to speak Truth,
'Tis not their Fasting, Watching, or their Prayers,
But Envy at the next fat Benefice,
That pines 'em into Ghosts: Nay, Fools themselves
Are not contented with their Lot; for I
My self would be a Knave, if I knew how
To set the Mill a going.—

Rog. An admirable Fellow this! Gad I love and honour
him, for preaching against the Priests: I warrant him a
Man of Parts, and of my own Religion: But you'll par-
don me, I must away— But, Sir, as I was saying, you
may be very private here; nothing will disturb your Me-
ditations, 'till I see you again.

Alph. I thank your Care!

Rog. Your Servant.

Alph. Your Servant, Sir.—

[Exit *Rog.*

This must be that *Rogero*, whom my Friend
So oft has spoke of: Well, he knows me not,
Nor my Design: But thinks my few poor Brains
Lie under the Dominion of the Moon,
And this Disguise appears the Livery
My Folly wears, as she grows to the Full.
I must not stir abroad before my Hour,
'Tis yet too early for the Duke; at Nine,
Thin follow'd in the *Belvidere*, he takes
His Morning Walk: The Pleasure of the Shade
May tempt him from his Followers to the Grove,
And there I'll meet him, and make Vengeance sure.
I hear some coming this way: It may be this old Man's
Daughter, I've heard much of her, and would know
her.

[Retires.

Enter Juliana and Angelline.

Ang. You come most luckily: But I must blush
That, what the Obedience of a Child should hide,
I must reveal, a Parent's Sin and Shame.

Ful. Is she still obstinate!

Ang. Inflexible,
Not to be mov'd by Virtue or by Love,

Ful.

Ful. When comes *Alberto* here?

Ang. Too well I know my Mother's Diligence
Will take th' advantage of my Father's Absence,
And give him this Occasion.

Ful. And I know
There's an intemperate Devil in his Blood,
That never slips an Opportunity
Where Virtue may be bought, or Woman ruin'd:

Ang. Is there no way to 'scape him?

Ful. Yes, a fair one,
What I have satisfy'd you in before;
Becoming well our Sexes Charity,
To a weak Woman's Wrongs; 'tis what you may,
Without a Stain of Honour, undertake,
To free your self, and gave me an Occasion
To oblige the Man I love, perhaps reclaim him.

Mother within. *Angelline!* Why Child?

Ang. My Mother calls.
I have not time to hear your Story out,
But I am half instructed; pray withdraw
And prompt upon Occasion. [*Juliana withdraws.*]

Enter Mother.

Moth. O! Have I found thee? Thou seest Child, a Mother's Love attends upon thee always.

Ang. I thank you for your Care.

Moth. Ay, *Angelline!* I am a careful Mother, up early,
and down late, contriving for thy Good, how to make
thee a Woman, Child.

Ang. A few Years, Forsooth, will bring that about,
without breaking your Rest for't.

Moth. 'Tis a forward Age indeed: I-my self was not
very backward in my Youth, no Novice at thy Years:
Fifteen was an Age of Information with me, that when
my Heart panted, and my Eye was pleas'd, could tell me
what I wanted without an Interpreter: But *Angelline!*

Ang. Forsooth.

Moth. I would make a happy Woman of thee Child!
and to that Purpose I have sent to my Lord *Alberto!*

Ang. How, Mother? He has no Business here.

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Ful. But I shall find him an Employment if he comes. [*Aside.*

Moth. No Business here! away! I see your Ignorance; and 'twill become you to be instructed by me, for I have run thro' the Experience of many Years: I have made shrewd Observations in my Time, Mankind has been my Study, and I warrant you 'twould do your Heart good to hear me read a Lecture on every Part about 'em; I'm Critical in every Point, a nice Distinguisher of the several Ages, Statures, and Dispositions of Men, nay the Colour of their Eyes and Hair cannot escape me.—And for the true performing Complexion—I will live and die in the Persuasion of Dark-brown.

Ful. Nothing in Commendation of a long Nose? [*Aside.*

Ang. You are very knowing, Mother.

Moth. And thou shalt learn: I have provided thee a Master that will instruct thee, and in that easie Method, thou wilt wish still to be task'd with Lessons of his Love.

Ang. Indeed I fain would learn, but yet I fear.

Moth. Fear nothing, *Angelline*: Fear nothing: What! let the worst come to the worst, a Man's but a Man, and a Fiddle for Favour. I think I hear him within.

Ang. But, Mother, I shall so blush! I cannot think of shewing him my Face—I must be veil'd.

Moth. Well, well; the business of your Face is over: There's something else can entertain a Lover. [*Exit.*

Ang. You may appear, *Juliana*. I have urg'd this Business to a Quarrel, and you must bear the brunt on't.

Ful. I am preparing for the Incounter—This Veil transforms me to *Angelline*: But yet—

Ang. Why do you sigh?

Ful. 'Tis pity to deceive him.

Ang. What if I took this Business on my self?

Ful. Not for the World, *Angelline*.—

But if I were a Maid again—

Ang. You would not venture.

Ful. Indeed I ought not, but I feel I should —

Ang. You wou'd be wiser.

Ful. Only while he pleas'd.

Ang. I hear 'em coming. To your Posture.

Ful.

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Jul. Farewel.

Ang. Adieu.

[*Angelline retires, and Juliana stands veil'd in Angelline's place.*]

Enter Alberto and Mother.

Alb. At last the tedious date of Hopes and Fears
Is at an end, and she is all my own.
O let my Arms thus press thee to my Heart,
That labours with the Longings of my Love,
Struggles, and heaves, and fain would out to meet thee.
But why this Veil? Why dost thou hide thy Face?
Not answer me?

Moth. Alas! poor Child! I warrant you her Thoughts
run all another way. Speak to him, *Angelline*.

Alb. She turns away.

Moth. No, no, my Lord! she's only confounded with
her Passion. Child, one Word to save thy Mother's Life.
[*To Angel.*] — She says, [*To Alber.*] she's so mightily
confounded, she knows not what to say. Alas! you
know Maids must have their Fits of Modesty; besides at
present you may better spare her Tongue, you will have
talking Time enough hereafter.

Alb. O you instruct me, Mother.

Moth. This way, this way, my Lord! Now, Child, but
shew thy self thy Mother's Daughter. You will be gen-
tle to her at the first: Bate but a little of your Lordship's
Vigour: She's young and tender, and cannot bear, alas!
what we can bear!

Alb. She points me to the Door.

Moth. And chides your stay. Away, my Lord, away.

[*Exit Alberto with Juliana, the Mother following.*
Angelline comes forth.]

Ang. Thus far I'm safe: But how to secure my self for
the future, from his Importunities, and my Mother's unna-
tural Office — I am yet to learn. If I should tell my
Father, he is rash, and may do some Violence to my
Mother. And tho' she has put off a Parent's Love, I can-
not the Obedience of a Child. I must not be seen; here's
a Door open. I'll in, and hide my self 'till the Business
be over.

[*Goes in to Alphonso.*]

Enter Rogero.

Rog. God forgive me—I've staid too long from the Gentleman. But his Understanding is none of the wisest—And he'll excuse me without a Compliment.— I think I hear him.—Well, he's a Companion for an Emperor.

Alberto returns with Juliana.

Alb. O *Angelline!* It is impossible to say how much I love thee.

Rog. Mercy upon me! my *Angelline* with *Alberto!*

[Aside.

Alb. The Extasie still triumphs in my Heart,
My very Thought's so full of Love, and thee,
That Words want Meaning to express my Joy.

Rog. That Extasie! what does he mean now?
But I'll be with him, and his Extasie.

Alb. Give me thy Blushes. Throw away that Veil,
That darkens Sight, and feast my longing Eyes:
Come! shew me, — ha!

[Sees Rog.

Rog. Yes! she can shew, my Lord.

Alb. *Rogero* here!

Rog. And it seems you have seen the Show: But before you and I part, you shall pay for your Peeping.

Alb. Now Impudence, assist me!

Rogero, thou see'st I make bold in thy Absence.

Rog. For which in your Presence, and in the Presence of all the World, I will make bold to cut your Throat.

Alb. What dost thou mean, Man?

Rog. Nay, if you are thereabouts: What do you mean by your Extasies? is my Daughter an Interpreter for your hard Words? but, if you be for your Extasies, I'll Extasie you, with a Pox at the end on't.

Alb. Your Daughter! your Daughter may in time—

Rog. Here's a Dog. Here's a Rogue for you.— But draw Sir, draw.

Ful. If I stay, I shall be discovered; I'll e'en sneak off with what I have got, and be thankful.

Rog. You Gentlewoman! Whither away so fast? if you dance you must pay the Fidler.

Alb.

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Alb. Would I were fairly rid of this old Fellow. I have no stomach to murder the Father, when the Daughter has made me so handsome an Entertainment already! —
Rogero, I won't fight with thee, prithee put up thy Sword.

Rog. Then will I Cage thee, and raise an Estate at Sixpence a piece by shewing thee thro' all *Italy* for a *Mahometan* Whoremaster as thou art.

Alb. Come, come, you trifle time. — I must go by.

Rog. This is your Way.

Alb. Nay, then! [Draws.]

Rog. With all my Heart. But first, Thou most intemperate Placket-Monger! I here declare, for the Service you have done me in my Daughter there — I will lye with your whole Family, from your great Grandam, do you see, down to her fourth Generation in Leading-strings — I'll do't, Sir, I'll do't. But come, Sir. Have at you, Sir.

Alb. Think but a little.

Rog. 'Tis to no more purpose. I won't, Sir, I won't.

Alb. I would not kill thee.

[*Rogero presses Albérto, Lorenzo enters between 'em.*]

Alb. So! now I can fairly make my Retreat. Farewel, Sir.

Rog. Lorenzo! my Lord, Why don't you see there, my Daughter there? why she has been —

Lor. What, art thou mad?

Rog. And shall he carry it off thus?

Alb. Ay, ay, ay. 'Tis so. He's perfectly distracted. He foams already at the Mouth. [Exit.]

Lor. What of thy Daughter, Man?

Rog. O nothing, nothing at all my Lord. — But I shall never have such an Opportunity again. — But come hither Mistress o' mine: Thou most abominable *Angelline*! Come and confess — Nay, nay, off with your Veil, and appear in the true likeness of a Strumpet, and — [Pulls off her Veil.]

Lor. Why this is not *Angelline*.

Rog. Not my Daughter!

Lor.

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Lor. No.

Rog. By *Jupiter*, I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Ful. Alas! I am a poor unhappy Creature!

Rog. Ay, ay. Any thing with all my Soul, Madam.

Ful. Betray'd by the Injustice of my Fate,
And a believing Woman's Easiness,
To the sure Ruin of *Alberto's Love*.

Rog. Love, Madam. What should a young Lady do but Love?

Ful. How I came here, and by what Accident
He call'd me *Angelline*, your Daughter can inform you.

Rog. No-Body doubts it, Madam.

Ful. Pray be not angry.

Rog. I was never better pleas'd in my Life, never since I was born, Madam.

Ful. I hope, Sir, you'll the easier pardon me.

Rog. Pardon! why, I'll come upon my Knees to you. But I'll never forgive my self, never, Madam: For coming in like an old Fumbling Coxcomb, so unseasonably to spoil Sport: If you had said but the least word to me, I would have held the Door in a civil way, and been thankful for the Office.

Lor. What turn Pimp, *Rogero*?

Rog. In the humour I am in, I could Pimp, Lie, hold the Door, or do any thing for any Body——But, my Lord, I am glad you're come. The finest Gentleman——

Lor. Where?

Rog. Here in the next Room. He's somewhat Philosophically given, and hates Company, especially Womens Company; for which Reason I am the easiery inclin'd to entertain him in my Family.

Enter Alphonso and Angelline.

Oh here he comes; he's a great Scholar, and a very wise Man.

Lor. Is not that *Angelline* with him?

Rog. Ay. 'Tis so indeed —— 'Tis *Angelline*.

Lor. If his Wisdom hath found the Philosopher's Stone in your House, you are certainly a made Man.

Rog. If my Daughter has, I am sure she's made a Woman.

Lor.

Alph. What I have heard, and you confirm me in,
Shall turn to your Advantage, do not doubt me.

Rog. Sir.

[*Goes to Alph.*

Alph. I am glad you are return'd

Lor. Sure I should know that Voice.

Alph. I have discovered here —

Rog. Ay, so have I, a Rascal.

Alph. Ha! *Lorenzo* there! then to my best Disguise!
[*Aside.*

Rog. You're for the Philosopher's Stone as I take it; is
my Daughter turn'd Chymist? does she club with you
in the Experiment?

Lor. Or are you a Tutor to instruct her in the Liberal
Arts?

Rog. Of whoring I believe, and I will as liberally re-
ward him for his Pains.

Jul. Oh hold! for Heav'n's sake hold, and hear me; I
may redeem you from this Error.

Rog. 'Tis to no more purpose.

Lor. 'Tis some Mistake, and you must hear her.

Rog. Nay, if I must, and it be but a Mistake,
I care not if I do.

Alph. If he discover me in this Disguise
How shall I stand it! or how answer him
To all those Questions, that his Doubts will raise?
If he suspect my Purpose: Why, what then?
Tho' his Suspicions fed upon the Truth,
And his clear Eye in spreading Characters
Read here upon my Forehead my Designs,
He knows I would go on.

[*Aside.*

Lor. This has indeed the Face of Likelihood.

Rog. Of Truth it self: 'Tis impossible it should be o-
therwise.

Lor. *Rogero!* I would be private.

Rog. Not with my Daughter?

Lor. No, no: With this Gentleman.

Rog. With all my Heart. I'll examine this Business
within. Tho' I believe the Philosopher is no better than
he should be.

Lor. I'll pass my Word for him. [*Ex. Rog. Ang. and Jul.*
Alph.

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Alph. I thank you, Sir, and take my Leave.

[*Going to the Door, starts and turns,*

Lor. Alphonso!

Alph. Ha! I am discovered! Well, *Alphonso* then.

Lor. You start, and seem disorder'd.

Alph. Not at all.

Lor. I am glad on't.

Alph. Glad of what, *Lorenzo!*

Lor. Glad to find thee firm and constant to thy self,
To find thee still the Man I ever lov'd;

Just, Valiant, Honest, Loyal, and my Friend!

Alph. O I am nothing, when not thine, thy Friend.

Lor. I know thou art my Friend: And therefore I
Am glad to find thee and thy Mind at Peace;
Thy Thoughts all clear, as Crystal Currents stream,
In wanton Play courting each other down,
From the fair Fountain of an honest Soul.

Alph. I never thought him troublesome till now. [*Aside.*

Lor. 'Tis so: But I will cast beyond him yet.

Alph. Would I were rid of him.

Lor. Alphonso!

Alph. Ha!

Lor. All is not well within, Friend!

Alph. Never better.

Lor. Come, come, in vain you stifle a Concern
That most appears, when you would hide it most.

Alph. Concern! Prithee no more. I know of none.

Lor. This Seeming may acquit you to the World,
But not to me: Be satisfy'd, I know you.

Alph. Why, then you know me, and be satisfy'd.

Lor. Tho' I have grounds sufficient for my Doubts,
I would not rashly entertain a Thought
That thou wouldst use false Dealing with thy Friend!

Alph. This is unkindly urg'd!

Lor. Then answer me,

Why this Disguise, and I not know the Cause?

Alph. O Friend! no more of that: There is a Cause,
And I would have thee think, when I conceal
My self from thee, that then (if possible)
I would for ever hide me from my self,
And all the World.

Lor.

Lor. May I not know that Cause?

Alph. I'm ill at ease

At present, most unhappy in my Thoughts;
Unfit for many Words: When next we meet——

Lor. When next we meet! *Alphonso*, have a Care.

Alph. Of what, *Lorenzo*?

Lor. Come! 'tis poorly done

To trifle with your Friend. And let me tell you——

Alph. Nay, if you grow warm; Farewel.

Lor. You go not hence.

Alph. How!

Lor. 'Till am better known to your Designs.

Alph. Away, no more of this.

Lor. Then be advis'd.

Alph. Last Night, you may remember, I was left
Under the hard Oppression of my Doubts;
And left by you in my extreamest Need,
When only you could satisfy my Thoughts,
And yet I question'd not.

Lor. My Business then
Was yours, your Peace of Mind.

Alph. So mine is now!

Lor. I'll give you Reasons why I then conceal'd it.

Alph. My Reasons you shall have hereafter,
Why mine is now conceal'd.

[*Going.*]

Lor. Nay, then 'tis plain;
And mark me what I say, you sha'not go.

Alph. How! sha'not go?

Lor. By Heav'n you sha'not go.

Alph. Who shall oppose my Way?

Lor. Sir, you may buy
The Knowledge dear, to bring it to the Proof.

Alph. Prithee forbear: This may be dangerous.

Lor. False Friendship's always so.

Alph. Yet that Friendship,
False as it is, instructs me how to bear!

Lor. Yes, you can bear, now you can calmly bear;
But 'tis with the same Cunning, that the Wolf
Puts Tameness on, to abuse the Shepherd's Care:
But I shall watch you for the Duke——

Alph.

Alph. The Duke?

What of the Duke?

Lor. No more of him: *Alphonso*,
Take but a Minute's Patience, and I will
Discover to your Ear——

Alph. Am I not wrong'd?

Lor. You are.

Alph. No matter then for more Discoveries.

Lor. And you would be reveng'd?

Alph. Reveng'd! I will,
By Heav'n, I will be to the full.

Lor. And may,

You may, with safety, would you hear me out.

Alph. Words are the Crutches, which tame Cowards use
To halt upon, in any brave Design:
I am resolv'd; and may the Husband's Curse
Light here upon my Forehead, for the Boys
To find me out by, as I pass along,
The common Scorn, and Jest of laughing Fools,
When I desist from my resolv'd Revenge.

Lor. Desist! No Friend, I come not now to preach
A Sufferance to thee; but to be employ'd,
To share thy Fortune, and assist thy Cause!

Alph. Dost thou join with me? then I draw my Sword,
Secure, and confident of my Revenge:
Tho' he were great as the first *Cæsar* was,
High seated in the Empire of the World,
With Nations waiting round him for his Guard;
He went to nothing. All his Glories here
Should meet their Fate, and fall before my Fury.

Lor. Be temperate.

Alph. Now let the Tyrant boast;
Pride his vain Thoughts, and triumph in his Ills;
Grow riotous, and wanton in the Spoils
Of the fair Fame of noble Families;
And let his Bawds, that are abroad for Prey,
Fatten his Lust with fresh Variety,
And wrack him on the Fury of Desire,
That I may take him in the Hour of Hell,
And seal Damnation to him in his Blood.

Lor.

Lor. *Alphonso*, this is all a Mad-man's Rage.
Will you yet hear me?

Alph. There's such an Inspiration of Revenge,
Rages within my Breast,
That I could stand an idle Looker-on,
Tamely behold his Bawdy Ministers
Dish up my Wife again to his hot Youth.
And then my Sister, for his second Course;
Rather than miss my Time. But this is Talk:
Now for the Duke.

Lor. Nay, then, I can no more.

Alph. Why dost thou draw thy Sword?

Lor. To kill thee.

Alph. How! is this thy Friendship!

Lor. Yes. The highest Proof!

If thou art fond of Death, fall nobly here;
Not like a Villain, by the Hangman's Hands.
Stir not a Step this way, for by the Life
Of my eternal Soul, I mean my Words.

Alph. You dare not mean 'em.

Lor. Do not prove my Daring,

For if you do——

Alph. Nay then——

Yet I am calm. Is this a Friend, *Lorenzo*?

[*Just engaging*]

Lor. Yes! a just one,

A Friend to thee, thy Honour, and thy Name.

A Friend, that does deserve a nobler Usage.

Alph. I know thou dost deserve what Man can merit:
Bear with my Weakness; I have been to blame:
But pardon me, and use me like a Friend.

Lor. As I have always done, and ever will.

Alph. Then tell me which way I must steer my Course.
Thou would'st not have me spend a sordid Life
In a tame Fellowship with my Disgrace?

Lor. Nor would I have our generous Duke
Fall violently under thy Revenge,
When Justice calls it on *Alberto's* Life.

Alph. *Alberto*!

Lor. Yes. I speak on Certainty,
On my own Sense: And therefore came to find you;

Had

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Had you been temperate, you had sooner known it.

Alph. Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from such a Sin,
As only, an abandon'd Conscience, leagu'd
With Hell, could have found out to damn me. Oh!
My Soul's Preserver, how shall I repay thee?
What shall I say? oh there is yet behind
The Quiet, or the Torment of my Life;
I dare not ask thee; but if she be false——

Lor. Thy Wife, thy much-wrong'd Wife, is innocent!
I've prov'd and found her Innocence.

Alph. No more.

Lor. Yes. I have promis'd you shall see her.

Alph. See her, my Friend! why, is she Innocent?
O let the Tongues of Angels tune that word,
When they speak Comfort to despairing Souls:
For there are Charms in ev'ry Letter there:
The very Winds in silent Reverence,
Must listen to the Musick of that Sound,
And bear about the Accents of my Joy.

Lor. Come! you delay.

Alph. I had forgot my self.

I thought I only dream'd of Happiness:
And fear'd to wake to Wretchedness again.
But lead me to her: O I do confess
I am to blame: Now, when my sparing Fate
Hardly allows me a few happy Hours,
To trifle out my Minutes idly here;
When Love invites me with his softest Charms,
To improve my Joys in my *Erminia's* Arms.

Enter Erminia.

Erm. Who calls upon *Erminia*!

Lor. See, your Wife,
Impatient of her Longings, comes her self
To meet your Steps, and bless you on your Way.

Alph. My Wife, *Lorenzo*!

Erm. O 'tis Heav'n to hear,
On any Terms, that dear lov'd Voice again:
Though my Misfortunes ever must despair
Of any Comfort from those Lips: Yet speak,
Or if you will be gentler to my Prayers,

[*Kneels.*
Speak

Speak kindly to me, speak as you were wont;
With those undoing Charms upon your Tongue;
That have so often trembled to my Soul,
In the soft Rapture of protesting Joys!

Lor. Can you hear this, yet see her on her Knees?

Alph. Alas! I am unworthy, do thou raise her;
And tell her, Friend, the guilty Memory,
How I have wrong'd her Innocence, turns my Brain.
And fixes me a senseless Statue here.

Erm. Then I will rush upon you with my Charms,
Break thro' the Bars of Modesty and Form,
To your Assistance: Thus to fold you in,
And with my Passion warm you into Life!
My Love! my Soul!

Alph. My Being! all that Heav'n,
From the deep Councils of Eternity,
Could have sent down in Blessings on Mankind
To sweeten Life, and beautifie the World.

Lor. Why this is as it should be!

Alph. O my Friend!

How is my Peace indebted to thy Care?
And how, *Erminia*, how shall I reward
Thy Virtue? How intreat thee to forget
Thy Wrongs?

Erm. I know of none.

Alph. Their Memory!

Erm. I have no Thought, but of my instant Joy,
Of Love, and thee.

Alph. Thou art too good for Man —
But thy Example shall instruct my Love,
And make me worthy of thee.

Erm. O for this!
May the recorded Perjuries of Men,
Ne'er meet a Faith in our believing Sex!
To injure the swift Progress of their Joys:
Men are all Truth, all Constancy, all Love!
And they who do traduce their Virtues, wrong
Their Consciences: But yet it does belong
To th' envious Old, so to instruct the Young.

Alph.

140 *The Disappointment; or,*

Alph. And for thy sake, may list'ning Virgins find
Their Lovers just, as thy *Alphonso's* kind.

Erm And you, who hear the Story of our Lives,
May you have all such Husbands——

Alph. And such Wives.——

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rogero, Angelline and Juliana.

Rog. WELL! well, I am satisfy'd. I love Reason, and
am easily perswaded in the way of Reason, or
so: A little of it goes a great way with me; and when once
I find it, why the Dispute's at an end.——I give it over,
I am silent, not a Word, not a Syllable, Mum for me!

Ang. Indeed you have heard the Truth of what I
know.

Ful. Nothing has been omitted.

Rog. Why very well——You see I am satisfy'd.
But how the World may be mistaken in a Philosopher!
Angelline! Come hither. Come, I must take you to Task
a little upon the Point, or so. Nay, look thy natural Fa-
ther in the Face, Child. Why this same *Alphonso* looks
like a vigorous Rogue upon occasion: He had thee alone,
that he had: Prithee how did he behave himself? Ha!
what I warrant you, he kiss'd you.

Ang. No, indeed!

Rog. What did he not kiss you? Put you to the Squeak,
or so; tickle you, tumble you——Or——

Ang. No, Sir, nothing of all these.

Rog. Why, what a Pox, neither kiss, tickle or tumble,
fumble or mumble you? What, did he not offer you a
Testimony of his Manhood, Child?

Ang. I do not understand you!

Rog. Nay, no Blushes for the matter! a Man may do
that in a civil way to shew his Breeding, Child: That he
may, and no harm done.——But for *Alberto*——

Ful.

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Jul. Sir, may he do so?

Rog. Ay, and be whipt thro' the Guts too for his Pains, Madam.

Jul. I hope not so.

Rog. Nay, I should be sorry for't: That's the truth on't: But I heard *Alphonso* talk something suspiciously that way.

Jul. O Sir, if you have Pity for Misfortune, Fly, and prevent this Mischief: I have told you The Cause of these Mistakes. *Clara*, and I Have been to blame: But he is innocent.

Rog. Nay, I am easily mollify'd: I love an honest Whoremaster with all my Heart, that I do; and as far as old *Roger* will go, by *Jupiter*, it shall be at his Service. But we must make haste, that we must—— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Alphonso's House.*

Enter Alphonso and Erminia.

Alph. You know my Purpose: Therefore be advis'd,
And manage this Design with your best Art;
I know your Letter soon will bring him here;
'Twill Conjure him, from his cool honest Thoughts,
Into the warmer Circle of your Arms.

Erm. Alas! what means this Preparation?

Alph. Ha!

What means that Question now? Is this a Time?

Erm. If am doubted!

Alph. If I were a Man,
Or any thing, but a fond Woman's Fool,
A Husband, Death! you durst not trifle thus!
Why will you drive my Nature to extreams?
Would you not have me satisfy'd?

Erm. I would.

Alph. This is the only way.

Erm. I fear th' Event.

Alph. Th' Event, of what? What is that you fear?
Have you a Cause of Fear?

Erm.

142 *The Disappointment; or,*

Erm. I have a near one,
Dear as my Peace, and far above my Life;
Your Safety is the Cause of all my Fears.

Alph. No more---I hear him coming, you receive him
As I advis'd: You know the rest.—— [Retires.]

A SONG written by Sir George Etheridge.

SEE how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her Eyes:
In the tender Minute prove her;
Shepherd! Why so dull a Lover?
Prithee, why so dull a Lover?

In her Blushes see your Shame;
Anger they with Love proclaim;
You too coldly entertain her:
Lay your Pipe a little by;
If no other Charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy Minute is,
Court her, you may get a Kiss,
May be, Favours that are greater:
Leave your Piping, to her fly;
When the Nymph you love is nigh,
Is it with a Tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! fie, Oh! fie:
Now your Shepherdess is nigh;
Can you pass your Time no better?

Enter Alberto.

Alb. So the kind Nymph, dissolving as she lay,
Expecting sigh'd, and chid the Shepherd's Stay!
When panting to the Joy, he flew, to prove
The Immortality of Life and Love.

Erm. I must, but know not how to act this Part.

Alb. Turn not away: I see the God of Love
Is busie in thy Heart; he shoots his Fires
Through every Pore, and kindles every Vein,

And now he mounts in Blushes on thy Cheeks,
That tell me all, and summon on my Joy.
Say, Madam, is't not so?

Erm. Nay, now my Lord.

Alb. Your Looks confess it: Every Glance declares
For Love and me; whilst your hot glowing Eyes,
Like golden Planets flaming from their Spheres,
Shine out, and guide me safe into your Arms.

Erm. Why do you talk thus to me?

Alb. I confess I am to blame,
When this kind Opportunity informs me,
There are a Thousand better Arguments,
Of more convincing Virtue to prevail,
Than all the unperforming senseless Noise,
That talking Love can offer to the Fair.

Erm. You wrong my Meaning still.

Alb. I would not wrong it:
Nor injure you so far, to think you can
Mean otherwise: Away, this Modesty
Is the dull Virtue of a Marriage-Bed;
The Idol only of a Husband's Zeal!

Erm. A Husband! then my Fit returns again.
Why did you name him?

Alb. Nay, the Devil knows.

Erm. At the least mention of that Word, I start,
And the remembrance of my Sufferings
Freezes my Blood, and leaves me pale with Fear.

Alb. There is no danger in a Lover's Arms.

Erm. But did you know what I have suffer'd!

Alb. All, I've heard it all, and know th' unlucky Cause,
The Letter that I sent——

Erm. What Letter?

Alb. That, that fell into *Alphonso's* Hands.

Erm. I've seen one from the Duke.

Alb. It was from me.

Erm. Is't possible from you?

Alb. The Story shall employ an idler Hour,
And satisfy you in each Circumstance;
Why I subscrib'd the Duke to my Design.

Erm. I dread the Consequence.

[*Aside.*
Alb.

144 *The Disappointment; or,*

Alb. You see the Straits
The hazardous Attempts, that ventrous Love
Ingages on his way to Happiness:
Yet these are nothing now, tho' I have tir'd
The Expectation of a Chymist's Hope,
This Golden Birth at last rewards my Toil.

Erm. Forbear, my Lord.

Alb. Forbear!

Erm. I must not hear you.

Alb. Why?

Erm. Think who I am.

Alb. I do.

Erm. Whose Wife I am.

Alb. For that it matters not: Since you are mine.

Erm. O unexampled Villany——

[*Aside.*

Alb. But why?

O! why these Scruples now? I thought last Night
Had satisfy'd all Doubts.

Erm. Last Night, my Lord?

Alb. Nay, then I must refresh your Memory!

Erm. This Insolence is Brutal.

Alb. Tho' I find

Your Purpose plainly meant to my Abuse,
I think the Management of your Design,
Exceeds the peevish Follies of your Sex:
Alas! we might have parted upon easier Terms;
For Faith you wrong me, Madam, if you think
I came to find out Constancy, or preach
It to a Woman. I've been your Guest indeed,
Have met a hearty Welcome; and last Night,
That bawdy Night, and honest *Clara*, knows
I have not been ungrateful: So, I leave you
To the fresh Youth of your next Customer.

Enter Alphonso, with a Pistol.

Alph. Thy own Words be thy Sentence!

Alb. How? Betray'd!

Erm. My Fears are come upon me; O some Power
Divert this Mischief! Help, for Heav'n's sake! help.

[*Runs out.*

Alph.

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Alph. No human Help can come between thy Lusts
And my Revenge: Despair, and Curse thy self.

Alb. You wo' not murder me?

Alph. 'Tis Justice now
That arms against thy Crimes, and strikes in me:
Therefore, prepare——

Alb. Yet throw away your odds;
And do not basely thus attempt my Life.

Alph. That Baseness is your own: For face to face,
When brave Men shew their Actions to the Sun,
You could not wrong my Honour, or my Name,
But by base Practices, and midnight Arts,
You found the Weakness of a Woman's Guard,
And there surpriz'd me; take the just Reward——

[The Pistol not going off——draws his Sword.]
Fortune I thank thee: Thou instruct'st my Rage.

Alb. I wish no more Advantage. Now come on.

Alph. This brings thy certain Fate.

Alb. That's yet to try.——

[Fight.]

Alph. Thy Blood shews thou art mortal: Yet unsay
What thou hast said.

Alb. Were Fate within thy Power,
I'd scorn my Life at such a sordid Price.

Alph. Then have thy Wish: O were the Strumpet here,
That my just Sword might join your Bodies close
As your glew'd Lusts.—— This, Villain to thy Heart,

[Fight, Alb. falls.]

Thou hast it there; and she shall quickly follow.

[Going out, justles Rogero at the Door.]

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Why, what a Pox, here's fine doings indeed! If
Whoremasters fall off at this rate, our Women are likely
to have a comfortable time on't, that's certain; Maiden-
heads may hang as long as our Medlars do, and mellow
into Marmalet, that they may.

Alb. Some Help I hope!

Rog. What, you are not kill'd then you say! Only
dril'd through the Guts or so, to cool your Liver, my
Lord?

Alb. The loss of Blood has made me faint.

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H

Rog.

146 *The Disappointment; or,*

Rog. Ah! what say now to the Conjuratⁿ of a Black-brow'd Wench? Would not that raise you, ha?

Alb. Your Arm will do it better. Sir, I thank you! But if you would be truly Charitable, Follow *Alphonso*; you may yet prevent him, Tho' he has vow'd the Murder of his Wife.

Rog. Mercy upon us! why, what a bloody-minded Monster is a Cuckold in Imagination.

Enter Juliana and Angelline.

Oh: You come in time! here lead him in; nay, no crying for the Matter, Madam: He has sprung a Leak or so; that's the Truth on't: But lend you but a helping Hand, and I warrant him he serves again, that he does — [Exit.]

Alb. *Juliana* here! I know Humanity Instructs the World to pity the Distress'd, But oh! in thee, in thee whom I have wrong'd, This Tendernefs, these kind forgiving Tears, Shew most amazing Goodness, far above The natural Frailty of a Woman's Love.

Ful. Abandon'd and forsaken, at my Birth, Of every Star, I live an Outcast here! Doom'd by my guilty Fate to this curs'd Day For thy undoing — I have been the Cause Of thy Misfortunes.

Alb. Thou the Cause! tho' thou Art Truth it self; in this I would prefer The Obstinacy of an Infidel, And 'twere less Sin, than that injurious Faith.

Ful. I cannot look upon those bleeding Wounds Without a Fear that sinks me.

Alb. I have none, I hope, that dangerously threaten me.

Ful. Within, my Story shall confirm, what I Have said, and satisfy your Doubts.

Alb. I go; Guessing in vain at what I long to know. [Exeunt.]

Enter Alphonso with a Dagger against Erminia.

Alph. Nay — 'Tis in vain: You should have thought before,

Now

Now 'tis too late.

Erm. Oh! why that dreadful Dagger?

Alph. No stirring hence: There is no Safety for thee!
Think, think what thou hast done.

Erm. Alas! your Words

Speak Terror to me, and I fear you now!

Alph. I know thou dost.

Erm. O! do not kill me, Sir.

Alph. Not kill thee! why, this Impudence exceeds
The Measure of thy Sins; and nothing but
A dead Stupidity, that waits on Guilt,
Could urge that now: Not kill thee! have a Care,
That Thought that flatters thee into a Hope
Of Life, betrays thee to Damnation:
For hast thou Lives in Number to thy Lusts,
Not one should scape me: No, I would not lend thee
One last repenting Hour to save thy Soul.

Erm. Yet hold, my Lord —

Alph. None of your Womans Art's,
To soften my Resolve. —

Erm. Hear me but speak!

Alph. Have I not heard enough? Methinks my Ears
Are full of Cuckold still; yet I will hear thee; say
On what Foundation canst thou raise a Hope
Of Mercy? Is't from my Nature's Sufferance?
A Florentine's Forgiveness, thou canst hope;
Or from the Venial Quality, you Whore,
Of your Offending. O you Strumpet down!
Down to your lewd Adulterer — [Going to Stab her,

Enter Lorenzo, who interposes and takes the Dagger.

Lor. Oh hold, *Alphonso* — Hold! are you a Man?

Alph. Protect her not: For I have vow'd her Death.

Lor. Murder your Wife!

Alph. A Whore, a Whore, *Lorenzo*! practis'd long
In the hot Exercise and Trade of Shame,
Ripen'd in Sin, and ready to be damn'd.

Lor. This is a Mad man's Rage, to be restrain'd
By force, if you go on.

[Draws.]

Alph. Nay, then 'tis plain,

You would maintain her in her Trade?

148 *The Disappointment; or,*

Lor. I will defend her Innocence.

Alph. Her Innocence!

Or I am mad, or this will make me so;

Alberto has confess'd it, in these Ears

Proclaim'd me Cuckold. Needs there other proof?

Lor. Not of his Vanity: But I can bring
One more convincing of her Innocence.

Alph. Words, idle Words. *Lorenzo!* give me way.

Lor. It must be through my Breast, if you come on.

Alph. Nay, since it must be so —

[*Just engaging, Erminia throws her self between 'em.*]

Erm. O let me here

Attune this difference: Let your Fury fall

Upon my Life, and cut me from my Woes;

You think me false, my Lord; and in that Thought

Are bury'd all my Hopes: High Heav'n, that knows

My Bosom'd Soul, must witness to this Truth;

Since Love and you no more, no more are mine,

The Comforts of this Life are mine no more,

And Death alone can be my Refuge now.

Enter Rogero.

Rog. How's this! Swords drawn upon a Woman:
Since Wars must ensue, I declare for the Subject: Old *Rogero*
stands up for the Property of the Petticoat, that's cer-
tain: Speak, what say you?—Is't a Battel Royal, or no?

Alph. Prithee be gone! this is no fooling time.

Rog. Why very well, now you say something, you've
fool'd it long enough in Conscience already; murder your
Wife for not making you a Cuckold! By *Jupiter*, I
thought the Devil in the Family!

Alph. How, that again *Rogero*?

Rog. Nay, Sir, I stand to my Word, and over and over
again say, that *Alberto's* an As; as a certain Gentlewo-
man within, one *Juliana*, can testify at large.

Alph. What dost thou mean?

Rog. Mean, Sir? don't you know what I mean? Why
then, Sir, I'll tell you what I mean! In the first place I
mean to be heard. And secondly, Tho' it be a little un-
reasonable, because I trouble you but seldom, I expect to
to be understood, Sir, that I do: For as I was saying, this
Juliana,

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Juliana, out of a regard to her former Acquaintance with *Alberto*, finding his Designs on the Body of your Wife there; and my Daughter; has out of a Conscionable Discretion supplied their places, and fobb'd him off with her own proper Person.— And there's my Meaning out now.

Alph. Why this is wonderful, but tell me how?

Rog. How, Sir! may be I won't! may be I can't tell you how!

I did not hold the Door, or Pimp to the Project; I, But there comes a Gentleman can tell you more.

Enter Alberto, led by Juliana and Angelline, and her Mother.

Alb. Thy Story, *Juliana*, has subdu'd
My wilder Thoughts, and fix'd me only Thine:
But oh! instruct me how I shall appear
Before that injur'd Fair, whose Innocence
Too late I find I have unjustly wrong'd,
Beyond a hope of Pardon.

Alph. Wrong'd, said'st thou?

Wrong'd? *Lorenzo*! Dost thou hear him?
Even he, *Alberto*! he, who best can tell
If she be so, says that my Wife is wrong'd:
You talk'd of Innocence; whose Innocence? O speak!
Inform me strait, and save me from my Fears.

Alb. I must confess my wild Intemperance
Urging me on. my busie Thoughts were all
Lawlessly loose, and ready for the Spoil
Of Chaste *Erminia*'s Virtue.

Alph. Ha——What Grounds?

On what Encouragement did you proceed?
Any from her?

Alb. O never! all I had
Was from my fond perswading Vanity:
'Till *Clara* came, and gave me fuller Hopes.

Alph. *Clara*!

Lor. She has confess'd her Treachery!

Alph. Impudent damning Whore!

Lor. Last Night, my Lord!

You may remember we met here.

150 *The Disappointment; or,*

Alb. We did.

Lor. Came you abroad so late to take the Air?

Alb. 'Twas *Clara* summon'd me, and I obey'd.

Lor. *Erminia* was the Feast she bid you to!

Alb. That was the Invitation: But I find
I stand indebted for my Welcome here. [To *Juliana*.]

Lor. That *Clara* too confirms.

Alph. Why does there need

A farther Proof?—The Circumstances join
In full Consent, to clear her to the World. [Goes to *Erma*.]
O let me thus make sure of Happiness!

Thus panting, fold thee in the Arms of Love,
'Till my repenting Thoughts, and subdu'd Fears,
Confessing thy Dominion in my Heart,
Make room to entertain thy Triumph there.

Rog. Your Servant, my Lord: Here's a slight Commodity, a Maidenhead here; if your Appetite be up again: We have stole Custom, and can afford you a pen'worth.

Alb. I have paid for that already.

Lor. Pray explain your self.

Alb. I bought her of that reverend Matron there, her Mother.

Rog. Hem! hem! hem.

Moth. What will become of me?

Lor. *Rogero*! I confess I had design'd
Thy Daughter for my Wife!

Rog. With all my Heart.—

Lor. But since she proves of such a virtuous Strain,
And on the surer Side, I dare not trust
My Honour with her Mother's Infamy.

Rog. Ay, as you say: 'Tis that forbids the Banes.—
Her Mother there!

Lor. There is no other Cause.

Rog. Here take her then: By *Jupiter*, she's yours.

Lor. What dost thou mean?

Rog. Only to let you know, that the Prisoner at the Bar there, is no Mother of *Angelline*'s; no Matrimonial Consort of mine, but the natural Iniquity of my Youth.

Lor. Your Whore!

Rog.

Rog. My Concubine, an't shall please you, of starving Memory: Whom, when *Angeline's* Mother dy'd, I entertain'd, for the Reputation of being in Fashion, and the Breeding of my Daughter.

Lor. A hopeful Education truly, Sir!
But now she is my Care!

Rog. Amen to that, with more Devotion than ever the Parish-Priest said it in his Prayers: Why, I am young again, I could caper, sing, come over a Stick, or any thing in the Humour I am in.

Moth. I hope you'll pardon me.

Rog. Why, what did I set you up for, but to follow your Trade? I know a Whore runs as naturally into a Bawd, as a young Man into Letchery and the Pox.

Alb. Or as an old Man into Impotence, and Law Suits: Come, *Rogero!* You must forgive her: You see in all Civil Governments, Bawds, as well as Lawyers past the Exercise of the Bar, are consider'd for their Experience; and both have their Chamber-Practice allow'd them, for the Benefit of the Publick.

Rog. Nay, then your Servant, Sir! I am satisfy'd, if the Government allows it: And am satisfy'd 'tis a Civil Government for allowing it. And so your Servant again.

Lor. Our Joys are now compleat.

Alph. By Heav'n they are
So purely perfect, nothing can remain
Worthy a Wish: You two are all the World.

Erm. Oh Happiness of Life, and Innocence!

Alph. And Innocence is prov'd: Oh there's the thing.
For 'tis a Woman's falsest, vainest Pride,
To boast a Virtue, that has ne'er been try'd:
—In equal Folly too these Husbands live,
Who peevishly against themselves contrive
By early Fears, to hasten on the Day;
For Jealousie but shews our Wives the Way:
And if the forked Fortune be our Doom,
In vain we strive; The Blessing will come Home.

[*Exeunt Omnes;*

EPILOGUE,

By the Honourable John Stafford, Esq;

YOU saw our Wife was Chaste, yet throughly try'd,
And, without Doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our Hero, whom we shew'd to Day,
You think no Woman true, but in a Play;
I've once did make a pretty kind of Show,
Esteem and Kindness in one Breast wou'd grow,
But 'twas Heav'n knows how many Years ago.
New some small Chatt, and Guinea Expectation,
Gets all the pretty Creatures in the Nation:
In Comedy your little Selves you meet,
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-street.
Smile on our Author then, if he has shown
A jolly Nut-brown Bastard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with Ease and with Delight,
Who act those Follies, Poets toil to write!
The sweating Muse does almost leave the Chase,
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean Vices pace.
Pinch you but in one Vice, away you fly
To some new Frisk of Contrariety.
You rowl like Snow Balls, gathering as you run,
And get seven Dev'ls, when dispossest of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonique Queen,
Nothing of Love beside the Face was seen;
But every Inch of Her you now Uncase,
And clap a Vizard Masque upon the Face.
For Sins like these, the zealous of the Land,
With little Hair, and little or no Band,
Declare how circulating Pestilences
Watch every twenty Years, to snap Offences.
Saturn, even now, takes Doctoral Degrees,
He'll do your Work this Summer, without Fees.
Let all the Boxes, Phœbus, find thy Grace,
And, ah, preserve thy Eighteen-penny Place!
But for the Pit-confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little Mercy as they show:
Thy Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
For every Critick sav'd, thou damn'st a Play.

Sir *Antony* Love :

OR, THE

RAMBLING LADY.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1691.

Artis severa si quis amat effectus,

Mentemque magnis applicat—

—det primos versibus annos,

Maoniumque bibat falici pectore fontem.

Petro. Arb. Satyr. pag. 3.

Printed in the YEAR 1713.

THE NEW YORK

OF THE

AMERICAN

NEW YORK

JOHN F. D. Y.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

To my FRIEND
Tho. Skipwith, Esq;



HERE is that certain Argument of Poverty in Poetry, that its Off-spring must always be laid at some bodies Door; and indeed, the greatest Master of this Art will scarce be able to support the Issue of his Brain, upon the narrow Income of a single Reputation.

From the very Start of my Design upon this Play, I had a Design upon you, like a rich God-father, to ease the Parish of a Charge, and the Parent of a Care, in maintaining it.

You know the Original Sir *Antony*, and therefore can best judge how the Copy is drawn; tho' it won't be to my Advantage to have 'em too narrowly compar'd; her Wit is indeed inimitable, not to be painted: Yet I must say, there's something in my Draught of her, that carries a Resemblance, and makes up a very tolerable Figure: And since I have this occasion of mentioning Mrs. *Montford*, I am pleas'd, by way of Thanks, to do her that publick Justice in Print, which some of the best Judges of these Performances, have, in her Praise, already done her, in publick Places; that they never saw any part more masterly play'd: And as I made every Line for her, she has mended every Word for me; and by a Gaiety and Air, particular to her Action, turn'd every thing into the Genius of the Character.

You

The Epistle Dedicatory.

You have here Seven Hundred Lines more in the Print, than was upon the Stage, which I cut out in the apprehension and dread of a long Play.

The *Abbe's* Character languishes in the Fifth Act for want of the Scene between him and Sir *Antony*, which I plainly saw before, but was contented to leave a Gap in the Action, and to lose the Advantage of Mr. *Lee's* Playing (which, thro' his Part, that Place only gave him an occasion to shew) than run the venture of offending the Women; not that there is one indecent Expression in it; but the over-fine Folk might run it into a Design I never had in my Head: My Meaning was, to expose the Vice; and I thought it could not be more contemptibly expos'd, than in the Person of a wanton old Man, that must make ev'n the most reasonable Pleasure ridiculous.

I am gratefully sensible of the general Good-Nature of the Town to me, which you must give me leave to value my self upon, since the Pride proceeds from an Opinion, that I have deserv'd no otherwise from any Man. But I must make my Boast (tho' with the most acknowledging Respect) of the Favours from the Fair Sex (I may call 'em Favours, and I may boast of Ladies Favours, when there are so many concern'd) in so visibly promoting my Interest, on those Days chiefly (the Third, and the Sixth) when I had the tenderest Relation to the Welfare of my Play. I won't from their Encouragement imagine I am the better Poet, but I will for the future, endeavour not to give 'em cause of repenting so seasonable a piece of Good-Nature; and if I can't give 'em a good Comedy, I won't give 'em a very bad one: This has had its Fate, and a very favourable one. And I cannot

The Epistle Dedicatory.

not but have the better Esteem of it, for bringing so many of my Well-wishers together.

So far for Prefacing.

Now, Sir, as to my Dedication: I fear my Credit in this place, is as little worth as in *Lombard-street*; you may take up Money upon it, as soon as a Reputation: But the Blessing of your Fortune lies in having as little need of your Friend's Purse in the City, as your Friend's Praise in *Covent-Garden*: They who know you, will take you upon your own Word; and they who don't, will hardly upon mine. However, this I must say, if there be a Quickness in the Dialogue and Conversation of this Comedy, I owe it in a great Measure to my Familiarity with you; which, in the Freedom of several Years, has giv'n me a thousand Occasions of Envy and Admiration; and at last perswaded me to an Imitation of what I have heard with so much Pleasure and Pain. I would not flatter a Friend: But I have often thought, and sometimes told you, That were it as much in your Inclination, as 'tis in your Power, to write Comedy, no Man could better succeed in't, because no Man can be more naturally design'd for the Undertaking. I don't pretend to add any thing to the Character of a Man so very well known: If I have a Design, behind the pleasing my self, in Dedicating this Play to you, 'tis to secure the Esteem of being thought your Friend: As I have the Title, I desire to continue the Thing; being very much

Your Humble Servant,

T. SOUTHERNE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THE Ladies have a lonely Summer past,
In hopes kind Winter would return at last.
The Seasons change; but Heroes are the same,
A Twelve-month running in pursuit of Fame.
Theirs may be good, but they have spoilt our Game.
Some weak Amends this thin Town might afford,
If honest Gentlemen would keep their Word.
But your lewd Tunbridge-Scandal that was moving,
Foretold how sad a Time would come for Loving.
Sad Time indeed, when you begin to write:
'Tis a shrewd sign of wanting Appetite,
When you forget your selves, to think of Wit.
Whilst thus your Itch is only to bespatter,
Your Cupid is transform'd into a Satyr:
Nothing of Man about you, all o'er Beast;
Submitting your chief Pleasure to your Jest.
The time will come (for Ireland falls of Course,
And must send back her Conquerors, and ours)
When each of us, our Losses to recover,
Will mend her Fortune in a Soldier-Lover:
They'll use us better much, than you have done,
Take us in, passing, like an open Town,
And plunder, do their Business, and be gone.
Or if, at leisure, they lye down to woe,
They'll rather make us Whores, than call us so:

PROLOGUE.

Not send a whisp'ring Libel thro' the Town,
To blab the Favour out, before 'tis done ;
And maul the Ladies only in Lampoon.
But if they write in a Sententious Strain,
Two Lines conclude the Travels of their Pen ;
One, only to know where, and t'other, when.
And we can give a Lover leave to write,
When all his Bills are to be paid at sight.
O! would our peaceful Days were come again;
Then I might act it, on and off, a Queen.
When once the Child was turn'd into her Teens,
You could not find a Maid behind the Scenes.
But now your keeping Humour's out a-Door,
We must die Maids, or marry to be poor.



DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Antony Love</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Maniford</i> .
<i>Valentine</i> .	Mr. <i>Montford</i> .
<i>Ilford</i> .	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
Sir <i>Gentle Golding</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
An <i>Abbe</i> .	Mr. <i>Ant. Leigh</i> .
Count <i>Canaile</i> , his Brother.	Mr. <i>Hodgson</i> .
Count <i>Verole</i> .	Mr. <i>Sandford</i> .
<i>Palmer</i> , a Pilgrim.	Mr. <i>Powel</i> , Jun.
<i>Wait-well</i> , Sir <i>Antony's</i> Go- } vernor and Confident.	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
<i>Traffique</i> , a Merchant.	Mr. <i>Kirkham</i> .
<i>Cortaut</i> , a Taylor's Man.	Mich. <i>Lee</i> .
Bravo's belonging to Count <i>Verole</i> .	
Servants.	
Servant to Sir <i>Gentle</i> .	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
Servant to <i>Ilford</i> .	Tho. <i>Kent</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Floriante</i> , } Daughters to	{ Mrs. <i>Butler</i> .
<i>Charlott</i> , } Count <i>Canaile</i> .	{ Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Volante</i> , the <i>Abbe's</i> Niece } and Charge.	{ Mrs. <i>Knight</i> .

SCENE *MOMPELIER*.

Sir



Sir *Antony Love* :

O R,

The RAMBLING LADY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Antony Love, and Wait-well following him.

Sir ANTONY LOVE.



ELL, Governor, I think I have Achiev'd, under thy Conduct, as considerable a Character, in as short a time—

Wait. Nay, you come on amain.

Sir Ant. And, though I say it, have done as much—

Wait. And suffer'd as much.

Sir Ant. For the Credit of my Country-men, and the Reputation of a Whoremaster, as the arrantest Rake-hell of 'em all.

Wait. You're a pretty Proficient indeed, and so perfectly act the Cavalier, that cou'd you put on our Sex with
your

your Breeches, o' my Conscience, you wou'd carry all the Women before you.

Sir Ant. And drive all the Men before me; I am for Universal Empire, and wou'd not be stinted to one Province; I wou'd be fear'd, as well as lov'd: As famous for my Action with the Men, as for my Passion for the Women.

Wait. You're in the way to't; you change your Men as often as you do your Women; and have every Day a new Mistress, and a new Quarrel.

Sir Ant. Why, 'tis only the Fashion of the World, that gives your Sex a better Title than we have, to the wearing a Sword; my constant Exercise with my Fencing-Master, and Conversation among Men, who make little of the Matter, have at last not only made me *adroit*, but despise the Danger of a Quarrel too.

Wait. A Lady-like Reputation, truly. But how preposterously Fortune places her Favours, when no Body is the better for 'em.

Sir Ant. Why how now, Governor?

Wait. She seldom gives a Man an Estate, who has either the Conscience or Youth to enjoy it——

Sir Ant. But he may leave it to one who has.

Wait. An honest Man might be thankful for half your Fortune with the Women. But what Pleasure can you find in following 'em?

Sir Ant. The same that some of the Men find.

Wait. You can't enjoy 'em.

Sir Ant. But I may make 'em ready for those who can.

Wait. Are there such Sports-men?

Sir Ant. Very many, who beat about more for Company, than the Pleasure of the Sport; and if they do start any thing, are better pleas'd with the Accidents of the Chase, the Hedges, and Ditches, than the close Pursuit of the Game; and these, are sure never to come in to the Quarry.

Wait. This is so like you now: Why Love shou'd be your Business; and you make a Business of your Love: You are young and handsome in Petticoats; yet are contented to part with the Pleasures of your own Sex, to
ramble

ramble into the Troubles of ours: In my Opinion, you might be better employ'd.

Sir Ant. I do it to be better employ'd; to recommend me to *Valentine*, for whose dear sake I first engag'd in the Adventure; robb'd my Keeper, that nauseous Fool *Golding*, of five hundred Pounds, and under thy Discretion, came a Collonelling after him here into *France*.

Wait. Why do you lose Time then? Why don't you tell him so?

Sir Ant. Thou wou'dst have had me, with the true Conduct of an *English* Mistress, upon the first Inclination, cloy'd him with my Person, without any assurance of his relishing me; enough to raise his Appetite to a second taste: No, now I am sure he likes me; and likes me so well in a Man, he'll love me in a Woman; and let him make the Discovery if he dares.

Wait. Let me direct him.

Sir Ant. To the Lodgings you shall; those I saw, and lik'd; they are private and convenient, make 'em ready; I'll tell thee all anon — And do you hear — my Female Wardrobe too must be produc'd, my Woman's Equipage — [*Wait-well going.*] For as the Conduct of Affairs now goes, I'm best disguis'd in my own Sex, and Cloaths. Hey, I had forgot; bring me the fifty Pieces I spoke of, the five hundred are in good Health yet, Governor.

Wait. But sicken at that Sound.

Sir Ant. *Valentine* and *Ilford* are disappointed of their Bills, and in spite of their good Estates want Money; now, tho' I lend upon the old Consideration of borrowing a greater Sum, fifty Pieces are convenient.

Wait. And will be welcome to 'em at this time —

Sir Ant. Most certainly; and take this along with you, Governor; you must make your Conversation necessary sometimes, as well as agreeable, to preserve a Friendship with an *Englishman*.

Enter Valentine and Ilford.

Val. How's this, *Sir Antony*? Under the Discipline of your Governor, and his Wisdom, this Morning?

Sir

164 Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,

Sir Ant. Like a good Christian, *Valentine*, clearing old Accounts, that I may begin a new Score, with a better Conscience.

Ilf. Confessing, and repenting past Enormities —

Sir Ant. About the pitch of thy Piety, *Ilford*; repenting only, because they are past.

Val. So far you may repent with Honour.

Sir Ant. Nay, I confess my self a Child of this World; for at this Moment I have a Hint from my Constitution, that tells me the Pleasure of thy Example —

Val. Thou art above Example, or Imitation —

Sir Ant. Will go near to overthrow the Wisdom of his Precepts; the Morality of thy Beard, Governor —

Wait. But, Sir, it wou'd be well.

Sir Ant. It wou'd be better, Sir, thou pitiful Preacher, wou'dst thou but follow thy Pimping; 'tis a better Trade, and becomes thy Discretion as well: You'll find me hereabouts —

[*Thrusts out Wait-well.*]

Val. You have compounded for Whoring then, Sir *Antony*?

Sir Ant. Any thing but Fighting; he has swing'd me away for my Quarrel Yesterday i'th' Tennis-Court.

Ilf. You deserv'd to be swing'd for't —

Val. I shou'd chide you too, though 'twas upon my Account.

Ilf. To run a Gentleman thro' the Arm, for not witnessing all you said in Commendation of *Valentine* —

Val. When he was not so much as acquainted with my Person —

Ilf. Was —

Sir Ant. Something more bold than welcome, I grant you; but I had not fought a great while, my Hand was in, and I was pushing at Reputation. For, I Gad, I look upon Courage to proceed more from Habit and Practice, than any Virtue of the Mind.

Val. How, how, Sir *Antony*? There's something in Family sure —

Sir Ant. Wooden Legs, in a great many, *Valentine*.

Ilf. Courage often runs in a Blood —

The RAMBLING LADY. 165

Sir Ant. They say so of the Pox, indeed. The Sins of the Fathers may run in the Blood sometimes, and visit to the third and fourth Generation: But their Virtues die with the Men. And if the Example and Custom of the World (supported by good eating and drinking) had not infus'd a nobler Spirit into the Blood, than any deriv'd from the Father; most Men had continu'd like those, who stay with their Fathers; Elder Brothers all; and had never offer'd at an Intrigue, above a red Petticoat; or a Quarrel, above a Rubber at Cuffs.

Ilf. 'Tis sensibly extravagant, and wild!

Val. Inimitably new! But how do you to avoid Drinking?

Sir Ant. Why that avoids me, thanks to the Custom of the Country, and the better Diversions of this Place; not but I can arrive at a Bottle too.

Ilf. If you were in *London* —

Sir Ant. There I grant you — Where the young Fellows begin the Reputation of their Humour and Wit in a Pint Glass, carrying 'em, without intermission of Sense or Jest, to the end of the third Bottle; and then thro' the publick Places, and Folly of the Town.

Val. There you wou'd be at a loss.

Sir Ant. I shou'd indeed; where they go to Taverns, to swallow a Drunkenness; and then to a Play, to talk over their Liquor.

Ilf. I thought that Folly fell off with their Fathers——

Val. The Entertainment of it did indeed.

Ilf. Who, as they began it in their Frolick, supported it in their Wit.

Sir Ant. And since the Sons are so plainly disinherited of the Sense, they have no Title to the Sins of their Fathers.

Val. Unless they kept 'em more in Countenance.

Ilf. Yet they would do something, like their Fathers.

Val. As an ignorant Player in *England*, whom I saw undertaking to Copy a Master Actor of his time, began at his Infirmary in his Feet; and growing famous for the imitation of his Gout, he cou'd walk lik: him, when he cou'd do nothing else like him.

Sir

166 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Sir Ant. The Gout and the Pox take him for't—

Ilf. And all those, I say, who, only from their Opinion of themselves, are encourag'd to meddle in other Mens Matters, without ever bringing any thing about of their own.

Sir Ant. Ay, those meddling Fools, *Ilford!* who are in all Places, yet ever out of their way—

Ilf. And not only out of their own way, but always in other Mens—

Sir Ant. And still as ridiculous as a Fellow of thy Severity and Reserve wou'd be in the fantastical Figure of a Lover.

Ilf. Whoever has the Woman; you have your Wit, *Sir Anthony*—

Sir Ant. They go together, Sir— You'll find it so.

Enter a Pilgrim.

Val. Whom have we here?

Sir Ant. A broken Brother of *Bethlehem*, with all his Frippery about him!

Val. One of that travelling Tribe, without their Circumcision.

Sir Ant. Of Christian Appellation, a Pilgrim.

Val. 'Tis a senseless Constitution of Men!

Sir Ant. Who make themselves Mad, to make the rest of the World Fools, by finding a Faith for all their Fopperies.

Val. How can they pass upon the World?

Sir Ant. As other Constitutions and Orders of Men, as senseless, pass; that are founded too in as much Cozenage and Roguery as this can be.

Ilf. You are an Enemy of Forms, *Sir Anthony.*

Sir Ant. Oh, Sir, the Virtue of the Habit often covers the Vices of the Man: There's Field enough in *England* to find this in, without the Abby-Lands, Gentlemen.

Ilf. Weeds are the general Growth of every Soil.

Val. How many Fools in the State, and Atheists in the Church, carry themselves currant thro' their Congregations and Clients, to great Employments; and, being arm'd only with the Authority and Countenance of their Cloathing,

The RAMBLING LADY. 167

Cloathing, secure themselves from the Discovery and Censure of the Court and Town?

Sir Ant. These are Disguises, I grant you, worth a sensible Man's putting on; but a Pilgrim's Habit is as ridiculous as his Pretence; and I wou'd no more wear a Fool's Coat, to be thought devout; than be devout for the sake of the Livery.

Ilf. Fools are the Guts of all Bodies, and make the Bulk of every Opinion. [Exit Pilgrim.]

Val. Hang him, let him pass; spare him for the sake of the Church, and spare the Church for the sake of our Abbe.

Sir Ant. Who is, indeed, a most considerable Pillar of it, to his own Profit, and our pleasurable Living in this Town.

Ilf. He is a very Pope in *Mompelcier*, the Head here——

Sir Ant. And a fit Head he is for such sinful Members as we are.

Ilf. We Members! you are a Protestant, *Sir Antony*.

Sir Ant. You may be surly enough to tell 'em you are one; but I am always of the Religion of the Government I am in——

Val. And of the Women you converse with, Knight.

Sir Ant. And when I can't convince 'em, I conform.

Ilf. A very civil Character of a fashionable Conscience.

Val. Of a sensible Man, I think: Why must your Capacity be the Measure of another Man's Understanding? And all Men be in the Wrong, who don't dance i'th' Circle of your Thoughts?

Sir Ant. Every Man a Villain, or a Fool, who does not fall into your Notion of Things?

Val. No Opinion ever sprung out of an Universal Consent; Truth can no more be comprehended, than Beauty: We have our several Reasons for the one, and Fancies for the other. And as Beauty has not the same Influence upon all Complexions; so Reason has not the same Force upon all Understandings: We embrace what pleases us in both, secure our selves in a Probability, and guess out the rest.

Sir

168 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Sir Ant. *Ilford* is one of those Fellows, whom if you divide from in one thing, will never close with you in any. Tho' the *Abbe* and you do differ about the Way to Heav'n, you may go to the Devil together, I warrant you.

Val. However wide we may be from his Opinion of t'other World, I'm sure he joins with us in our Opinion of this.

Sir Ant. For my part, I regard the Man, not his Religion; and if he does my Business in this World, let him do his own in the next.

Ilf. Nay, Gentlemen, I have as honourable an Opinion of the *Abbe*, as you can have: I know there's nothing to be done without him——

Sir Ant. That the Conversation of the best Families in *Mompelien* runs thro' his Reformation——

Ilf. That some of our Fortunes——

Sir Ant. All our Fortunes——

Ilf. Yours particularly with *Floreante*, at present depending upon his Favour, against the Authority of her Father——

Val. And the Quality of my Rival, Count *Verole*.

Sir Ant. No Dancings, no Balls, no Masquerades, in a sweet Circle of Society, as it has been, from one Good House to another, without his Introduction and Gravity to qualify the Scandal.

Val. Substantial Reasons for our Respect.

Ilf. Weighty Motives all for our Attendance.

Sir Ant. Are they so, Sir? No more of your Protestant then, if you wou'd not be damn'd for a Heretick, by the Women in a Catholick Country.

Val. We shou'd ha' been at our Patron's Levee, Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. He'll bate us the Ceremony : going to visit him?

Val. You must along with us.

Sir Ant. I'll follow you.

Val. You are his Favourite; we are no Body without you——

Ilf. The Support of our Interest with him.

Sir

The RAMBLING LADY. 169

Sir Ant. Business, Business, Gentlemen.

Val. Pox o' your Business.

Ilf. 'Twill end in that — prithee let him go; a Whore I warrant you —

Sir Ant. Mony, Mony, Sir, more Filthy and more Common than a Whore; more prostituted too, to Knaves and Fools: Yet my grave Friend, you'll have a share in both, or I mistake your Nature.

Val. You are answer'd.

Ilf. Indeed my little Friend is so far right, Mony, and Whore, make one anothers use; either is dull alone.

Enter Pilgrim.

Val. This Pilgrim here again!

Sir Ant. He follows us; what would he have?

Pilg. Your Charity, good Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Prithee leave us; there's Charity in my Advice to thee, not to lose thy Labour; besides, we are *Englishmen*; and never think of the Poor out of our own Parish.

Val. Nor there neither, but according to Law, and when we cannot help it.

Ilf. Charity is a Free-will-Offering; and we part with nothing we can keep, I assure you —

Val. Not so much as our Sins.

Ilf. Especially at this time —

Sir Ant. Unless it be to live upon 'em.

Pilg. Alas! what pity 'tis, that Gentlemen so much in Debt —

Sir Ant. That we shall never pay —

Pilg. To Heav'n —

Sir Ant. And other Creditors.

Pilg. Of Youth so sweet, of Form so excellent —

Sir Ant. You or me, *Ilford*? Who does he mean?

Pilg. So finish'd, by the great Creator's Hand, I worship him in thee, [To Sir Antony.]

Ilf. As thou do'st the King's Picture in his Coin —

Val. In hopes of getting by it.

Pilg. You are so fashion'd —

Sir Ant. For a Sinner.

Pilg. And by Nature's Hand design'd —

170 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Sir Ant. A Whoremaster.

Pilg. You can't want —

Sir Ant. Women? No, *Pilgrim*, I shan't want 'em, in thy Acquaintance, I'm sure.

Pilg. You can't want Grace, the Beauty of the Soul, the Accomplishment of Virtue to the Work: You can't want Charity; for Charity is call'd our Gratitude to Heav'n —

Ilf. You call it so.

Pilg. You would not be Ungrateful?

Sir Ant. I would not be a Fool, nor imagine such an Ass as thou art could ever be Commission'd, a' God's Name, to collect the Revenues of this World —

Val. Nor to convert (those Deodands of Devotion) the publick Charitable Endowments, of Bigotted, or Dying Fools, to the private Luxury of your own Lazy Tribe.

Ilf. We build no Churches, *Pilgrim*, nor found Hospitals, but in our own Country; nor there neither, but to Father our own Bastards.

Sir Ant. Your Mendicant Women-Saints, we allow of indeed: All our Charity runs thro' their Devotion.

Val. Soft little Hands become an Offering, and those we often fill.

Pilg. Are you so lost —

Ilf. To all that thou can't say.

Sir Ant. Thy Godliness may Convert others, tho' it does nothing upon us.

Pilg. What can I do for you?

Sir Ant. Pimp for us.

Pilg. I will Pray for you.

Sir Ant. Do't in a Corner alone then, [*Thrusts him out.*] be as Godly as thou wou't by thy self; and leave us to our Devotions.

Pilg. I may join with you in yours, before I have done; the *Abbe* won't fail me.

[*Exit Pilgrim.*]

Sir Ant. I have my Hands full, Gentlemen; but my Trade is settled, my Correspondence easie, my Factors employ'd, and my Returns will be quick.

Val. Pray make 'em so; and come as soon as you can
O us.

The RAMBLING LADY. 171

Sir Ant. I sail with every Wind, in the Teeth of Fortune sometimes.

Val. Have a Care of being bit, *Sir Antony.*

Sir Ant. I kiss as close as an older Sinner, *Valentine*, I warrant you — [Exit *Sir Antony.*]

If. You may venture him: He has nothing to lose, that I know of, but his Youth; and that wonnot long support the Expence of the Life he leads.

Val. He loses no Time, indeed.

If. But misemploys a great deal, in my Opinion.

Val. Youth will have its Sallies.

If. The Sallies of his Youth will sooner lead him to Repentance and the Pox, than to his Manor of *Love-dale*, as he calls it.

Val. His Mansion-house in *Glocester-shire*.

If. His Castle in the Air, which no Man ever heard of, till he was pleas'd to fancy, and Christen it, for the Seat of his Family.

Val. Then you don't believe him a Barronet, of twelve hundred Pounds a Year, under Age, and upon an Allowance for his Travel, from his Guardians?

If. I believe he may have been some Court Page, spoil'd first by the Confidence of his Lady, in knowing her Secrets; then coming early into the Iniquity of the Town, by the Merit of his Person, and Impudence; has since made a fashionable Livelihood out of Women and Fools.

Val. I don't know who he is, or what he has: If he be no Knight, he's a pretty Fellow, and that's better: And if he has not twelve hundred Pounds a Year, he deserves it, and does not want it: Which is more than you can say of most of your Knights, that have that Estate, I'm sure.

If. Nay, that I grant you too.

Val. He lives as like a Gentleman, has all things as well about him; is as much respected by the Men, and better receiv'd by the Women, than any of us.

If. He's a pretty Woman's Man indeed.

Val. And a merry Man's Man too, Sir; for you must own, he has a great deal of Wit.

172 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Ilf. Pretty good Natural Parts, I confess; but a Fool has the keeping 'em, no Judgment in the World; and what he says, comes as much by Chance——

Val. As *Epicurus's* World did; Perfect and Uniform, without a Design.

Ilf. He flies too much at random to please any Man of Discretion.

Val. There is indeed the Quarrel of twelve Years difference, between thy Discretion, and his Wit. He may live up to thy Discretion, *George*, but we shall neither of us arrive at his Wit.

Ilf. How long will his Wit support him?

Val. That must be his Care, and not our Business: I never examine any Man's Pockets, that is not troublesome to mine.

Ilf. If he be not troublesome, his Necessities may throw him upon some scandalous Action——

Val. That may require thy Bailing him?

Ilf. That may reflect upon us.

Val. O! thou wer't always tender of thy Reputation, when thou wer't to pay for the Scandal, I'll say that for thee, *Ilford*: But if want of Mony be a Crime; Heav'n help the Guilty: We are disappointed of our Bills at present too.

Ilf. But we have Letters of Credit, and may use 'em upon occasion.

Val. And he has Credit without Letters, which he may use too, upon Occasion; for I am so far from apprehending he may, that I am resolv'd he shall want nothing I can oblige him in, Pocket or Person.

Ilf. O! Sir, you need not doubt his giving you an Opportunity of shewing your Gallantry in that part of your Friendship; he'll borrow Mony of you, I warrant you.

Val. And he shall have it, tho' I borrow it for him. But, Sir, you had not always this slight Opinion of Sir *Antony*.

Ilf. I did not always know him.

[Walking off.]

Val. Nor he the *Abbe's* Neice.

Ilf. I found him out but lately.

Val. For your Rival.

Ilf.

The RAMBLING LADY. 173

Ilf. His Vanity, Extravagance, and general Pretension to Women, are intolerable——

Val. Especially when the gaiety of that Humour is likely to get the better of your Formality, in *Volante's* Esteem: He is your Rival.

Ilf. My Rival!

Val. And I don't wonder, you don't like him.

Ilf. He's a general Undertaker, indeed; and in that part of his Conversation, is as impertinent to the Women, as in other things he is troublesome to the Men: So I think it would be our common good Fortune to get rid of him.

Val. I am not of your Mind: And here he comes to convince you.

Enter Sir Antony.

Sir Ant. Just as I left you! you scorn to stir an Inch out of your Quality, to put your selves in the way of Fortune, tho' you know her to be blind.

Val. You meet her at every turn, *Sir Antony.*

Sir Ant. She must come home to you to be welcome.

Ilf. When do you bring her home?

Sir Ant. But you may be fullen, and sour, domineer, threaten your Stewards, and talk loud at a Disappointment; you are in Possession, Gentlemen:

Enter Wait-well with a Purse.

My Guardians won't be so serv'd: My Governor teaches me to provide against Accidents: What I want of my Age, I must supply with my Diligence.

[Wait-well gives him the Purse.]

Ilf. And have your Labour for your Pains.

Sir Ant. I can take Pains, Sir, and the Profit of my Pains, Sir; fifty Pieces in a Morning, Sir, the Price of my Pains, and give the Lady a Penny-worth into the Bargain.

Ilf. How! fifty Pieces?

Val. From a Woman, *Sir Antony?*

Sir Ant. Nothing, Sir, a Trifle.

Val. Your Mistress pays like a Widow——

Sir Ant. That had lost her Youth upon a Husband, and the hopes of a Jointure——

174 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Ilf. And just deliver'd, would redeem the Folly of the past, by the Enjoyment of what's to come——

Val. In a sober Resolution, of making the Price of her Penance, the Purchase of her Pleasure——

Sir Ant. By refunding upon a young Fellow, what she had wheedled from an old one.

Ilf. I warrant her old and ugly, by her Pension.

Sir Ant. She's young enough to be a Maid, handsome enough to be a Mistress, cunning enough to be a Wife, and rich enough to be a Widow.

Val. Faith, she comes down——

Sir Ant. Deeper than I can, I assure you.

Ilf. She pays well, I'll say that for her.

Sir Ant. And is well——I'll say that for her.

Val. And does every thing well.

Sir Ant. You would say that for her, *Valentine*? And she does every thing well; that way she is a Widow, I promise you.

Ilf. Take us into your Assistance.

Val. We are Friends, and will stand by you.

Ilf. We are out of Employment that way——

Val. And would Journey-work under you.

Sir Ant. Any thing to be wicked, Gentlemen: But, *Ilford*, thou art honourably in Love, and hast it too much in thy Head, to have it any where else. Besides, she's so much of my Humour, she'll never relish thine.

Val. She must not go out of our Family.

Sir Ant. She's handsome and convenient; as able to answer all our Wants, as all we are to satisfy the Importunity of hers.

Val. Well; I am satisfy'd, I am her Man.

Sir Ant. Or any Woman's Man, who wants to be satisfy'd.

Val. She must like me, for being of her Opinion, in liking thee.

Sir Ant. That indeed may do something, and Time may bring it about: In short, this is the *English* Lady you have heard me speak of: I allow her the Favour of my Person; and she allows me the Freedom of her Purse: And am glad I command it so luckily, to answer the Occasions of my Friends.

Ilf.

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Ilf. You can command nothing we can have occasion for.

Val. By your Pardon, Sir, you may be too proud to be oblig'd; but I have occasion for the Money and Woman too; so as you were saying, Sir *Antony* —

Enter a Servant, Ilford goes to him.

Sir Ant. Why, I still say a true bred *English-man* is ever out of Humour when he's out of Pocket: He knows no more how to want Money, than how to borrow it —

Val. And when he does, is as furly in borrowing, as others are in lending Money.

Sir Ant. 'Tis almost as dangerous too, to offer him Money, as to lend Money to another Man: For he is as likely, out of a want of Sense, to suspect your Courtesie; as a Stranger, out of a want of Honesty, never to return it.

Val. That way, indeed, our Countrymen take care, never to think themselves oblig'd: We can be ungrateful —

Sir Ant. And cheat our Benefactors of their good Offices, by an Ingratitude, almost natural to us; and that makes a tolerable amends for our want of the more sublim'd Villanies of warmer Countries.

Val. But the Lady, Sir *Antony* —

Sir Ant. More of the Lady at leisure; in the mean time, here are fifty Pieces of hers, to keep up your Fancy: If your Occasions require a greater Sum — she shall supply you —

Val. And I'll supply her.

Sir Ant. Upon your Bond, for the Payment of the whole to her in *England* —

Val. By all means.

Sir Ant. A blank Bond, because she would not be known here.

Val. With all my Heart, but won't she take a Gentleman's Word?

Sir Ant. O yes, when she has his Bond for the Performance. When our furly Friend is Civil enough to be oblig'd, I have a Twin-Purse at his Service too.

Val. You are very much out of his Favour of late.

Sir Ant. So I find: What's the Matter with the Fool?

176 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Val. How have you disoblig'd him?

Sir Ant. But he's in Love, and consequently an Ass.

Val. And I believe Jealous of you.

Sir Ant. Faith, I'll give him Cause. *Volante* is as fit for my Purpose of tormenting him that way, as I could wish. Shall we to the *Abbe*, Gentlemen?

Ilf. Golding? an *English-man*?

Serv. So his Servants tell me, Sir.

Ilf. Just come to Town, say'st thou?

Serv. He has not peep'd abroad, since his coming, Sir.

Ilf. Do you know any such Gentleman, *Valentine*?

Val. I did; a considerable Coxcomb of that Name, in *England*; a Knight, *Sir Gentle Golding*. *Sir Antony*, you may have known him too.

Sir Ant. I have heard of him.—If this shou'd prove my Coxcomb Governor. *[Aside.*

Val. But Damn him, he has not Courage enough to cross the Channel.

Sir Ant. I know he is in *France*, I heard of him at *Paris*.

Serv. Faith, Sir, it must be the Man——

Sir Ant. Whom we must manage then. *[To Wait-well.*

Val. Why do'st think so?

Serv. Your Description is so like him, Sir.

Val. Why, hast thou found him out——

Ilf. For his Father's Son, and his Mother's Fool.

Sir Ant. And our Fool, Gentlemen: If he be a Fool, I'll have my Snack of him.

Serv. There's enough for you all, without wronging the Family, as he will quickly convince you. He knows you, Sir—— *[To Valentine.*

Val. Then 'tis the very Fool.

Serv. And designs to wait upon you.

Val. At his Peril be't: I owe him a Revenge, for *Lucia's* sake.

Ilf. Is this the Spark?

Val. That bought her of her Aunt——

Sir Ant. Now for my Character. *[To Wait-well.*

Val. When she was yet too young, to judge between the Fortune and the Fool.

Sir

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Sir Ant. That's some Excuse however.

Ilf. A little time shew'd her, her senseless Bargain.

Val. So I hear.

Sir Ant. Which she repenting, gave you the cheaper Pennyworth of her Person: Then was the time——

Val. That I was in *France*; out of the reach of any other Pleasure, had she design'd me any, than the bare News, that she had found him out, loath'd, and abhorr'd him.

Ilf. Loathing and Abhorring, are Tokens of Mortification indeed: But Penance is not enough for such a Fault; 'tis generally as short liv'd, as the Sin that begot it. What marks of Amendment has she since given?

Sir Ant. What marks of Amendment wou'd you have?

Val. I know nothing of her Amendment.

Sir Ant. Wou'd you have her snivel, like a Girl; more afraid of her Mother, than the Sin; and cry, Forgive me this one Slip, I'll do so no more——

Val. Repent upon the first Intrigue——

Sir Ant. Turn Honest, and disparage the Pleasure, by leaving the Trade.

Val. That must not be.

Sir Ant. By no means, *Valentine*.

Val. Wou'd you have her already fall off——

Sir Ant. Become a Civil Person——

Val. And take up——

Ilf. With some body that better deserves her; that way I wou'd have her a civil Person, and fall off from her Fool.

Sir Ant. Indeed a Woman never repents of a Fool so heartily, as in the Arms of a Man of Sense.

Val. How Fortune has dispos'd of her, I know not; but I lik'd her once so well, I wou'd have her still preserve my good Opinion of her Conduct: If she has manag'd her Monster, as he deserv'd, she has made Money and Mirth of him; and me some Amends for the loss of her, by mending her Condition.

Sir Ant. If that will preserve your good Opinion of her, she will continue it: For I hear she has us'd him as

178 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

ill, as you cou'd desire from your Revenge; or the Town expect from their Hopes of a Libel.

Val. Then I honour her.

Sir Ant. She has robb'd him of five hundred Pounds, run away from him; and so expos'd him, that he has been the common Rhyming Theam, the Hackney *Pegasus* for the puny Poets to set out upon, in their vast Ambition of arriving at a Lampoon.

Ilf. And that perhaps has sent him into *France*.

Val. Well, I will have her Knighted.

Sir Ant. Of what Order? A Knight Errant; or an Errant Knight?

Val. A Knight Errant, of thy Order, she must be.

Wait. That she is already. *[Aside.]*

Val. And thee a Right Honourable, for thy News.

Sir Ant. You may depend upon it.

Val. If ever I light on her, I'll thank her for this Justice to us all.

Ilf. *Golding* may tell us more of her.

Val. So he may; you, Sir, wait at our Lodgings for him, and direct him to the *Abbe's*, if he confes! *[To a Servant.]* We'll laugh at him, if we do nothing more.

Sir Ant. But he and I must clear another score. *[Exit.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE a Garden.

Count Canaile, and the Abbe.

Can. **B**Rother, you may forget your self; and your Rank, as much as you please, in our Neice *Volante*: I have nothing to do with her, but to wish her well.

Abb. 'Tis very well.

Can. You are her Guardian: Her Person, her Fortune, and her Conduct are in your Care.

Abb. I'll take Care of 'em.

Can.

Can. You must answer for 'em.

Abb. I will answer for 'em.

Can. But my Daughters are under my Government; and whilst they are, they must, nay shall do nothing to dishonour me.

Abb. They will do nothing to dishonour you.

Can. I'll put it out of their Power, had they a mind to't.

Abb. They ha' no such Mind.

Can. That's more than I can tell, from the Liberties you give these *English men* in our Family —

Abb. They are Gentlemen.

Can. I apprehend a Danger, tho' you won't.

Abb. Pugh, pugh, there is no Danger.

Can. I'll prevent it, if there were.

Abb. All Men of Fortune, in their Country.

Can. They are not Men of Quality. Wou'd Count Verole were come.

[Walking about.]

Abb. Don't do so rash a thing.

Can. I'll rid my self of all my Fears at once; dispose my youngest Daughter in a Nunnery, and instantly marry *Florante* —

Abb. To make her more miserable.

Can. Suitable to her Birth.

Abb. To a Fool, the worst of Fools; a singular, opinionated, obstinate, crooked temper'd, jealous-pated Fool.

Can. If he were so, that Fool's a Count; and the Count makes amends for the Fool.

Abb. Then he is welcome — [Count Verole enters to 'em.] Virtue created first Nobility; but in our honourable Ignorance Nobility makes Virtue.

Ver. What says the *Abbe*?

Can. Sir, you are most welcome.

Ver. I shall be glad to find it from the Man I so much honour —

[Exeunt Ver. and Canaille.]

Abb. For his Title, that's all this Fellow thinks worth honouring. Hang 'em, they make me Grave — But that a Brother of my Blood shou'd chuse a Coxcomb out — But if my Brother prove a Coxcomb too, that Wonder's

180 *Sir ANTHONY LOVE: Or,*

der's over, then 'tis their mutual Interest to join; each likes the other to excuse himself.

Enter Sir Anthony, Valentine and Ilford.

Sir Ant. Ah, Monsieur L'Abbe.

Ilf. You have prevented us.

Val. We were going to visit you.

Abb. In Nomine Domine, Amen.

Ilf. The Abbe making his Will!

Sir Ant. Amen to our Abbe's Devotions.

Abb. You fall as naturally as a Parish-Clerk, into the close of a Prayer.

Sir Ant. I love to bring Things to a good End.

Abb. Nay, I have done; my Devotion won't tire your Attention.

Sir Ant. You are like the Prelate, that being dignify'd for long Prayers, hated them ever after.

Abb. Long Prayers are for poor Priests that want Perseverment, Men of Quality rise without 'em.

Val. In Men of your Rank they are Pharisaical, and always to carry on a Design.

Abb. I neither have a Faith in them nor their Followers; and therefore I seldom or never pray at all.

Ilf. How! never Pray at all?

Abb. The Church and I are agreed upon the Bargain; and few Words are best, when the Parties are of a Mind.

Val. But the Church may better your Bargain.

Abb. I am mortify'd to the Dignities and Designs of the Church; have laid aside the Pomp and Pride of my Profession, I am contented to sit down in a *Sine-Cure*; and, with the poor pittance of 2000 Pistoles a Year, make the most of a good Conscience and good Company.

Ilf. A good Conscience is good Company indeed.

Abb. I mean, Sir, I'll make a Conscience of good Company—

Sir Ant. Make the best of the Blessing, and enjoy it as long as you can.

Abb. Ah! my little Knight understands me, tho' you won't, Sir.

Val. You'll anger him—

[To Ilford.

Abb. He jumps into the Point with me,

Sir

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Sir Ant. And into the Company too, dear *Abbe*; I must make one.

Abb. Make one! thou mak'st all; thou'rt all in all; the whole Company thy self; thou art every thing with every Body; a Man among the Women, and a Woman among the Men. [*Abbe waltzes with Sir Ant.*]

Val. How, *Abbe*! *Sir Antony* a Woman?

Abb. One might indeed mistake him, by his Face.

Ilf. He wou'd mistake him, I believe.

Val. Somewhere else.

Abb. But there's no Faith in Faces; the Women have found him out, and won't trust him.

Sir Ant. Ay, ay, the Women *Abbe*, the Ladies——

Abb. As mad as ever they were, my Neices you mean!

Sir Ant. I long to be among 'em.

Abb. Nay, they long too, if that wou'd do 'em any good. And think it long.

Sir Ant. I have not spoke to a Woman this half Hour.

Val. We are all idle without you.

Ilf. Sin has been as silent among us ——

Sir Ant. As in the first Session of a Parliament, in fear of a Reformation.

Abb. Ah! very well, I faith, my little Man. But no, no Reformation, I warrant you; matters shall not be much mended by my Management; Sin must sometimes get the better of the Saint.

Sir Ant. Or the Devil may still wear Black, Sir.

Abb. Let him wear what he will: We have had him in our Family this Morning.

Val. What's the Matter?

Abb. My Brother has discover'd something between you, and his eldest Daughter.

Val. That's unlucky.

Abb. Which to prevent, he designs to marry her instantly to Count *Verole*.

Ilf. That's bad indeed.

Val. What is there to be done?

Abb. Nothing that I know of.

Sir Ant. What's to be done? Any thing's to be done?

Val. What if I run away with her?

Abb.

182 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Abb. With all my Heart.

Val. Or if I cut his Throat?

Sir Ant. With all my Heart.

Val. Or Bed-rid him with a beating.

Ilf. With all my Heart.

Sir Ant. If none of these will do, let him marry her.

Val. And I must say with all my Heart.

Sir Ant. If you can't make her your Wife, make him your Cuckold.

Abb. With all my Heart.

Val. Ah! if I durst but hope that Way.

Abb. Hope, you must hope, Man, and you must dare Man, if you wou'd do any thing with the Women.

Val. Can you encourage me?

Abb. Why, Faith, what ever her Father designs, she does not design to marry him: And Disobedience may make way for other Sins.

Val. I know she hates him.

Abb. And I know she likes you. And if I have any Authority from the Church——

Ilf. Which is not to be disputed.

Abb. Or any Interest from my Estate——

Val. Which must be considerable——

Sir Ant. Not to be oppos'd——

Abb. And which must furnish the better part of her Fortune, he sha'nt have her.

Val. That's gaining Time at least

Ilf. He's naturally jealous.

Sir Ant. And has settled that Nature by a *Spanish* Education, they say.

Abb. He was bred in *Spain* indeed.

Ilf. A miserable Woman she must be then.

Abb. I wou'd not have a Neice of mine marry'd into a Family, or Nation, where, if she dislike her own Man, she can have no Body else.

Val. Our Women are the happy Women, Sir.

Abb. Why, indeed your *English-men* are the fittest Men for Husbands in the World! wou'd all my Female Relations were marry'd into your Country!

Ilf. Wou'd they thought as well of us, as you do.

Abb.

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Abb. There if a Lady quarrels at her Condition, or likes another Man better than her Husband; which sometimes may happen, you know —

Val. Such Things have happen'd indeed.

Abb. There they say Cuckoldom is in Fashion.

Sir Ant. Nay, more than in Fashion, Sir, 'tis according to Law; Cuckoldom is the Liberty, and a separate Maintenance, the Property of the Free-born Women of England.

If. We give our Women fair Play for't.

Val. And scorn any Tie upon 'em, more than their Inclinations.

Abb. Why, what wou'd a Lady ask more in Marriage? I'll maintain it, such a Privilege is better than her Dower; and in a prudent Woman's Thoughts, must take place of any other Consideration.

If. 'Tis as much before a Dower in Profit too, as in Time; for a Husband may cheat a Wife of her Dower.

Sir Ant. Or wear out her Title by out-living her; and then she is bob'd of her Reversion.

Val. Or leave her so old, she may be past having any good from it.

Sir Ant. Unless she lays it out in redeeming some younger Brother —

If. That had spent his Annuity in a Lord's Company —

Sir Ant. Or in following a Common Whore —

Val. Or in following as Common a Mistress, the Court.

Sir Ant. And being reduc'd to the last Fifty, had ventur'd it prudently on a Birth-day Coat, and the Hopes of an Employment.

If. One, who in spight of having been once undone, will have no more Profit from his Experience, than to fall into the same Folly again, with the same Occasion.

Abb. Then hang him for a Fool, enough of him — I am convinc'd with what you say, Gentlemen: And you shall have my Neice, you have her Consent, and my Consent, and Sir *Antony's* good Word; which I promise you goes a great way with the Women.

Val.

184 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Val. Your Neice *Volante* is her Confident.

Abb. I'll make her your Friend.

[*A Servant whispers the Abbe.*

Sir Ant. I'll secure her for you.

Ilf. Why you secure her?

Sir Ant. For such a Favour, Sir, I think I may.

Ilf. Your Interest is mighty.

Sir Ant. So far I can engage her.

Ilf. You engage her!

Sir Ant. Nay, oblige her.

Ilf. Her Friendship may oblige her, but not you.

Abb. Pray don't quarrel about obliging her; *Volante* is my Favourite, she shall please her self, and I believe wou'd please *Sir Antony* — Gentlemen, you are three, and my Neices are three; I won't meddle in your Choice; agree among our selves; win 'em, and wear 'em; I had rather you shou'd have 'em, than my Brother dispose of 'em.

Val. Sir, you oblige us all.

Abb. Our Dinner stays for us, we'll settle those things within: I had almost forgot the extraordinary Part of my Entertainment, I have a Pilgrim for you.

Ilf. We have had him already.

Sir Ant. And our share of laughing at him too, Sir.

Abb. He pretends to be a Man of extraordinary Sanctity; I medled with that as little as I cou'd, for fear of railing a Spirit I cou'd not lay; besides, I had Matters of more Moment to mind then.

Val. How did you get rid of him?

Abb. With much ado I put him and his History off, telling him, some *English* Hereticks were to dine with me---

Sir Ant. We are oblig'd to you, Sir.

Abb. And if he pleas'd to spare that miraculous Account, (which he will be sure to give of himself) for the Conversion of the Wicked, he might then have a proper Occasion for so great a Design.

Sir Ant. I should think the worse of my Constitution as long as I liv'd, if I shou'd grow qualmish of any thing he could say to me.

Abb. I knew I must hear him, and therefore provided your Conversation to qualifie his.

Val.

Val. The Novelty may divert us.

Ilf. He professes more Charity, than to force his Non-sense upon you.

Abb. That Punishment I must go through, before he will go away, and pay for my Penance too.

Ilf. At the Expence of his Vow of Poverty.

Abb. Pray, Gentlemen, along with me. I don't desire you to believe all he says. Take what you like, and laugh at all the rest.

Val. Why, there our Christian Liberty's confest.

Sir Ant. Wou'd we had ne'er a more imposing Priest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ilf. One Word before you go.

[*Pulling Sir Ant. by the Sleeve.*]

Sir Ant. Prithee come along——no cautioning in such a slight Affair——

Ilf. I am glad you think it such a slight Affair.

Sir Ant. Meer Merriment.

Ilf. I never thought it more.

Sir Ant. Matter of Mirth, and Jest.

Ilf. Nay, that's too much.

Sir Ant. Upon a foolish Pilgrim.

Ilf. Upon *Volante*.

Sir Ant. *Volante*! thou talk'st of *Volante*, and I answer thee, the Pilgrim: Why thou art distracted, Man; and I shall suspect my self to be no wiser than I shou'd be, for keeping thee Company.

Ilf. Sir, however you think to carry it, I must tell you——

Sir Ant. With a very grave Face——

Ilf. This is no jesting time——

Sir Ant. Because 'tis a ridiculous Subject.

Ilf. That I am in love——

Sir Ant. In serious Sadness.

Ilf. With that Lady.

Sir Ant. That never was sad, nor serious in her Life: Prithee, no more of this, *Ilford*: In Love! thou art a very honest Fellow, and hast a great many good Qualities, but thy Talent lies quite another way,

Ilf.

Ilf. Sir, I am serious enough to be angry, if you laugh at me.

Sir Ant. But you are in Love with her, you say: Why every Body that sees her, is in Love with her, if that wou'd do any good; but is she in Love with you?

Ilf. I think my Estate may recommend my Person to a Welcome, where-ever I pretend.

Sir Ant. Do's she think so?

Ilf. Why do you ask the Question?

Sir Ant. *Volante* is too Witty, to be very Wise; and requires no Settlement, but her Man.

Ilf. And why may not I be her Man, pray?

Sir Ant. Fie, fie, Sir, more Modesty might become a Man of your Gravity! you her Man! no, no, she's otherwise dispos'd of, I assure you.

Ilf. What, you follow her!

Sir Ant. Nay, you follow her; she does not put me to the trouble.

Ilf. No, Sir — I shall put you to more trouble, if you don't quit your Pretensions to her —

Sir Ant. Quit my Pretensions to her!

Ilf. And promise me —

Sir Ant. I will promise you —

Ilf. O, will you so, Sir?

Sir Ant. That (whatever I wou'd have done by fair Means) I will now follow her in spite of your Teeth —

Ilf. In spite of my Teeth —

Sir Ant. Pursue her, 'till she yield to my Desires —

Ilf. The Devil you will!

Sir Ant. And lie with her under your Nose.

Ilf. You shall be damn'd first.

Sir Ant. Nay, then have at the Lady.

[*Volante* *entring*, sees 'em fighting, shrieks, and runs out,
Sir Antony after her, and returns with her in his Hand.

Ilf. This was a Trick to save his Cowardice.

Sir Ant. I had rather part with my Pretension to a Quarrel, than to my Mistress at any time.

Vol. I hope you are not hurt.

Ilf.

Ilf. Sir, you assert a Privilege, the Lady never gave you, of treating her at that familiar rate.

Vol. At what familiar rate?

Sir Ant. Sir, you may be respectful, look simply, and bow at a distance, in a modest Despair, of ever coming nearer to please; but I am for a closer Conversation, when I like my Company.

Vol. I am sorry, Sir, my Carriage gives Offence; but I must think you treat me more familiarly, that saucily should dare to censure me, limit my Actions, and prescribe me Rules.

Sir Ant. A foolish Fellow, Madam, not worth your Anger; leave him to his Repentance, and your Scorn.

Ilf. I must bear it all.

Vol. But pray, how came this Difference?

Ilf. 'Twas your Quarrel, Madam.

Vol. I am sorry for it.

Sir Ant. You may judge what a Husband he'll make, who (being but a Servant) dares assume an Authority over you —

Vol. Which I never gave him, that I remember.

Sir Ant. I told you, you were out of the Road of her Favour. [To Ilford.]

Vol. The Report of this Quarrel, and the Occasion of it, will be but a scandalous Addition to my Fame, when it comes to be the Tattle of the Town.

Ilf. It shall go no further for me.

Vol. I suppose the Folly on't will keep you silent; you may be asham'd on't indeed.

Ilf. I beg your Pardon for it.

Vol. Beg Sir *Antony's*; for till he pardons you, I am sure, I won't.

Sir Ant. There is no Remedy, you must submit.

Ilf. I am a Woman's Fool, and must obey.

[They Embrace.]

Sir Ant. 'Tis many a wife Man's Fortune.

Ilf. We are Friends.

Vol. If you have Favours to expect from me, deserve 'em by fair Means.

Sir

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Sir Ant. Or come to me, and I'll speak a good Word for thee to the Lady.

If. You Triumph, Sir.

Sir Ant. 'Till when, we take our Leaves.

[*Leads Volante out.*

If. Pox! I deserve it all, for putting it into her Power to use me so: He's ten Years younger than I am, and consequently so much handsomer in her Eye: He prates a great deal more, and better than I do for her purpose, and therefore lies better in her Ear: He has the Advantage of me, in every Vanity that can betray a Girl; *Volante's* a Girl, and what could I expect from my honourable Love for her? When, in the weakness of a Woman's Choice, she will prefer the present laughing Hour to all that can come after. If this would cure me now, 'twere a Lesson well learn'd: I'll hear what the Pilgrim can say upon this Subject; I'll listen to his Lies, they are less mischeivous, and may drive this Woman out of my Head.

[*Exe.*

Enter Floriante and Charlott.

Flo. Is not that *Sir Antony*?

Char. With my Cousin *Volante*. We shall have 'em at the turning of the Walk.

Flo. They are proper Counsellors for our Purpose of Disobedience——

Char. As we could ha' met withal.

Flo. You'll be no Nun, Sister?

Char. Nor you no Countess?

Flo. I would be as willingly enclos'd in the Walls of a Monastery, as in the Arms of that Count *Verole*; and in the Arms of Death rather than in either.

Char. Well; I'm not so difficult; I had rather be alive upon any Terms, than dead upon the best; I had rather be a Nun, than be nothing at all; tho' there's nothing I had not rather be, than be a Nun.

Flo. Any Man's Company, rather than the Company of all Women.

Char. 'Tis more to my Humour, I confess to you, among the rest of my Venial Offences; but *Valentine*! he is your Man, Sister; would I had the Fellow of him——

Flo.

Flo. For your Confessor, Sister?

Char. I could confess something to him that would make him enjoin me another kind of Penance, than my Prayers.

Flo. What! absolve you from your Devotion?

Char. And perswade him to make a Sinner of me, rather than suffer my Father to make me a Saint, so much before my Time.

Flo. You are a mad Girl: But what of *Valentine*?

Char. He should not be out of our Design.

Flo. I'll answer for him, he won't.

Char. His Interest's so concern'd, he should not be wanting in any occasion of abusing our Father.

Flo. Or of using the Count as he deserves.

Char. They're both behind us, Mum —

Enter Count Canaile and Count Verole.

Can. I have prepar'd my Daughter to receive the Honour you intend our House and her, by this Alliance with us; she too well knows what's owing to a Father and her self, to my Authority and her own Birth, now to dispute what I design for her; she has my Will, the rest I leave to you — [*Exit.*

Ver. Madam, you hear your Father, and I come Thro' his Authority, to speak my Love; Tho' bateing his Authority, I must think There need not many Arguments to move, More than your knowing me, and what I am.

Flo. My Lord, that goes a great way with me, I assure you.

Char. She knows you and your Qualities, my Lord, and esteems 'em accordingly: I have heard her say, she was very much oblig'd to you, and should be more —

Flo. If he would hang himself —

[*Aside.*

Ver. For what, young Lady?

Char. For your kind Care of me.

Ver. I'm glad you're sensible I mean you well.

Char. O yes, Sir, sensible! so sensible, I must be oblig'd in Conscience to thank you. For advising my Father to send me to a Nunnery: — The Devil take you for your Advice.

[*Aside.*

Ver.

190 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Ver. A Nunnery is Virtue's best Retreat from a bad World.

Char. But if my Sister's Fortune, in your Opinion, Had not wanted mending more than my Manners——

Flo. Fie, *Charlott.* you'll tell all.

Ver. How could she guess at that?

Char. I might have continued in this bad World, for any Advice the Count would have given, in his great Care of me to my Father; but I'll be reveng'd on him—— Do as much Mischief as I can while I am in the World, and repent when I am out on't, and can do no more.

Flo. Bring Sir *Antony* to my Rescue, I beseech thee.

[*Exit Charlott.*]

Ver. Your Sister's disoblig'd,
But I've my Ends in serving you——

Flo. In serving of your self:
For what I get by her, my Father says,
You must command.

Ver. To make it but more yours.

Flo. So you promise all before you have enclos'd us,
But possess'd,

Our Fortunes, and our Persons are your Slaves,
Us'd like your Slaves, and often both abus'd.

Ver. This is a common Subject for your Sex,

Enter Sir Antony, Volante and Charlott.

To boast the Glory of your Wit upon;
But I'm above the Taste of common things,
Being born above the Rank of common Men.

Sir Ant. Out of the Rank, he means, of common Men; and indeed, he scarcely looks of human Kind.

Ver. What do I look like then?

Sir Ant. There's nothing like you, you are your self.

Ver. I would be nothing else.

Sir Ant. What, not of God's Creation?

Ver. I am of his Creation.

Sir Ant. Of the King's you may be; but he who makes a Count, ne'er made a Man; remember that, and fall that mighty Crest.

Ver. It seems you know me then.

The RAMBLING LADY. 191

Sir Ant. By that coy, cock'd-up Nose, that hinders you
From seeing any Man, that does not stand
Upon the Shoulders of his Ancestors,
For long Descents of far-fam'd Heraldry,
I take you for a Thing, they call a Count;
For had you not been a Count, you had been nothing,
At least I'm sure you had been nothing here.

Ver. I would be nothing, if I were no Count.

Char. Pray more Respect.

Flo. This is the Count *Verole*.

Sir Ant. O, is it so?

Vol. That's to marry my Cousin.

Sir Ant. I have been too bold, pray Ladies join with
me —

Char. To laugh at him.

Sir Ant. To ask his Pardon.

Ver. For the future, know me, and know your self,
I ask no more,

Sir Ant. Then I am pardon'd, for I know my self,
And think I know your Worship. Can you fight?

Ver. Ha! what do you mean?

Sir Ant. Why faith I come but upon a surly Embassie;
and a finical Phrase, that would fit the Fineness of your
Quality, would not become my Business.

Ver. What does the Gentleman mean?

Sir Ant. Walk but aside with me, I'll tell you what I
mean.

Ver. You have no Secret for me?

Sir Ant. Why then it shall be none.

Ver. He won't draw before the Women, sure. [*Aside*]

Sir Ant. Since the Ladies must be by, as they must be
the Judges at last, you must know then, I come to you
from a Gentleman —

Ver. Is he no more?

Sir Ant. He's every thing in that, that makes a Man.

Ver. You may go as you came, for me, Sir, if he be
but a Gentleman.

Sir Ant. His Name is *Valentine*, your Rival in that
Lady.

Ver.

192 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Ver. My Rival is my Equal; I am born
Above his Rank, he cannot rival me.

Sir Ant. He does rival you, and will rival you.

Ver. Envy he may my Fortune with that Lady.

Sir Ant. Well! Envy then, if that must be the Word;
He Envies you;

And only wants an Opportunity
Of telling you, how much he Envies you.

Flo. A modest Request truly.

Char. He can't deny it him——

Vol. Before his Mistress too.

Sir Ant. Now, Sir, if you will be so courteous, as by
me, who am to be his Second, to favour him with
knowing where and when he may wait upon you, you
will oblige me by this Civility to serve your Friend, as
he designs to serve you.

Ver. How may that be, pray?

Sir Ant. To cut your Throat, Sir.

Ver. O, Sir, I'll spare his Compliment.

Sir Ant. My Friend's an *English-man*, and never loses a
Mistress for want of fighting for her, I assure you: Nay,
I have known some of my Country-men, rather than
not make a Quarrel in the Families they made love in,
have beat their very Women into good Nature, and Con-
sent.

Char. It shou'd be good Nature for another then.

Flo. Such Arguments wou'd not prevail on us.

Vol. Unless to Cuckold 'em.

Sir Ant. For one Reason or another, [*Goes to Verole.*]
There are Cuckolds every where.

Char. How will our Count get rid of this Business?

Sir Ant. I wait your Answer, Sir.

Ver. My Answer is, when I am as angry as your Friend
is, which, at present, I have no reason to be; nor to a
Day, can certainly say when I shall be——

Sir Ant. You must be made angry then.

Ver. When I am under a defeat of my Hopes about
that Lady, as he may be, and in an absolute Despair of
better Success, and have nothing else to do with my
self, I may be angry, and then I may fight with him.

Sir

The RAMBLING LADY. 193

Sir Ant. Must you be angry when you fight?

Ver. Or Mad, or Drunk; 'tis no Employment for a sober Man.

Sir Ant. Have you no Notion of Courage?

Ver. Notion indeed, young Man; for Courage is No more, than just such a degree of Heat, To some Complexions natural; but they Who want that Heat, may raise their Spirits to't.

Sir Ant. I marry! there's a Receipt indeed.

Ver. Passion will fire the coldest Elements; The Lees of Wine ferment the dullest Phlegm To Froth and Vapour; I've seen a Drunkard in His Fit, attempt Dangers to rival *Cæsar*: If such Extravagancies make the Brave, Madmen are Heroes.

Sir Ant. This won't do my Business. Will you fight?

Ver. 'Tis common Soldiers work.

Sir Ant. You must fight with him.

Ver. Not while I can hire *Rassians* to take the Trouble off my Hands.

Sir Ant. You must expect to be us'd very scurvily, where-ever he meets you.

Enter Valentine, Ilford, with Sir Gent. Golding.

Ver. I shall be provided for him.

Sir Ant. O, here he comes himself.

Ver. If you're for mustering your Friends, I have your Father of my Party. [*Exit in disorder. Women laugh at him.*]

Val. The Ladies never want an Entertainment, when they have *Sir Antony* to encourage the Mirth. Pray what particular Diversion has he given you?

Char. Very particular indeed.

[*The Ladies aside with Valentine.*]

Val. You were a Party concern'd.

Flo. And only wanting to make up the Farce.

Sir Ant. Yes, this is he, my very, very Fool!

Sir Gent. Very handsome Gentlewomen indeed, all three of 'em: And that's *Sir Antony*, that the *Abbe* commended so much.

Ilf. The very same, Sir.

194 Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,

Sir Gen. I will be acquainted with him —

[Goes to Salute Sir Ant.

Ilf. Sir Antony —

Sir Gent. Sir, you most humble Servant.

Sir Ant. Do you know me, Sir?

Sir Gent. Not I, but I'm an *Englishman*, and the *English* always keep together Abroad, they say, for fear of being cheated.

Ilf. Of their Mony, or Manners?

Sir Ant. Of their Mother Tongue.

Sir Gent. Of their Mother-Church, their Religion. Now I designing to continue, as I am —

Ilf. A Fool.

Sir Gent. Have a Mind to spend my Mony among my Country-men.

Sir Ant. You're very welcome —

Ilf. To be cheated only by your Friends.

Sir Gent. There's *Valentine*, a very pretty Fellow; but I have known him a great while; I am for Variety, and fresh Faces: Here's honest *Ilford*, my very good Friend, of half an Hours Acquaintance, will recommend me.

Sir Ant. You recommend your self, Sir.

Sir Gent. Truly I hear you are an Extraordinary Person, and a Knight, Sir; I am a Knight my self, Sir!

Sir Ant. And an extraordinary Person truly: Pray of what Family, Sir?

Sir Gent. Of what Family? Of my Father's Family before me; the Family of the *Goldings*, of which, I am your Servant, and Sir Gentle *Golding*.

Val. Alas poor Count! I vow I pity him. Where's this mad Knight? Oh!

[Sees the two Knights in salutation.

You are before me it seems; but since I come too late to recommend Sir *Gentle* to you, pray do you recommend him to the Ladies.

Sir Ant. This is Sir *Gentle Golding* —

[Sir Gent. salutes the Women.

Sir Gent. Sir, as I may say, I may thank you for this favour.

The RAMBLING LADY. 195

Sir Ant. If you are for this sport, I'll find you Game, Sir.

Sir Gent. O, of all things I love the Women.

Vol. *Sir Gentle* declares that by his Dressing.

Sir Ant. You shan't dress in vain, I'll find you Employment among 'em.

Sir Gent. I'll depend upon you then, and from this time forward, we must be intimate as Men of the same Brother-hood, and Worship——ought to be.

Char. See, see, our Count has rally'd again!

[*Looking on.*]

Val. With your Father in his Tail, to sustain him.

Flo. We must not stay till they come. At Night I may expect you?

Val. If any thing extraordinary happens——

Vol. I'll come express with the Tidings.

Flo. You shall hear from us.

Sir Ant. Your Servant, your Servant. [*Exeunt Women.*]

Val. You see, *Sir Gentle*, we make a Shift.

Sir Ant. Make Shift! We make a Carnival; all the Year a Carnival: Every Man his Woman, and a new one at every Town we come at.

Sir Gent. Ah, would I could say so too?

Val. You say so, *Sir Gentle*? Fie, fie, you don't desire to say so, to my Knowledge.

Sir Gent. That's very fine i'faith.

Val. You only rally your Country-men.

Sir Gent. Not I, as I hope to be sav'd, *Val*, tho' I love a Joke, I never rally a Friend.

Val. You a Mistress! Why, you have forsworn the Sex!

Sir Gent. O Lord, O Lord! that's a likely Business indeed! I forswear the Sex! I would as soon forswear my own Sex, as the Womens; why, I have made it my Endeavour, ever since I was a Man of Estate, to be accounted a Knight of Intrigue; so you never were more mistaken since you were born, Sir.

Val. Why, what a lying World we live in! I was told you were so scurvily us'd in England——

Sir Gent. Softly, softly, Man.

196 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Val. By *Lucia*——

Sir Gent. A Jilting Jade! You knew her, not worth remembering.

Val. That you were resolved never to venture on the Sex again.

Sir Gent. Prithee, dear *Val*, no more on't: There's some Ill-nature in my Part of the Story; I would not have it go further for my own sake.

Ilf. It goes no further for our hearing it.

Sir Ant. We know it already.

Sir Gent. Ay, it may be so; I confess, poor Creature, I gave her a Jealousie of another Woman.

Sir Ant. And that perhaps, in her Despair of pleasing you much longer, might be a Reason of doing what she did.

Sir Gent. Why truly very likely.

Val. And therefore she robb'd you.

Ilf. Of five hundred Pounds.

Sir Ant. She might ha' shew'd a Conscience in her cheating though! five hundred Pounds was too much in reason——

Sir Gent. *Sir Antony*, you are my Friend upon all occasions; but the truth is, I gave her an Opportunity; left my Cabinet open on purpose; and was glad to get rid of her for the Mony.

Sir Ant. You shall pay as round a Sum for this Lie, before I part with your Vanity. [*Aside.*]

Val. And this is all?

Sir Gent. The short and long of the Story.

Sir Ant. Leave the silly Creature to her Garret, where she will be in a little time: She'll hang her self in her Garters when the Mony is spent.

Sir Gent. I warrant her, will she, and be glad to come off so too.

Val. So, forgetting Disasters at home, you travel——

Ilf. To drive an old Mistress out of his Head.

Sir Ant. And recover here, what he had lost in *England*, by the Gallantry of a *French* Intrigue——

Sir

Sir Gent. Which I come qualified for, Gentlemen; being able to bid up to the Price of any of 'em.

Val. If you shew your Mony, we may borrow.

Sir Gent. You may borrow, but I never lend; you are acquainted, and have your good Breeding and Behaviour to recommend you to the Ladies.

Sir Ant. You shew your Wisdom in your good Husbandry, *Sir Gentle*; you are a Stranger, and must be oblig'd to your Pocket for what you must expect from them.

Sir Gent. And therefore, *Sir Antony*, I will part with my new Acquaintances, my Luidores, to none but the Ladies.

Sir Ant. Mony does every thing with the Women in France, Sir.

Sir Gent. I won't spare it upon them, *Sir Antony*: I rely upon you for a Mistress then.

Sir Ant. You shall see her this Evening.

Sir Gent. Bills and Business, Gentlemen; but now we live together, no Ceremony: Adieu for a Moment; and dear *Sir Antony*, yours. [Exit.

Val. You are in his Favour.

Sir Ant. And will be in his Pocket: Leave him to me.

Enter Abbe, Pilgrim and Waitwell.

Ilf. Our *Abbe* and the *Pilgrim* again! This Visit is to you.

Sir Ant. He has a Mind to make a Convert of me, that's certain: but whether in the Flesh or the Spirit, is the Question.

Val. He's for the outward Man, I warrant him.

Ilf. And his Arguments of this World, whatever the *Pilgrim's* may be.

Abb. Ah my little Man! you have lost a mighty Satisfaction; the *Pilgrim* has wrought Wonders upon us all within.

Val. Much above my Expectation, indeed.

Ilf. His Story staggers me, I confess; and has cur'd me of an old Diffidence I had of all Religious Pretenders.

198 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Sir Ant. Well, he's a Rogue; and you han't found him.

Abb. You are the only Infidel in the Company.

Sir Ant. You dissemble a Belief; 'tis necessary to the Church, and you get by the Trade; but none of you remove Mountains, that I hear of.

Abb. Do but hear what he can say.

Sir Ant. I'll give him both my Ears —

[*Pilgrim advances.*

But not a Word here; I must have him to my self, to discover the Bottom of him.

[*To Waitwell.*

Pilg. 'Tis a Work of the Spirit indeed; and the Spirit works unseen of human Eyes; therefore in private would do very well.

Sir Ant. Do as I order you.

[*Exit Waitwell.*

Pilg. There is an obstinacy in Sin, that won't be confuted before Company; Reproof may return into our own Teeth, a Rebuke and a Reproach unto our selves. For which Reason I am assured, that a Privacy in Communication, and a Retirement from the Eyes of the World (when the Cause is Conscientious) are always necessary to a Conviction, and Conversion of the Wicked.

Sir Ant. Those Necessaries thou shalt have at my Lodging; I follow thee, *Pilgrim*: Farewel Gentlemen; if I am convinced in this Point, and live to set foot in *England* again, I shall satisfy those Heretical Unbelievers, that I have seen one Miracle in a Catholick Country.

[*Exit after the Pilgrim.*

Ilf. Thus every Man to his own Interest tends;
The *Pilgrim* makes his Converts, we make Friends,
With the same Conscience all, for our own Ends.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Waitwell placing Bottles on the Table.

Enter Sir Antony and the Pilgrim.

Sir Ant. **T**HIS is a dry Subject, *Pilgrim*; there's no engaging in't without a Bottle.

Pilg. You'll have your own way here. [*Walks about.*]

Sir Ant. Have you infus'd the Opiate in his Wine?

Wait. I warrant him he sleeps for't; yours is half Water.

Sir Ant. If I don't find him a Knave, I'll make him a Fool, for troubling me with his Impertinence: But chiefly, for the dear Jest of exposing his Reverence to the Laughter of the Prophane——Have you done there?——Lock the Door, and let no Body come near us.

[*Waitwell goes out.*]

Now *Pilgrim*, we are alone; and sit you down——

[*Pilgrim stands and Crosses himself and Sir Antony.*]

Nay, I will have no Blessing upon our Endeavours, but a Bumper——this will banish Crosses: Here's to the falling of the Flesh, and the rising of the Spirit. [*Drinks.*]

Pilg. 'Tis a mysterious Health, of sacred Sense! ev'n to the pulling down of Satan's Throne. [*Drinks.*]

Sir Ant. A little Wine does well to qualifie the Water you drink in your Pilgrimage.

Pilg. Sometimes without Offence, Wine may be us'd; tho' our whole Life is but a Pilgrimage——

[*Sir Antony fills again the Glasses.*]

Sir Ant. That's as you please to make it. Come, Sir, this is the Searcher of Hearts; here's to the opening of ours——

Pilg. Hearts and Eyes, that we may see our Errors. This Wine will warm him, sure. [*Aside.*]

Sir Ant. Confession is a step to Repentance, you say.

Pilg. The ready Road——

Sir Ant. Then drink off your Glas, *Pilgrim*: How do you like your Wine?

200 Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,

Pilg. 'Tis warm, I promise you——

Sir Ant. Able to distinguish a Saint from a Sinner; and will keep you out of the Mire, better than your wooden Shoes.

Pilg. 'Twill rather leave us there. But to our purpose now——

Sir Ant. Another Glas to strengthen my Attention; I shall edifie the better by it. [Fills the Glas.]

Pilg. Sure he can't make me drunk. [Aside.]

Sir Ant. I expected you wou'd ha' drunk to my Conversion.

Pilg. I shou'd ha' began it in Charity, indeed; but I'll make you what Reparation I may, and drink a full Glas for my Forgetfulness. [Fills himself a Bumper.]

Sir Ant. I warrant him my own. [Aside.]

Pilg. To your Conversion be it—— [Drinks.]

Sir Ant. This is the way to'r, and the pleasantest Road you can travel in: For let me tell you, the World is bad enough at the best; we need not take Pains to make it worse.

Pilg. Too many do indeed. [Sir Antony drinks.]

Sir Ant. Such foolish Apostles as thou art then: Why, I begin to despair of thee: I took thee for a sanguine, sensual Sinner, a Man of Sense, and an Hypocrite. But I find thee a peaking Penitent, and an Ass.

Pilg. You sit in the Seat of the Scornor.

Sir Ant. Tho' you pass upon the *Abbe*, and other Fools, I expected you wou'd have open'd your self to me: I profess my self, what I thought you were under your Habit, a Rogue: We might have been of use to one another. But since you are for cheating no Body but your self, [Fills again.] I'll make an end of my Bottle and Business, and leave you to say Grace to the next Courtesie I offer you. [Drinks.]

Pilg. I must not lose this Opportunity.

Sir Ant. Now I begin to believe all the silly things you have said of your self; your being weary of, and leaving the World, when you had a good Share of it your own; your parting with the Pleasures (which you call the Vanities) of it, at a time, when you were in a Condi-

The RAMBLING LADY. 201

Condition of enjoying 'em, by a senseless resigning up your Birth-right.

Pilg. My Service to you.

[*Drinks.*

Sir Ant. Of a considerable Quality and Fortune to a younger Brother; who indeed needed no other Expectation for his Wants, than the abundance of your Folly to live upon.

Pilg. You censure me too rashly.

[*Rises.*

Sir Ant. I speak my Thoughts, and am so far from imitating you any way, that when an elder Brother stood between me and a good Estate, I made bold to remove him.

Pilg. By no violent Means.

Sir Ant. Something before his time. I had a Jointure too incumber'd me; but a Physician after my own Heart eas'd me, and my good Lady Grandmother.

Pilg. And dare you own it?

Sir Ant. Not at a Bar of Justice.

Pilg. So horrid a Villany!

Sir Ant. Never troubles me: I don't proclaim it but in my Cups, and where I think I'm safe to Men of my own Kidney —

Pilg. You confess your self a Villain?

Sir Ant. Any kind of Rogue that serves my Turn; for I am of a Principle. that levels every thing in the way of my Pleasure or Profit.

Pilg. A worthy Principle!

Sir Ant. I cheat the Men, and lye with the Women, as many as I can get in my Power.

Pilg. Sir, I honour you; pray sit down again. [*They sit.*

Sir Ant. To hear you preach again?

Pilg. And are you really this Rogue you pretend to be?

Sir Ant. Are you the Fool you pretend to be?

Pilg. I must come nearer to you.

[*Shows a Casket.*

Sir Ant. How, Jewels!

Pilg. I bring my Welcom with me.

Sir Ant. Enough to set up a Saint: The Lady of *Lo-retto* may keep her Chamber; thou hast spoil'd her Holy-days, by robbing her Shrine: For thou hast robb'd hers, or some other, that's certain.

202 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Pilg. 'Tis certain I have the Jewels: How I came by 'em, and why I put on this Habit——

Sir Ant. Then you are no *Pilgrim*?

Pilg. No more than you are a Priest. I am as arrant a Rogue as you can be; a Shifter of Shapes and Names; have travell'd through every Profession, and cheated in all; so having by my Industry gather'd a handsome Fortune, I converted that into Jewels, and my self into a *Pilgrim*, for the safer Conveyance of both into *Spain*, whither I was going 'till I light upon you.

Sir Ant. I saw you thro' your Weeds, and had a mind to discover you.

Pilg. Well, now you have discover'd me——

Sir Ant. Why, now I like you.

Pilg. But are you sure you like me?

Sir Ant. Like you extreamly.

Pilg. If you can like me, you may love me too; for a Woman I know you are.

Sir Ant. Am I discover'd too——

[*Aside.*

Pilg. Nay, I'm resolv'd to like you in any Sex.

[*Squeezing and kissing her Hand.*

But it is impossible such Beauty should be a Man's: And I will think you a Woman, [*Approaching still nearer.* 'Till you convince me to the contrary.

Sir Ant. Have you a Mistress to be convinc'd to the contrary?

Pilg. We were made for one another's Conversation; here's that shall keep it in Humour.

[*Lays his Hand on the Casket.*

Sir Ant. I have heard of *Mark Antony's* Pearl Cordial.

Pilg. You shall drink nothing else but Pearl dissolv'd: Ha! What's the Matter with me? [*Yawns often.*

Sir Ant. Now, now my Dose begins——you grow indifferent——

Pilg. My Senses vanish all.

[*Rises, and struggles all he can against it; but falls into his Chair asleep.*

Sir Ant. What, fall a-sleep before me?

Pilg. By and by I'll come again to you.

The RAMBLING LADY. 203

Sir Ant. So, he's as safe as his Casket in my Custody: Governor, you may appear.

Enter Waitwell.

Here's an Oriental Present from the *Mogul*, by the Hands of his Embassador there.

Wait. He looks as he were drunk-dead, or dead-drunk.

Sir Ant. Examine his Pockets, let's see what Credentials he has for his Character, tho' you see I have treated him like an Embassador without 'em.

Wait. Here are Tablets full of *Memorandums*, to avoid such and such Places where he has done his Rogueries.

Sir Ant. Very well; these, when he awakes, will make good, if he should have the Impudence to dispute my Title to the Theft.

Wait. You won't keep all the Jewels?

Sir Ant. A round Ransom may redeem 'em; but him I must expose, Governor; when I send for him, bring him in a Chair to the *Abbe's*.

Wait. Most carefully.

Sir Ant. And if *Sir Gentle* enquire for me, as I expect he will, direct him thither.

Wait. I won't fail.

Sir Ant. I have a Mistress for him.

[*Exit.*

[*The Pilgrim carry'd off.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Ilford alone.

Ilf. Volante is so busie for another, she has nothing to do for her self; so closely employ'd for *Valentine*, she has no Employment for any Body; or when she has, 'tis partially design'd for that Boy-Knight, in prejudice of every Man that may with more Reason pretend——

Sir Antony crosses the Stage.

Sir Antony——*Sir Antony*——a Word with you——

Sir Ant. Prithee let me go; I am big with a Jest, and shall certainly miscarry with the first grave Word you say to me.

Ilf.

204 Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,

Ilf. Be deliver'd of your Burthen then, lay it at my Door; I'll Father it for a Friend.

[Bringing him back by the Hand.

Sir Ant. As some Men wou'd a Bastard, for the Reputation of getting it.

Ilf. I have thought better of this rivalling Business between us; I see plainly *Volante* declares for you——

Sir Ant. I think the poor Creature loves me indeed.

Ilf. And 'tis to no purpose to proceed——

Sir Ant. None in the World, Sir.

Ilf. In the measures I had taken in making my way to her; therefore now I come, like a Friend, to desire a Favour of you.

Sir Ant. Now you say something, *Ilford*.

Ilf. And like a Friend to advise you; you're a very pretty Fellow, and have a great many dancing Years to trip over, before you come to be serious.

Sir Ant. I hope so, Sir,

Ilf. You shou'd Ramble before you Settle——

Sir Ant. For fear of rambling after——

Ilf. You are too great a Good, among the Women, to think of being particular; a dozen Years too gay for the Condition——

Sir Ant. Too gay for a Lover?

Ilf. Too gay for a Husband.

Sir Ant. Ay, marry, Sir, a Husband!

Ilf. How, Sir?

Sir Ant. I make Love sometimes, but do not often marry.

Ilf. What do you follow *Volante* for then?

Sir Ant. Can't you tell for what? For as good a thing you may swear, *Ilford*: You guess at her Inclinations, poor Rogue; and a Lady shall never lose her Longing upon me; I design to lye with her.

Ilf. Without marrying her?

Sir Ant. Without asking any Consent but her own; I am not for many Words, when I have a mind to be doing.

Ilf. So impudent a thing I never heard!

Enter

Enter Volante.

Vol. Quarrelling again, Gentlemen!

Sir Ant. Upon the old Subject.

Ilf. I hate the Employment and Character of an Informer: But you come so upon the scandalous Minute, I must tell you what that young Gentleman——

Vol. *Sir Antony* has no Friend of you, Sir.

Ilf. Nor you of him, Madam; as you will find, when you hear what he says of you.

Vol. Pray, what's the Matter?

Ilf. He has the Impudence not only to design it, but ev'n to me his Rival, who love and honour you——

Vol. Your Story, Sir, your Story!

Ilf. He dares notoriously tell me to my Face, That he never design'd to marry you; but because you were in love with him, poor Creature, he wou'd do you the Favour to lye with you.

Sir Ant. Madam, you know he hates me upon your Account; and this is one of the poor Endeavours of his Malice to ruin me: You can't think I wou'd be such a Villain——

Vol. I won't think it, *Sir Antony*.

Sir Ant. Such an Ideot, if I cou'd have it in my Head, to declare it to my Rival.

Vol. Oh no ——it is not probable.

Ilf. By Heav'n and Earth he said it.

Vol. I wou'd not believe it for Earth and Heav'n, if he did.

Ilf. Nay then 'tis labour lost.

Vol. If you'll deliver this Letter to *Valentine*, you'll do him more service, [*Gives Ilford a Letter.*] than you have me with your News——I won't leave you behind me, *Sir Antony*.

Sir Ant. I am going to the *Abbe's*, Madam. [*Exe.*]

Ilf. Well! I cou'd almost wish, he wou'd lie with her, to convince her; tho' she won't believe me, she will him; and that, in time, will be a sufficient Revenge upon her Folly.

Enter

206 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Enter Abbe and Valentine to Ilford: Count Verole, with six Bravo's on the other side; they stare upon each other, and pass on. Abbe, Valentine, and Ilford remain.

Abb. The Count has his Guard du Corps, Valentine.

Val. Sir Antony has alarm'd him.

Ilf. He is in a State of War, fit to give Battel already.

Val. What he wants in his Person, he has in his Equipage: But they threaten too much, to do any Harm.

Abb. Do you secure your Person; *Volante* shall secure your Mistress against him, I warrant her.

Ilf. Here's a Letter she gave me for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *The Abbe's House.*

Pilgrim brought in a Chair: Sir Anthony Love after it.

Sir Ant. Down with your Burthen; and place him in that Chair. So, this is as proper a Scene to recommend our Farce to the Family, as we can have——

Enter Waitwell.

Wait. Sir Gentle Golding is below, and wou'd speak with you.

Sir Ant. One of you bring him up——

[To the Chair-men, who go out.]

Governor, he must not know you belong to me.

Wait. I know your Design upon him; and I'll be gone to put Things in Order to receive him——

Sir Ant. To receive *Valentine*: He shall be welcome to me; but to deceive Sir Gentle.

Wait. You are as busie as a Projector; some of your Plots must miscarry.

Sir Ant. Ha! he begins to stir: How long will the Opiate hold him?

Wait. If he wakes before the Company comes, you lose your Pleasure of laughing at him.

Sir Ant. But I have a sudden Thought, may give us a better Diversion. [*Exit Waitwell.*]

Enter Sir Gentle Golding.

Sir Gent. Sir Antony, your most incomparable humble Servant.

Sir Ant. Sir Gentle, I have done your Business.

Sir

Sir Gent. With the Lady you promis'd me?

Sir Ant. With that very Lady; I've secur'd an Appointment for you; but being a Woman of Quality——

Sir Gent. There you oblige me for ever.

Sir Ant. Tho' something decay'd, and fall'n in her Fortune——She must be humour'd in little things; she will have her Forms.

Sir Gent. I warrant her; and very fit she shou'd. A Person of Quality is known by her Forms.

Sir Ant. They last but 'till the Evening, then I'll carry you to wait on her. [*Shows the Pilgrim.*] Here's a drunken Pilgrim with afford you Merriment enough to entertain some part of the time.

Sir Gent. Dead drunk, as I intend to live sober.

Sir Ant. Do me the Favour to stay, and secure him, if he shou'd wake. I'll but bring the *Abbe* and his Family to share in abusing him, and be with you again. [*Exit.*]

Sir Gent. Why, what an unlucky, hypocritical Rogue is this, to be discover'd, and to lie at the Mercy of *Sir Antony*! If he were but half as Holy, as he pretended, he might 'scape by Miracle; but he sleeps so sound, no Revelation can wake him.

Pilg. Boy, draw the Curtain, Sirrah——

[*Turns in his Chair, and makes Signs of waking.*]

Sir Gent. Is the Light in your Eyes, Sir? What pains he takes to come to himself! Gad, I'll play the Rogue with him——I'll be the Midwife to his Labour——Stay, let me see, a stiff Straw wou'd do rarely, to probe his Sobriety. If his Brain be touch't, he'll take up the more time in his Cure, and 'tis well if ever he be his own Man again. Now for the Experiment.

[*Tickling his Nose, the Pilgrim jumps up, and throws Sir Gentle along, and in his thoughtfulness stumbles over him: Both amaz'd, raise themselves up on their Bottoms, and stare at each other.*]

Pilg. Ha! am I alive? Where have I been? Where am I now? How came I here? Who are you? What wou'd you have?

Sir Gent. Have! my self in a Wish to *England*. Wou'd I were in my Mother's Belly again.

Pilg.

208 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Pilg. Speak, I conjure you, speak to me.

Sir Gent. He's as heartily frightned, as I can be; I'll pluck up a Spirit, and speak to him.

Pilg. Some ill thing has possess'd me.

Sir Gent. Yes, possess'd thou art; by the lewd Spirit of powerful Wine possess'd. A drunken Devil.

Pilg. A Bottle, and *Sir Antony* I remember, and the Discoveries I made him. [*Both rise.*]

Sir Gent. You are discover'd, and in the *Abbe's* House--

Pilg. In the *Abbe's* House!

Sir Gent. Where now your Business is to be laugh'd at, and expos'd; and the whole Family are coming to make your Holiness a ridiculous Visit to that purpose.

Pilg. That young Rogue *Sir Antony*! Has he done nothing else to me? [*Examining his Pockets.*] Undone, undone! I'm robb'd, and ruin'd: My Jewels gone! my Table-book gone too! that may do me more harm, than the Jewels can do any Body good.

Sir Gent. Have you lost your Learning? How cou'd you miss it so soon? A Table-book?

Pilg. Sir, I am robb'd; and I took you very suspiciously about my Pockets; you shall answer the Robbery.

Sir Gent. Why, do I look like a Pick-pocket? I'd have you to know, I scorn your Words: But that Trick shan't serve your Turn—

Pilg. Serve my Turn, Sir— [*Offering to go by him.*]

Sir Gent. You must not 'scape me so.

Pilg. Why, Sir, am I your Prisoner? I must not be found here. [*Aside.*] I have an Inkhorn may frighten him.

Sir Gent. Look you, Sir, here's the Inside of my Peckets; I have nothing about me, but Bills of Exchange, and this Purse of *Elizabeth* Broad Gold: You shall search me, if you please,

Pilg. I have search'd you, and found you, and must go by you too— [*Presents an Inkhorn to his Breast.*]

Sir Gent. O Lord, Sir, I don't hinder you—

Pilg. No, no, you had not best.

Sir Gent. Pray take it away: I have a natural Aversion to the smell of Gun-powder—Tho' 'twill be difficult to get away, for the Servants are order'd to stop you.

Pilg. How! to stop me!

Sir Gent. Now he wont offer to go.

Pilg. The Servants order'd to stop me, do you say?

Sir Gent. If you be the *Pilgrim*.

Pilg. Then I'll be the *Pilgrim* no longer—

[Undresses himself.]

Sir Gent. What will you be then pray?

Pilg. Ev'n *Sir Gentle Golding*; I will get off in your Person, since I can't in my own; I must change Out-sides with you—

[Begins to undress *Sir Gent.* Gold.]

Sir Gent. O Lord, Sir, there's no Occasion for it: I know nothing of a Design upon you.

Pilg. That's more than I know.

Sir Gent. Faith and troth now, what I said, was only to play the Rogue with you.

Pilg. And what I do, is to play the Fool with you. You must strip, Sir.

Sir Gent. O, but this is carrying the Jest too far.

Pilg. Look you, you may keep your Worship and Wit for your own wearing; but I must borrow your Cloaths.

Sir Gent. At any other time, and welcome; I should be pleas'd with the Humour on't; but this is my first Day of wearing 'em; besides, there's a Mistress in the Case—

[Dresses himself in *Sir Gentle's* Cloaths.]

Pilg. As long as you live, prefer a Friend to a Mistress, *Sir Gentle*; come, Sir, a little of your Assistance.

Sir Gent. But I am to see her this Evening; and one wou'd be well drest you know, the first time.

Pilg. If you must see your Mistress, visit her in Masquerade; 'tis a fashionable way of beginning an Intrigue—and a Pilgrims Habit—is as Fanstical, as you can contrive—to give a Lady a Curiosity—of knowing more of you—and that I know is your Business.

Sir Gent. That is my Business indeed: But if I lose my time—

Pilg.

210 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Pilg. Don't make a Noise, nor follow me; 'tis if you wou'd see her, or little *England* again, know your Friends, and give Thanks, Sir—— [Exit.

Sir Gent. What a pass have I brought my self to, by my own Policy! Why must I needs lye my self out of my Cloaths? If I had held my Tongue, or spoke but the Truth, he wou'd ha' gone about his Business, without interrupting mine. Now here I must stay, to be expos'd in his room: But in a foolisher Figure, than ever the *Pilgrim* made: He was only disguis'd: But I am stript. He was drunk indeed; wou'd I were dead drunk, to cover my Shame, any way; wou'd I had any Disguise. I Gad I'll put on the *Pilgrim's*——It can't be worse with me——Besides, the Respect that is paid to this Cloathing, will at least carry me safe to my Lodging. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Pilgrim in Sir Gentle's Cloaths, with Monsieur Traffique.

Traff. Sir, I have accepted these Bills already.

Pilg. I know you have: But my Occasions falling out more Extraordinary than I expected, I am forc'd to press you for this Bill of 100 Pistoles, before the Day.

Traff. I have so often suffer'd, for those Complementary Payments, that I have resolv'd against 'em: But my Correspondent gives me an account of *Sir Gentle Golding*; you shall have what Credit you please with me.

Pilg. A hundred Pistoles I have present use for.

Traff. If my Cashier were at home, you should have 'em along with you; but in the Morning, as soon as you please——

Pilg. I'll send my Servant to you——Pray, Sir, what News have you in the City?

Traff. The newest, Sir, is of a *Pilgrim*, that is suspected of something; I am Imperfect in the Particulars; but there are Warrants out to apprehend him, that I know.

Pilg. There's no believing Out-sides; Sir, your Servant. [Exit *Pilg.*

Traff.

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Traff. So I think too: and therefore I will be better inform'd, whether you are *Sir Gentle Golding* or no, before I leave you. [Exit.]

Enter Pilgrim at another Door.

Pilg. The hundred Pistoles, if I had receiv'd 'em, had carry'd me off cleverly, and for some time supported my Designs, in another place, till an Opportunity had favour'd me in making a handsome Composition with *Sir Antony* about my Jewels — However, I make a pretty good Figure still; here's a good Suit of Cloaths to begin the World with again —

[Strutting and looking on his Cloaths.]

Enter Courtaut, the Taylor's Man.

Court. Bless your Worship, *Sir Gentle*, long may you live to wear 'em; how do your Cloaths fit you, *Sir*?

Court. Very well, Friend, very well.

Court. Have you forgot me, Master?

Pilg. No, no, I han't forgot thee; for I never saw thee before.

Court. I am poor *Courtaut*, your Taylor's Finisher; I brought your Honour's Cloaths home to you this Morning —

Pilg. Did you so, did you so?

Court. By the same Token, you said, you would give me something to drink your Health; but you were pleas'd to forget it.

Pilg. I remember I gave thee nothing indeed; but the next time —

Court. Ay, an't like your Honour, I am contented to stay, if my Master would: But he has beaten me black and blew for leaving the Cloaths behind me, without Mony.

Pilg. Gad forgive me; that I should forget that too! But come to my Lodging an Hour hence —

Court. Please you, I'll wait upon you now to your Lodging —

Pilg. How shall I shake him off?

[Aside.]

Court. For I dare not go home without the Mony, or some part on't?

Pilg.

112 Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,

Pilg. Here, take this Purse, 'tis more than the Debt, but take the rest for thy self, now I remember thee——

Enter Traffique with a Servant of Sir Gentle's.

The *Elizabeth* broad Gold has deliver'd me.

Serv. Yes, Master *Monsieur*, that is my Master, Sir *Gentle* Golding. You shall see me speak to him——

[*Goes to the Pilgrim.*]

Traff. Young Man, a word with you. [*To Courtaut.*]

Pilg. More Debts to pay! I shall fall like an Executor without Affets.

Serv. Sir, I have been about your Business, with the Messenger, as you order'd me——

Pilg. This is one of my *English* Servants it seems; I'll answer him in *French* to get rid of him.

Serv. If you were at leisure——

Pilg. *Que Demandez vous? que dites vous Laquais? Entendez vous le François, gran Coquen?*

Serv. How's this? I durst ha' sworn it had been my Master; but I am sure he has no more Languages than Tongues, and that his Mother gave him: Besides he's too good an *Englishman*, to learn any thing in another Country.

Pilg. *Je ne vous en tens pas, je ne parle pas Anglois.*

Serv. It seems I was mistaken, Sir, this is some Outlandish Man; he can't speak *English*.

Traff. How, not speak *English*?

Court. I'm sure he paid me for the Suit upon his Back, but just now, in very good *English*——

Traff. And would have borrow'd a hundred Pistoles of me, in as civil *English*——

Pilg. I can speak *English*, Gentlemen, I spoke *French*, only to try, if that Fellow had learn'd any thing, since he came into the Country.

Serv. I'll have a Trial with you. This is some Rogue that has murder'd my Master——

Court. And stole his Cloaths——

Traff. And robb'd him of his Bills of Exchange.

[*Exeunt after the Pilgrim.*]

Serv. Murder, Murder; Roguery, Thievery, stop him.

Enter Sir Antony, Valentine, Ilford, and Abbe.

Ilf. Nay the *Pilgrim* was in the right, in getting off be'ore your Evidence came upon him. *Abb.*

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Abb. I never heard of so Extraordinary a Rogue, as he confesses himself to be in these Tablets.

Val. But that our gentle Knight, should neither hinder him from going, nor be forth-coming himself, makes me believe some Ridiculous Accident has light upon him.

Sir Ant. Let it be but Ridiculous enough, and I may forgive him.

Abb. The Ports are shut, and for the *Pilgrim*, if he be in the City, we shall have him again.

Enter Sir Gentle in the Pilgrim's Habit.

Ilf. What's that sneaks by us so?

Val. Our very, very Saint. [*Gathering about him.*]

Sir Ant. Good morrow *Pilgrim*!

Abb. Won't you know your Friends?

Ilf. We were too late for your Levee. But Men of your Austerity and Life never indulge the Flesh, by sleeping long; you are an early Stirrer.

Abb. Pray look up: You can do nothing sure to cast you down.

Ommes. Sir Gentle Golding!

Sir Gent. Ev'n the very same.

Val. What do you in this Habit?

Sir Gent. 'Tis whimsical and odd; I had a Mind to try if you could know me in this Disguise.

Sir Ant. O yes, we know you in any Disguise.

Abb. But there's a Warrant out against the *Pilgrim*; you'll be taken up for him.

Sir Gent. Why? you don't take me for the *Pilgrim*.

Ilf. But the Government will.

Sir Gent. The Government then, will take me for as very Rascal as lives unhang'd in it.

Val. But what's become of him?

Sir Ant. You were last with him —

Val. You have convey'd him away.

Ilf. Or murder'd him —

Abb. You must answer for him, for you have his Cloaths.

Sir Gent. Nay if it be so, I'll tell you how I came by them —

Ilf.

214 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Ilf. The whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Sir Gent. I'll see him hang'd, before I tell a Lie for a Rogue, that has us'd me so scurvily——

Sir Ant. How scurvily, dear Knight?

Sir Gent. Why, when you left me you know, alone with him, he took his Time, when my Back was turn'd, and clapt a Pistol to my Breast——

Abb. Bless the Mark? a Pistol!

Val. A Pistol, *Sir Gentle!*

Sir Gent. A double Barrel'd Pistol.

Sir Ant. A brace of Bullets in each, I warrant you.

Sir Gent. I warrant you there were: For he swore he would shoot me thro' the Head——

Ilf. The Pistol was at your Breast, *Sir Gentle.*

Sir Gent. Breast, did I say——Did I say, at my Breast, Gentlemen? But Breast or Head, Sir——He swore he would murder me, if I did not give him my Cloaths, to make his Escape in.

Val. And so, you gave him your Cloaths?

Sir Gent. No, I thank you; that were to make my self Accessory; I put him to the Trouble of taking 'em.

Abb. And very wisely done, Sir.

Sir Ant. So he stript you?

Sir Gent. To my very Shirt, I'll make Oath on't, before a Magistrate.

Ilf. You put on his Cloaths then, as one may say, in your own Defence?

Sir Gent. You may so indeed.

Abb. Stick there, Sir, *Se defendendo* will bring you off.

Sir Gent. I must ha' gone home Naked else.

Sir Ant. And could you have pass'd sullenly by us, and conceal'd such an occasion of Laughing at you?

Sir Gent. Prithee, *Sir Antony*, no more on't.

Officers bring in the Pilgrim. Enter Monsieur Traffique, Courtaut, and Sir Golding's Servant.

Serv. Bring him along: Bring him along——

Val. What Rabble have we here?

Serv. We are enow to hang one Rogue, or we deserve to beat Hemp for one another.

Abb. Where are you haleing the Gentleman?

The RAMBLING LADY. 215

Pilg. Sir *Antony*, I am in your Power; stand but my Friend in this Business, and bring me off, you shall make your own Conditions about the Jewels——

[*He and Sir Antony confer.*]

Serv. I'll swear point-blank my Master's Murder upon him.

Abb. Who is your Master, Friend?

Serv. Sir *Gentle Golding*, and like you; and I am his Man.

Sir Gent. Ay, 'tis my Man indeed, would I were his Master again.

Serv. You my Master, you Rascal! my Master's a Knight——

Sir Ant. Now *Abbe*, I am even with you and your Pilgrim: But since I have brought him so far into this Business, 'tis matter of Conscience to bring him out again. I was provided for his Impertinence; and since I could not make him drunk, I gave him an Opiate to expose him as if he were; for that purpose I removed him to your House: But coming to himself before I expected, he scap'd that Design——

Pilg. And finding the Disgrace ready to fall on me, and in your House, I made bold to change Cloaths with Sir *Gentle Golding*——

Sir Gent. 'Tis true indeed, Gentlemen.

Pilg. But since Matters are brought to a clearing, I am ready to return 'em to the Gentleman.

Sir Ant. As you had 'em, I hope?

Pilg. Every thing but his Purse; which I was forc'd to give his Tailor there to get rid of him. -

Abb. Return the Purse.

Traf. I'll see your Master paid.

[*To Courtaut.*]

The hundred Pistoles are ready, Sir.

[*To the Pilgrim.*]

Pilg. For Sir *Gentle Golding*, I only hasten'd you.

Sir Gent. Why, how did you know I wanted such a Sum?

Traf. It shall be paid to you, or your Order.

Sir Gent. Pray pay it to no body else.

[*Exeunt Traffique and Courtaut.*]

Abb. You've done your Duty, Gentlemen; 'tis very well. Pilgrim, a word with you.——

[*Takes him aside.*]

Val.

216 *Sir ANTONY LOVE! Or,*

Val. How this fooling has run away with the Time!

[*Looks on's Watch.*]

Sir Ant. I'll be for you immediately.

[*Takes Sir Gentle aside.*]

Val. Within a quarter of Ten already!

Ilf. I should ha' been glad to ha' made one, *Valentine.*

Val. I thank you; but Numbers may discover us, and *Sir Antony* won't be out of the Business.

Abb. Do me but this piece of Service, and I won't only pardon you, but reward you well when you ha' don't. Besides, 'tis a kind of Revenge upon *Sir Antony.*

Pilg. I am at your Mercy, and you shall command me any thing.

Ilf. *Sir Gentle* says, you drew a Pistol upon him.

Val. That was not according to the Law of Arms.

Pilg. I can't tell how his Fear represented it, but i was an Inkhorn that disarm'd him.

Sir Ant. You won't fail, when I send for you?

Sir Gent. I'll but change Cloaths with that Gentleman, and be ready as soon as you please.

[*Exeunt Sir Gentle, Pilgrim, and Servant.*]

Sir Ant. Now *Valentine* have with you —

Abb. 'Tis near upon your Appointment with my Neice: I'll secure her Father within, the better to favour her running away from him.

Ilf. I wish you well, Gentlemen. [*They go out several ways, Ilford and the Abbe; but Sir Ant. and Val. together.*]

SCENE changes to the Back-side of a Great House with Gardens.

Enter Count Varole with six Bravo's.

Ver. To morrow; let but once to morrow come,
And she is mine, marry'd, and wholly mine:
If then not wholly mine, 'twill be my Fault.
Gentlemen, we must be every where to Night:
This *Englishman*, that dares to Rival me,
May attempt farther; if he should, I think
Florianse but too inclin'd to pardon him.

But

The RAMBLING LADY. 217

But we'll prevent the worst. (*Whistle.*)

[*Valentine and Sir Antony make the Signal at the Garden-door, which opens upon it. Floriante retires upon the Noise of Swords, crying Murder.*

Stand and observe their Motions.

Nay, then 'tis he; be sure you Murder him.

Count Canaille enters with Sword in Hand, runs to assist Valentine and Sir Antony against the Bravo's.

Can. Villains and Murderers---I hope you are not hurt.

Val. Thank your Assistance, Sir.

Sir Ant. If I am not a Man in this point, I'll never wear Breeches more.

Val. I know 'twas *Count Verole*.

Can. He has not rais'd himself in my Esteem by this base Action——

Enter Floriante.

What do you out of Doors?

Flo. I could not stay within, knowing your Danger.

Can. 'Tis over, now retire.

Flo. Pray pardon me; if I have done any undecent thing, my Duty caused it in my Fears for you. [*Exit.*

Val. I'm sorry I have alarmed your Family.

Sir Ant. I dare swear for him he is.

Can. So far 'tis well, Sir: If you think your self obliged for what is past, shew it in what's to come; forbear my House, my Daughter is dispos'd of: So Good-night. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. Very good Advice, *Valentine*: Since you can't make it a Good-night with his Daughter, make it as good as you can with some body else.

Val. Why Faith, the Expectation of her has rais'd me into a Desire of any thing in Petticoats.

Sir Ant. What think you of my *English Lady*?

Val. You owe me a Favour there, *Sir Antony*.

Sir Ant. To Night I'll pay it then; I have an Appointment upon me now; but not being in so perfect a Condition to oblige her, you shall make an End of my Quarrel.

Val. With all my Heart.

Sir Ant. I'll send my Governor to conduct you.

218 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Val. He, like other wife Men, makes no scruple of Pimping, when he gets by the Employment.

Sir Ant. Then you are not one of those fine Gentlemen, who because they are in love with one Woman, can lie with no body else?

Val. Not I, Faith Knight; I may be a Lover, but I must be a Man.

Sir Ant. When the dear Days of Rambling Joys
are o'er,
When Nature grudges to supply your Whore,
There's Love enough for Marriage left in store. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Waitwell disguis'd, with Sir Gentle Golding.

Wait. **S**IR *Antony* not being able to wait upon you in Person, as he designed, has desired me his Friend—

Sir Gent. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Wait. To shew you the Way.

Sir Gent. I'll shew my good Breeding, and follow you.

Wait. The Lady is at present in private; when she has dispatch'd her own Business, she'll be ready for yours.

Sir Gent. Then she's a Woman of Business.

Wait. And of Dispatch too, Sir: If you love Pictures, there's a Gallery will take up your Thoughts till the Lady's at leisure to employ 'em better. I'll let her know you're here. [*Exit.*]

Sir Gent. How Ceremony disguises any thing! I can't take this civil Gentleman for a Pimp, tho' I have Occasion for him; nor this House for a Bawdy-house, tho' I have a Mind to make it one. Would *Sir Antony* were here, to encourage me with his Impudence: When I have Company to halloo me, I can fasten like a Bull-dog. But I have a villanous Suspicion, that when I see this Lady,

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dy, I shall take her for a civil Gentlewoman; abuse her a way she does not deserve; think too well of her, and lose my Labour. [Exit]

SCENE *changes to a Bed-Chamber.*

A S O N G.

Valentine following Sir Antony Love in her Woman's Cloaths.

Val. Faith Madam, your Entertainment will keep you in Countenance; you may own the making of it.

Sir Ant. You'll trust your Stomach with a covered Dish another time, Sir?

Val. You may shew your Face after it, and expect the Thanks of the Company.

Sir Ant. And disgrace the Reputation I have got with you in other things.

Val. Nay, if you think so, I would not have you shew it for the World.

Sir Ant. That were to ruin the Compliment you intend me.

Val. But after all, if your Face should be as delicate as your other Charms——

Sir Ant. But if it should not be as delicate——

Val. Then keep it to your self; but 'tis pity 'tis not: But be it what it is, I will pay some part of my Thanks in advising you.

Sir Ant. You would say Grace and be gone, my serious Sinner, would you?

Val. Only to make sure of coming again Child, that's all.

Sir Ant. Some of that all, I beseech you——

Val. My Doctrine will turn to thy use, Child, and lead me often to thee, if thou hast but the Grace to make the right Application.

Sir Ant. Good Holder-forth, bate your damn'd Faces, and begin.

Val. Why then, in the first Place, about our Friend Sir Antony; he's a very pretty Fellow I grant you; but he's a Boy, a giddy-pated Boy——

220 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

Sir Ant. A little too young indeed to be trusted —

Val. In an Affair of this nature, by any Woman that has a Reputation to secure with her Pleasure.

Sir Ant. I have been afraid of his talking indeed a great while.

Val. You must expect it, Madam; he has not Experience enough to value you: All Women are alike to the young Fellows; as indeed all Fellows are alike to the young Women; neither Sex chuses well, till they come to an Age of Discretion.

Sir Ant. There I am with you indeed.

Val. There is a maturity requir'd in Love, as in other Fruits, to recommend the true Relish of it to the distinguishing Palate of an *Epicure*. I am some-thing a better Judge of that Pleasure than he can be: And I think fitter, a great deal, for an Intrigue with your Ladyship, both in Discretion and Performance —

Sir Ant. Than *Sir Antony* can be. [Shows her Face.]

Val. *Sir Antony* in Petticoats, my good Friend Mrs. *Lucy*!

Sir Ant. But are not you a Rogue, *Valentine*? Not to receive a Courtesie from a Lady by the favour of your Friend, but you must abuse your Trust, and supplant the very Interest that rais'd you to her?

Val. I am confounded indeed! But are you *Sir Antony Love*?

Sir Ant. All but my Petticoats.

Val. And are you sure you're a Woman?

Sir Ant. Are not you sure of that, Sir?

Val. I am; and charm'd with the Certainty —

[Kisses her.]

Now every Pleasure past comes o'er my Thoughts:
How many Opportunities have I lost,
That you have giv'n me, and must answer for!

Sir Ant. There are as many to come; you shall command 'em all.

Val. Now I remember; you father'd a Bastard for me, at *Paris* —

Sir Ant. I had the Reputation of it indeed; and should have had the Cow with the Calf; for her Father pursu'd me

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me to marry her, thro' all means of Accommodation, in-
to the strait at last of confessing my Sex to the *English*
Ambassador—

Val. This you never told me before.

Sir Ant. He had her punish'd, and secur'd me in his
Family, as long as I staid there; for you know, he was
a Man of Honour—

Val. And a Man of Gallantry too, Madam, that knew
which way to improve such a piece of good Fortune—

Sir Ant. As well as any Body; and so he did *Valentine*:
By his Generosity and good Usage he press'd me so very
far, that not being able to answer the Obligations I had
to him, (having you in my Head at that very time) I
was forc'd to run away from him, to get rid of him.

Val. How could you keep this from me so long?

Sir Ant. Now 'tis more welcome to you.

Val. Had I known it before, it had been in my Power—

Sir Ant. Not to marry me, I hope, *Valentine*! But if
you could be in that Mind (which I neither desire, nor
deserve) I know you too well, to think of securing you
that way.

Val. But I would not have engag'd my self, any where
else—

Sir Ant. I know your Engagements to *Floriente*; and
you shall marry her. That will disengage you, I warrant
you.

Val. You continue your Opinion of Marriage.

Sir Ant. *Floriente*; I grant you, would be a dangerous
Rival in a Mistress—

Val. Nothing can Rival thee.

Sir Ant. And you might linger out, a long liking of
her, to my Uneasiness, and your own; but Matrimony,
that's her Security, is mine: I can't apprehend her in a
Wife.

Enter Waitwell.

Sir Ant. Well Governor, what think you of my Ma-
nagement?

Wait. Why, if you take but half the Pains in your Pro-
fit, that you have spent in your Pleasure, I think we
may expect a very good account of the Knight—

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Val. *Sir Gentle Golding!* he's in your Debt indeed: I had not leifure to remember him.

Sir Ant. We'll laugh at him at leifure.

Wait. He's in the Gallery, expecting your Pleasure.

Sir Ant. My Pleasure is to see him, bring him in.

[*Exit Waitwell.*]

I promis'd him a Mistrefs, you must know: 'Twill be foolish enough to observe him, when he discovers me; pray stay, and laugh with me.

Val. The Interview must needs be ridiculous.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Sir Gentle Golding introduc'd by Waitwell: He is surpriz'd at the sight of Sir Antony.

Wait. My Office ends, where the Lady begins; I'll leave you to her.

Sir Gent. Pray, Sir, a word with you——

Wait. The fewer the better, till you have saluted her: You see she expects it.

Sir Gent. I should have saluted her indeed: But the surprize of your Beauty, Madam, made me forget my Compliment.

Sir Ant. My Face has surpriz'd him, I believe.

Sir Gent. Pray, did I never see this Gentlewoman before?

Wait. You best can tell that, Sir; but you are concern'd at something.

Sir Gent. A little concern'd I am indeed, but 'tis only to know, whether I know her, or no.

Wait. In your Tour of France, you may have seen her; she's of the Country.

Sir Gent. A French Woman?

Wait. Of Languedock.

Sir Gent. I durst ha' sworn she was an English Woman!

Wait. Born and bred among us.

Sir Gent. I'm glad on't, with all my Heart. For I knew a little Woman, but a great Devil, so like her in England——

Wait. Very like, Sir.

Sir Gent. That faith and troth, I was down-right confounded at the sight of her.

Wait.

Wait. Some Mistress, that you have forsaken——

Sir Gent. O fie, Sir, I never do those things——

Wait. I warrant you, and the guilt of her ill Usage haunts you up and down, in her Shape.

Sir Gent. Nay, I deserve it indeed if it should be so; for I was too barbarous to the poor Devil, considering I was the first that undid her.

[*Sir Antony making a Curtsey, points Sir Gentle to a Chair.*]

Wait. See, Sir, the Lady would have you sit down by her; I never saw her make such Advances before; you are very much in favour.

Sir Gent. Soft and fair. I must be more in your Favour, before I have done with you.

Wait. She does not speak *English*. But there's an universal Character in Love, which every Creature can comprehend; when she has you alone, she'll grope out your Meaning, I warrant you. [Exit.]

Sir Gent. So, since we have nothing to say to one another, we shall lose no time in Compliments; I like her exceedingly: Tho' I never look upon her, but *Lucia* comes in my Thoughts; she's so very like that jilting Jade, I shall never love her heartily: A Week will be the farthest I shall be constant to her. What Sign shall I make, to put her in mind of her Bed-chamber? Many speaks all Languages, this Purse will be my Interpreter. *Voulez vous, Do me the grand Favour——*

Sir Ant. But how shall we do to understand one another? You speak no *French*, and I speak no *English*; 'tis impossible to understand one another.

Sir Gent. Madam; you do speak *English*——

Sir Ant. I understand it a little; enough to know I resemble one——what do you call her, *Lucia*, ay, *Lucia*, a jilting Jade, you don't like; that for that reason you can't love me heartily; nor be constant above a Week: I understand so much, without speaking *English*; as you find to be understood.

Sir Gent. I find I do understand you.

Sir Ant. But I'll try to speak plainer to you.

Sir Gent. Nay, you speak plain enough, *Mrs. Lucy:* Would I were any where, to be rid of you.

Sir Ant. You see, we were not to part so. Fortune will have me oblig'd to you: I have almost spent the 500*l.* I borrow'd of you.

Sir Gent. I'm glad I had it for you, Madam.

Sir Ant. And faith, 'tis very kind, in an old Acquaintance, to follow me into *France*, to supply me again: I know you came a Purpose——

Sir Gent. Not quite a Purpose——

Sir Ant. No, not quite a Purpose, some little Business by the by of your own, you might have, I grant you: But this Purse you never design'd for me.

Sir Gent. I'll force nothing upon you, Madam; you may give it me again, if you don't like it.

Sir Ant. Yes, yes; the Purse is an amiable Purse, and very well to be lik'd; only the Sum does not amount to my Occasions: There's no retreating, *Sir Gentle*, you are in my Power, and, without a Ransom, must continue my Prisoner; you know I never want a Pistol upon these occasions; 'tis not the first time I have robb'd you.

Sir Gent. Any Composition; but don't murder me; you know I hate a Pistol.

Sir Ant. What have you in your Pockets? Nothing but Papers?

Sir Gent. You have got already all the Money I had about me.

Sir Ant. About you! with a Pox to you: Must I be so answer'd? And why had not you more about you? Stay, here's a Bill of 100 Pistoles, at present, shall excuse you——

Sir Gent. 'Tis very well it does.

Sir Ant. Payable to you, or your Order? Who's there?

Enter Waitwell.

Run, and receive this Bill for the Gentleman.

Wait. He should Indorse it first.

Sir Ant. Come, Sir, you must lend me your Order.

Sir Gent. No borrowing among Friends; I'll give it you, to Monsieur *Traffique*.

[*Writes, and gives Sir Ant. the Bill, and Sir Ant. gives it to Waitwell, who goes out.*]

Sir Ant. Why, that's well said.

Sir Gent. You live as it were by your Wits; 'tis better I should lose a little Money, than you should forget your Trade, for want of Employment.

Sir

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Sir Ant. A great deal better, *Sir Gentle!* But I must lock you up till the Money be paid.

Sir Gent. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; but he won't scruple the Payment.

Sir Ant. The next time I do you this Favour, take care to be better provided; don't let me lose my Labour upon you, I speak as a Friend to you.

Sir Gent. I'll take your Advice.

Sir Ant. If I were not just upon my leaving the Town, and in a very great haste, I can tell you, you should not get off so easily.

Sir Gent. I am beholding to you: But I am sorry we lose you so soon.

Sir Ant. You may find me again, if Christendom stands where it does a Twelve-month to an end; let not that trouble you. [Exit after Sir Gentle.]

Valentine comes forth.

Val. Thus all things are provided for by Fate:
The witty Man enjoys the Fool's Estate.
So Rich and Poor, let 'em compute their Gains;
One has his Lot in Lands, and one in Brains.
And 'tis but Justice Fortune should do more
For him, who being born so, would be poor. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Count Canaile and Abbe.

Can. I allow all you say: And last Night's Action has not declin'd the Count from my Esteem, more than it raises *Valentine*.

Abb. He'll keep your Daughter more orderly than a Nunnery can: Ev'n let him marry her.

Can. You know, I'm out of own Power and Choice.

Abb. Hang your Choice; you may be ashamed on't.

Can. Indeed I do repent it; but my Word and Reputation are engag'd to him.

Abb. Is that a Man to make a Grandfather?

Can. No other shall, by *Florante*, make me one: And therefore she shall be Religious, and take the Habit in her Sister's Room —

L 5

Abb.

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Abb. What, make a Nun of her, against her Will!

Can. To cut off all Pretenders; but to prove how I regard your Friend, *Charlot* you know, inferior in nothing but her Years, if *Valentine* likes her, she has my leave, and shall receive his Visits at the Grate: Let him but conquer her, he has gain'd me. [Exit.

Abb. Let him get *Floriana*, and he conquers thee.

Palmer enters in another Disguise.

Ah my little *Palmer*! You lye as close as a Man in a Proclamation; but you are a Pilgrim of Honour, I find——

Palm. Where I am engag'd, Sir——

Abb. Sir *Antony* can never discover thee.

[Turns him about.

Palm. I warrant I do your Business——

Abb. And your own Business——

Palm. My own Business to be sure, and Sir *Antony's* too, or I shall lose my Labour.

Abb. About it, about it instantly, and prosper, my little *Palmer*. [Exit *Palmer*.

Enter Valentine with Sir Antony and Sir Gentle.

Abb. *Valentine*! I have some News for you:

[Walks off with him.

Sir Ant. But you amaze me, Sir *Gentle*——

Sir Gent. It would amaze one indeed, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. 'Tis the oddest piece of Roguery and Impudence that I have heard of.

Sir Gent. Ay, so 'tis, 'tis pretty odd, and impudent indeed.

Sir Ant. A cheating Gypsie; I warrant she has had her Eye upon you, from your first coming to Town.

Sir Gent. Nay, not unlikely.

Sir Ant. I began to suspect her my self, she prest me so often to bring you.

Sir Gent. Ah; if I had known that, Sir *Antony*!

Sir Ant. Why, what if you had?

Sir Gent. Why, I would ha' staid away; but if you had been with me, it had been the better for me.

Sir Ant. Much at one for that, I believe. But is she gone out of Town, do you say? You should have apprehended her——

Sir

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Sir Gent. Pugh, pugh — she's gone from her Lodging, she must not stay long in a Place.

Sir Ant. 'Tis very well she's gone —

Sir Gent. Ay, so it is: And I hope I shall never see her again. [Exit.

Sir Ant. I dare swear for him, he speaks his Heart.

Enter Palmer to him;

Well, Sir — your Business with me? If it be grave or wise, keep it for your own Use; I never approve Discretion in any Man, but a Pimp.

Palm. Sir, you may say what you please, or call me what you please —

Sir Ant. Nay, Sir, I honour you, if you are one.

Palm. Then I am one, and one employ'd to you.

Sir Ant. Begin your Employment, that I may go about mine.

Palm. Why then, Sir, in few Words; there's a Lady dying for you —

Sir Ant. I never visit the Sick, let her die in Peace: But don't let a Priest come near her; he'll ask her bawdy Questions, when she has a Mind to be serious.

Palm. She's only dying for you, Sir.

Sir Ant. Were she living for me, I could say something to her; if she make a Will, as far as the Legacy goes, I may remember her.

Palm. Your Mirth becomes you, Sir; but the Lady's in very good Health, and, in short, only dying in love with you.

Sir Ant. Short and sweet.

Palm. And has a Mind —

Sir Ant. I know her Mind; and what she has a Mind to.

Palm. You know the World enough, Sir; to excuse a Lady in Love —

Sir Ant. And absolve her too.

Palm. Tho' she should have a Husband —

Sir Ant. For making him a Cuckold —

Palm. Not to make a Practice of it.

Sir Ant. The oftner the better.

Palm.

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Palm. Nay indeed; there's a great deal to be said for the poor Women; how can they help or avoid their Inclinations?

Men are to blame, who like young Conjurers, prove
(Safe in the Circle of a Wedding-Ring)

The Magick Spell of Wedlock upon Love:

So, Cuckolds make themselves by marrying.

Sir Ant. Very Casuistically brought about, Sir. And I am so much of your Opinion, that I think the Lady cannot do her self a better Justice, nor me a greater Favour, than allow me to wait upon her on such an occasion.

Palm. That she does in this Billet: And if you think it worth your while to visit her——will do you richer, and greater Favours.

Sir Ant. I am at present engag'd——but in the Evening——

Palm. The Evening would do well: I am bid to say, her Husband's out of Town, the rest her Note will best inform you in. [Going.]

Sir Ant. Then this shall be my Guide.

Palm. I may cheat you out of your Cunning, before I ha' done with you. [Exit.]

Sir Ant. Why, what the Devil am I engaging in again! I shall draw all the Women in Town upon me, at this rate: Maids, Wives, and Widows, have one Curiosity or another always to be satisfy'd. I have a Reputation among 'em; and if I don't keep it up, by answering their Expectations——I shall fail of mine, in my Frolicks, and be discover'd; and that I have no mind to be yet a while! But how the Devil shall I answer their Expectations——Or this Lady's in particular, who has bespoke me for her Evening Service? If I go, I shall disappoint her more than if I stay away; and I know, good Soul, she would be as much concern'd for me, to find me no Man, as at another time she would be for her self, to be found no Maid, if she had a Mind to be thought one. O here comes *Valentine*!

Enter Valentine.

Val. I would as soon be a Lawyer as a Lover at this rate. Following a Mistress to no purpose, is as bad as trudging

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trudging a-foot to *Westminster* for no Fee. Can you corrupt a Nunnery for me, my little Knight!

Sir Ant. I will do any thing for you—but first you must lend me your Limbs, to carry on a Design—

Val. Do what you please with me. [Exeunt.]

Palmer Re-enters with the Abbe.

Abb. Thou art a most incomparable Fellow, *Palmer*; the Prince of Pimps and Pilgrims! But what! *Sir Antony* is a young smoaky Rogue I warrant you, he suspected something—

Palm. Not a bit of Suspicion.

Abb. He might scruple it at first, you know.

Palm. First nor last, he made no Scruple at all! But came into my Net, as fast as I could spread it for him!

Abb. But came into my Net, as fast as I could spread it for him! Prettily exprest upon the occasion! And I shall love a Setting-dog, as long as I live, for the sake of the Simile.

Palm. I'm glad it pleases you.

Abb. Pleases me! Yes, yes, it pleases me! every thing pleases me. But ha! my Boy! he must not get from us, now we have him in the Net.

Palm. 'Tis our Fault, if he does.

Abb. Why, *Sir Antony* has us'd thee but scurvily—

Palm. To my Cost.

Abb. And Revenge is very natural—

Palm. And very sweet.

Abb. Revenge is sweet indeed; it must be sweet; a sweet Revenge, upon so sweet a Boy: And take my Word; I'll do you that Justice upon him: For I'll tell you, what I intend to do with him—

Palm. Ay, pray Sir.

Abb. Why in the first place I intend—not to open my Lips upon that Subject. But I mean—

Palm. I hope so, Sir.

Abb. If I can compass my Design, I mean—

Palm. What do you mean?

Abb. Not to explain my self, *Palmer*—Ah Rogue!
But you know what I mean. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to Sir Antony's Lodging.*

Enter Sir Antony, and Ilford.

Sir Ant. Why to tell you the Truth, *Ilford*, there is a Woman in the case; I expect her every Minute.

Ilf. I fancy'd some such thing.

Sir Ant. She is a thing to be fancy'd; and you would think so, if you saw her.

Ilf. Do I know her, *Sir Antony*?

Sir Ant. You have seen her.

Ilf. What, nothing more of her?

Sir Ant. None of your peevish Questions.

Ilf. 'Tis not *Volante*?

Sir Ant. If it were, you don't come to quarrel for her?

Ilf. Not I faith, Knight: I come in absolute good Nature to visit you.

Sir Ant. Why indeed, I could not expect the Favour at your Hands, as Matters stand between us.

Ilf. Nothing shall stand between us: Nothing did, but a Woman; and I come to strike up a Friendship, offensive and defensive with you, by making a very fair Offer to dispose of her.

Sir Ant. If you mean *Volante*, she will dispose of her self.

Ilf. I know she would dispose of her self to you: But you won't marry her, *Sir Antony*: Now I am one of those foolish Fellows, who don't apprehend a Danger, till they are in't. I never think of being a Cuckold: I love *Volante*, and would marry her—Come, come, there are Women enow for the ill-natur'd purpose of your Love; quit her to me, do a generous thing to a Woman that loves you; and to a Man, who would engage you for a Friend.

Sir Ant. Why Faith, *Ilford*, I would do a great deal for you; but I must do something for her.

Ilf. Do me a Favour, and don't undo her Fame.

Sir

Sir Ant. But there's the Pleasure on't —

Ilf. To ruin the Woman that loves you —

Sir Ant. Not so much out of ill Nature to her, as good Nature to my self: Reputation must be had: And we young Men generally raise ours out of the Ruin of the Womens.

Ilf. But *Volante* is a Woman of Quality, and has Relations to do her Right, if you don't do her Reason.

Sir Ant. Would she had a Brother, to make a Business on't: He could not do her so much Right, in fighting for her, as he would do me Reason, in making it the talk of the Town.

Ilf. That would set it about indeed.

Sir Ant. If I should say, I had lain with her; or endeavour to set it a-foot, 'twould fall of it self.

Ilf. As an impotent Piece of Vanity, or Folly, in a young Man.

Sir Ant. But no body dares make a doubt of a Report, when a Relation has taken an honourable Care, by a Duel, to fix the Scandal in the Family.

Ilf. Why, truly I think the Men of Honour are out in that Business: Scandal does not fall into the Hands of a Surgeon, like the Wounds of the Body for a Cure: Opening and Probing makes the Malady but more inveterate, and the least Air taints it to a Mortification.

Sir Ant. It heals best of it self, without a Plaister.

Ilf. And Time must finish the Work. I have observed some Women live themselves into a second Reputation——

Sir Ant. And other Women, who by a natural Negligence, never setting up for any, from the Freedom of their Behaviour, have pass'd uncensur'd in those publick Places, and Pleasures, which would have undone Ladies of a sprucer Conversation, but to have appear'd in.

Ilf. So that 'tis not what they do, but not doing all of a Piece, that ruins their Character, and undoes the Women——

Sir Ant. And condemns the Men too: For 'tis not any Man's Opinion, but his shifting it to the Occasion, that makes him a Rascal; as let his Opinion be what it will, if he continues the same, and acts upon a Principle, he may

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may be an honest Man: But 'tis no Character I would advise a Friend to.

Ilf. But this is from my Business, *Sir Antony!* and, all things consider'd, the Difficulties of getting, and the Danger of enjoying *Volante*, in my Opinion, her Woman would be the better Intrigue.

Sir Ant. Why indeed the Woman would often be the better Intrigue, were she as difficult to be compass'd as her Lady.

Ilf. It seems the Danger doubles your Delight.

Sir Ant. And we naturally covet, what we are forbid; for very often 'tis the bare Pleasure of breaking the Commandment, that makes another Man's Wife more desirable than his own.

Ilf. As at present, the bare Pleasure of opposing my Interest, has carry'd on yours with *Volante*, farther than otherwise you design'd.

Sir Ant. Why Faith, there's something in that too, *Ilford*: Not but I have a very good Opinion of the Lady.

Ilf. Well, *Sir Antony*, I wish you would think it worth your while, to make a Friend of me —

Sir Ant. I would make a Friend of you.

Ilf. Resign your Title then: 'Tis but giving me now, what in a little time you will decline of your self: Make *Volante* mine, and make me yours.

Sir Ant. I would with all my Heart; if I could do it with Honour.

Ilf. I warrant you with Honour.

Sir Ant. But how can I disengage my self? Matters are gone a great way between us — she's coming up to me. [*Waitwell whispers and goes out.*] Step into that Closet, you will over-hear what we say; I won't promise I can do you any Service with her, but I'll do you all the good I can; that you may be sure of, and depend upon.

Ilf. At least, seeing her here, will do some good upon me. [*Goes in.*]

Enter Volante.

Sir Ant. O Madam, you are as good as your Word:

‡

Vol.

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Vol. I can keep it, you see, at your cost, when I like the occasion.

Sir Ant. We Men are not more punctual to an Appointment, upon the hopes of a new Mistress, than you Women are, upon the first Promise of a Husband.

Vol. And it stands us upon to be diligent in both Sexes. For neither the Men, nor the Women, continue long in the Mind of allowing those Favours.

Sir Ant. Why Faith, Child, the best Excuse for foolish things — (As Marriage you allow to be one —

Vol. A convenient foolish thing.)

Sir Ant. Is the doing 'em without thinking. But, what Madam, can't a Man sport off a little innocent Gallantry with a Lady, without being serious a' both sides; you are in earnest, I see.

Vol. Why there's the Jest.

Sir Ant. And keep me to my Word.

Vol. On my Word will I.

Sir Ant. You take all Advantages.

Vol. I may be allowed to take what Advantage I can in the beginning; I shall be sure to be the Loser in the end.

Sir Ant. In all Plays, one side must be the Loser; but Marriage is the only Game, where no body can be the Winner.

Vol. That's making an ill Bett indeed, where we may lose, and can't win; yet I am resolv'd to venture.

Sir Ant. But Child, hast thou no more Mercy upon my Youth, my Dress, my Wit, and good Humour, than to make a Husband of me!

Vol. Since you could not have me on your own Terms, I know you'll take me on mine.

Sir Ant. Well, there's nothing but cheating in Love: Very often indeed we are before-hand with the Women; but when we marry 'em, I'm sure they cheat us.

Vol. And when do I cheat you, Sir *Antony*?

Sir Ant. Have a care of cheating your self, Madam?

Vol. Nay, one time or other, all Women are to be fool'd; and I had rather you should have the profit of me, than any Body else.

Sir

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Sir Ant. And Pleasure too, I beseech you. I am now going with *Valentine* to the Nunnery, to see his new Mistress *Charles*——

Vol. And by her Interest, to see his old Mistress, *Floriante*; I know the Story, and what the *Abbe* designs in it.

Sir Ant. I shall be back in an Hour; by that time the Evening will conceal you the better: If then you are brave enough——

Vol. To meet you, with a Priest for a Second.

Sir Ant. I'll have a Father ready to bless our Endeavours.

Vol. Let him be by to see you play me fair, And do your worst or best, and never spare. [*Exit Vol.*]

Sir Ant. I warrant you, the first Night for an Heir.

Ilford coming forward to Sir Antony.

Ilf. O Sir, your Servant; I see I am beholden to you.

Sir Ant. The most in the World I gad, when you know all.

Ilf. Know all! I know enough to convince me, that you are not capable of a serious Design of serving your Honour, or your Friend——

Sir Ant. What's the Matter now, Man?

Ilf. And I was a Coxcomb for thinking you could.

Sir Ant. Nay, you may be a Coxcomb however.

Ilf. What's that you say?

Sir Ant. No quarrelling I beseech you, till you have Cause.

Ilf. Till I have Cause; I think you have given me sufficient Cause——

Sir Ant. To thank me, I have; if you know how to be grateful.

Ilf. O, I must needs be grateful; and always confess the Obligation you have laid upon me, in promoting my Interest so visibly with *Volante*——

Sir Ant. So opposite to my own with her.

Ilf. With so much Diligence and good Nature——

Sir Ant. Well remembered, I gad.

Ilf. That in my Hearing, and still to advance my Interest—— you have made an Appointment to marry her——

Sir

Sir Ant. And put you to Bed to her.

Ilf. How, how, Sir *Antony*?

Sir Ant. I knew there was no other way to do you a Service with her; therefore I resolv'd to marry her for you, and put you to Bed to her, for me.

Ilf. Incomparable Design!

Sir Ant. A poor Project of mine, Sir; if you had engag'd in't, it might ha' turn'd to account; but as 'tis, I go as I did.

Ilf. But take me along with you.

Sir Ant. I never impose a Courtesie upon any Man; nor quarrel, because he is not sensible I am his Friend; when you come to your self, you may repent——

Ilf. I do repent, and confess my self——

Sir Ant. Well; what do you confess your self to be?

Ilf. A Fool, an Ass, to pretend to vie with you in any thing.

Sir Ant. And will you always keep in this humble Opinion of your self, and allow me the Ascendant?

Ilf. I shall be an Ass if I don't.

Sir Ant. But you must confess your self a Coxcomb——

Ilf. Ay, any thing.

Sir Ant. For pretending to censure, before you understood my Design.

Ilf. You told me I was a Coxcomb before; and now I begin to believe it my self.

Sir Ant. Well, upon your Penitence, I pardon, and take you into favour again.

Ilf. And into the Design.

Sir Ant. That you must be: And to convince you that what I do is perfectly in your Interest, you ll marry us your self——

Ilf. With all my Heart.

Sir Ant. I have a Habit for you.

Thus in the World Men keep a pother,
And marry Wives for one another:
And most, like me, in Frolicks woe,
And, to their shame, as little do;

But

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But marry'd Women know the Senſe,
And Rights of due Benevolence:
I but provide for mine, what ſhe would ſoon;
For firſt, or laſt, that Duty muſt be done. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ilford in a Prieſt's Habit, between Sir Antony and Volante: Sir Antony leads her to the Door: Ilford dreſſes himſelf in his own Cloaths.

Sir Ant. NOW you have done the Office of a Father to the Lady, you may do the Office of a Friend to me, and go to Bed to her. I can do no more than give you an Opportunity; but if you don't employ it to her Advantage, ſhe'll never rely upon you, to improve another to your own.

Ilf. I never deſerve another, if I don't make uſe of this.

Sir Ant. There's no Ceremony to make the Bride coy, in going to Bed; ſhe came in an Undreſs, as loſe as her Wiſhes; and being under the Impediment of but two Pins, I warrant ſhe's in Expectation already.

Ilf. She ſhan't expect long.

Sir Ant. There ſhe is; kiſs my Wife and welcome. She won't cry out, for her own ſake, till 'tis too late to diſcover it for mine.

Ilf. If ſhe ſhould, I think the Caſtle's our own.

Sir Ant. I leave you to your Fortune; I am going to ſeek mine in another Adventure. [*Exit.*

Ilf. You have made my Fortune here. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Bed-Chamber.*

S O N G.

Volante sola.

Methinks my Knight begins to shew himself already, in a Husband's Indifference; making we wait so long alone, in a Place, where nothing but his Company can entertain me: But I have heard indeed, that she who marries a Man for his Conversation or good Humour, takes care only to secure the least, or the worst part of it to her self: So this is but a small Fault in Matrimony; and ten to one, before the Year comes about, I may have a more reasonable Cause of Repenting. I think I hear him: O Sir, are you come?

Enter Ilford to her.

Ilf. Sooner than you expected, I believe.

Vol. How! *Ilford!* — [*Surpriz'd, and turning away.*]

Ilf. I see you are surpriz'd to see me here; and indeed the Occasion, that brings me to you, is very surprizing.

Vol. What can you mean by this?

Ilf. You have stol'n a Wedding, Madam, tho' you think to make it a Secret; you can't expect that Sir *Antony* should bring his Vanity so low, not to make a Boast of the Favour he has done you.

Vol. By sending you to me?

Ilf. To wish you Joy.

Vol. A very likely Story.

Ilf. And give you Joy, Madam.

Vol. Would Sir *Antony* would come, to thank you for your Compliment.

Ilf. He sent me with the Compliment —

Vol. He send you!

Ilf. To supply his Place to Night. Your Husband wo not come.

Vol. Not come to me?

Ilf. Be satisfied so far, you are abus'd; and to convince you, tho' too late, how unreasonably you have prefer'd that Creature to every Body, he has done what no body else could ha' done to you.

Vol.

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Vol. What has he done?

Ilf. Giv'n me a fuller Revenge upon your Folly and Scorn, than I cou'd ha' conceiv'd for my self—

Vol. What has he done to me?

Ilf. He has marry'd and undone you, left you—

Vol. Left me!

Ilf. The first Night left you; left you to me: Not that I believe he design'd me a Favour, more than he would ha' done any Man else; but you had us'd me so very ill, he imagin'd, I was capable of any malicious Design of exposing you.

Vol. Of exposing me!

Ilf. But that you need not apprehend from me.

Vol. I'm in your Power; but pity me. My Folly and my Fortune are too plain.

Ilf. Do you perceive it now?

Vol. I should ha' seen it sooner.

Ilf. 'Tis well you find it now. However you deserve of me; I come to serve you: And since this opportunity (that favours, and was given me for baser Ends) encourages me to nothing, beyond the Hope of your Esteem, you must give me leave to think, that, from my Behaviour, I deserve that Honour better than my trifling Rival does the Title of your Love.

Vol. You deserve every thing.

Ilf. I said enough to warn you of him; but you would venture.

Vol. My Shame confounds me!

Ilf. You would not credit me.

Vol. I can but wish I had.

Ilf. Were it to do again, you would follow your Inclination, and do the same thing?

Vol. I hate the Villain.

Ilf. In your Anger?

Vol. No, to Death I hate him: And were I free from him—

Ilf. You would not marry him!

Vol. Never.

Ilf. Then you are free from him.

Vol. How! free from him!

Ilf.

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Ilf. Not marry'd to him.

Val. Would you could prove it too.

Ilf. I'll make it plain, if you'll consent to it——

Val. More willingly, than I did e'er consent. Make that but plain to me; and what Returns are in the poor Power of one so lost——

Ilf. So fav'd, I hope.

Val. You shall command.

Ilf. I may restore you to your Liberty; but never can my self. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sir Antony and Valentine.

Sir Ant. This is the Time, and Place of Appointment; what 'twill come to, *Valentine*, I can't tell.

Val. 'Tis a whimsical Undertaking methinks, to support another Woman's Intrigue, at your Expence——

Sir Ant. There's no buying such a Frolick too dear.

Val. And part with your Lover to oblige her!

Sir Ant. So long, I can part with you; to provide for your Pleasure as well as my own: Besides, 'tis a diverting piece of Roguery; and will be a Jest as long as we know one another.

Enter Palmer.

Palm. Who's there? *Sir Antony!*

Sir Ant. The same; I am afore-hand with you.

Palm. The Lady, Sir, will thank you. Whom have you with you there?

Sir Ant. Only a Servant.

Palm. You'll have no need of him; I come to serve you: Besides he may be seen.

Sir Ant. I'll send him away.

Palm. I'll but step in, to make your way to the Lady, and will wait upon you again. [Exit.

Val. By this Fellow's advising to send away your Servant, I fancy he may be a Rogue.

Sir Ant. If he be a Rogue, I am resolv'd to discover the Bottom of him; but if there be a Woman in the case, I'll leave you to the Employment——

Enter

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Enter Palmer.

Palm. Sir.

Sir Ant. Here.

Palm. Are you alone?

Sir Ant. I am.

Palm. Follow me.

Sir Ant. Follow me.

[Exeunt, Valentine following Sir Antony.]

SCENE *changes to the Inside of a House.*

Enter Sir Antony and Valentine.

Val. Your Pimp proceeds with Caution. But these dark Deeds may require our dark Lanthorn.

Sir Ant. Give it me; I can manage this; you must manage the Lady; and for once, not to make a Custom of it, I'll hold a Candle to you.

Palmer enters.

Palm. Where are you, Sir *Antony*?

Val. Here.

Palm. I'm glad you are, and here I'll keep you——

Val. Ha!

Palm. Have you forgot your Friend the *Pilgrim*? I am that Lady in love with you; and now I have you to my self, I must come nearer to you.

Val. The Devil you must——

[Throws Palmer down, Sir Antony with his Lanthorn goes to them.]

Sir Ant. Are you my Friend the *Pilgrim*, do you say?

Palm. Then I am lost again.

Sir Ant. Why how came I to forget you so soon? And are you the Lady that was in love with me?

Val. Rise; and tell all you know of this Business, or it shall be the last you shall ever engage in; I know enough of you to send you to the Gallies.

Palm. Why indeed Gentlemen, I won't stand Trial with you; I confess some design of my own upon Sir *Antony*; but your very good Friend, the *Abbe*, first set it on foot, by employing, and paying me well, to decoy you into his Power: Now, Sir, knowing your Character,

I

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I thought nothing would sooner Spirit you any where, than the Hopes of a new Woman.

Sir Ant. You see I am true to my Assignment.

Val. But where's the *Abbe* all this while?

Palm. He's in the House, expecting the good Hour.

Val. How shall we do with him?

Palm. To make my Peace with you, I'll contribute to any Design against him.

Val. That must be your Way.

Sir Ant. Go then; and to keep up the Jest, say nothing of what is past, but bring him to me—— [*Exit Palm.*]

Val. What do you design now?

Sir Ant. To continue the Scene with him. For having, as I told you, dispos'd of his Neice *Volante* to our Friend *Ilford*, I suppose they may have occasion by to-morrow, for his Approbation of what they are doing to Night.

Val. That's well thought on; his Consent will come the easier, for our having a Hank upon him.

Sir Ant. Get you gone then, like an Evidence, behind the Hangings. [*Val. retires.*]

The Abbe enters to Sir Antony, singing, and Dances round him.

S O N G.

Abb. Have I caught you, my little *Mercury*! have I caught you!

Sir Ant. You're very nimble, Sir.

Abb. Ay, ay; I have it in my Head.

Sir Ant. And in your Heels too.

Abb. Upon occasion——Ah my little Man! I'm young again; when I like my Company.

Sir Ant. But who could expect to see you here?

Abb. Why any body would have expected it: How could you expect otherwise? How could you think, I could stay from you so long? What, you expected a Woman?

Sir Ant. I did indeed.

Abb. Let the Women expect you, there's a plentiful Crop of Maiden-heads; if the War continues to carry off

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the Whore-masters, some of 'em must fall of themselves, without gathering; there will scarce be Reapers enow for that Harvest.

Sir Ant. There's no Female-Famine, in this Year's Almanack; no fear of wanting Women.

Abb. No, no; no fear of wanting Women: But a good-natur'd, old merry Fellow, as I may be, who can tittle tattle, and gossip in their Families, upon an ancient Privilege with the Mothers, may do any thing with the Daughters: Such a Man is a Jewel, to bring you together.

Sir Ant. Such a Man would be a Jewel indeed.

Abb. I know, you little Rogue, your Business is to be wicked: I love to be wicked my self too sometimes, as often as I can decently bring it about, without Scandal: And I will be as wicked—as wicked as I can be, for you, and with you.

Sir Ant. You can do no more than you can do, good old Gentleman.

Abb. Old Gentleman! I won't be an old Gentleman; I'm never older than the Company I am in: What, five and fifty does not make an old Man; 'tis want of Appetite, Infirmary, and Decay, not five and fifty, that makes a Man old: Five and fifty has its Pleasures——

Sir Ant. As good have none, *Abbe*; they are faint and feeble.

Abb. Delicate and dainty, my Dear; palatable and pleasant, and thou art mine.

Sir Ant. How shall I know that, Sir?

Abb. Why thou sha't know, all in good time, Child; but an old Fellow, you say! [*Unbuttons, and throws down his Cloak.*] What shall I do now, to convince you, that I am not an old Fellow? Let me see; what shall I do for you?

Sir Ant. What can you do for me!

Abb. What can I do for you?

Sir Ant. To prove you are not an old Fellow.

Abb. What can I?—Why I can—I can part with my Mony to thee.

Sir Ant. That's one Argument indeed.

Abb.

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Abb. Besides I can—I won't tell you what I can : But if you'll step into the next Room with me, I have a Collation for you, and a—There you shall find, what I can do for you.

Sir Ant. If I should retire with you, you'll be disappointed —

Abb. No, no, don't talk of Disappointment; I hate to be disappointed — We're very luckily alone, and should make a good Use of our Time; no body will come to disturb us.

Sir Ant. But I may disappoint you my self —

Abb. You will exceedingly; if you don't go along with me: Delays are dangerous, when Opportunities are scarce; and we elderly Fellows have 'em but seldom — I vow I'll teize you, and kiss you into good Humour; I swear I will; if you won't go.

Sir Ant. But 'tis not in my Power to oblige you.

Abb. I'll put it into your Power, I warrant you.

Sir Ant. But that I doubt, Sir. For very unhappily for your Purpose; I am a — Woman.

Abb. Ha! how, a Woman! [Drops her Hand.

Sir Ant. A Woman!

Abb. What the Devil have I been doing all this while? A Woman? Are you sure you're a Woman?

Sir Ant. How shall I convince you?

Abb. Nay, nay; I am easily convinc'd; the very Name has convinc'd me.

Sir Ant. But if you have a Mind to be satisfied —

Abb. I thank you, Madam, I am satisfied, more than I desire to be satisfied; and as much satisfied as I can be, with a Woman.

Sir Ant. I told you I should disappoint you —

[Abbe puts on his Cloak again.

Abb. You did indeed; and you have kept your Word with me, you have disappointed me, plaguily disappointed me. But I beg your Pardon, Madam, I hope there's no offence in a little Wagery —

Sir Ant. None at all, Sir.

Abb. I don't use to take the Freedom of being so familiar with the Ladies —

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Sir Ant. I do believe you.

Abb. Indeed I don't; I pay a greater Respect to your Sex: And had I known you were a Woman before, I had kept my Distance——

Sir Ant. Fie, fie, Sir, Ceremony among Friends! Tho' you know me now to be a Woman, you need not keep a Distance. What tho' I have disappointed you in your Way, I may make you amends in my own——

Abb. So you may indeed, Madam——

Sir Ant. You guess what I mean, *Abbe*?

Abb. If you would be but so gracious.

Sir Ant. How gracious would you have me be?

Abb. Ah! you'll never grant me the Favour——

Sir Ant. What Favour?

Abb. Why—— to say nothing of this Business.

Sir Ant. Is that the Favour?

Abb. That's all, Madam; the greatest Favour you can do me; and then you do my Business.

Sir Ant. Can you part with any Money now to me, now I'm a Woman?

Abb. Here are a hundred Luidores in this Purse——

Sir Ant. To muzzle the Scandal.

Abb. And I'll get you a Husband into the Bargain.

Enter Valentine and Palmer.

Val. She'll keep your Council, *Abbe*.

Abb. Hem, hem, hem!

Val. And in the scarcity of Men, you'll do her a mighty Favour, I can tell her, to secure a Husband for her.

Abb. Hold you your Tongue, Sir. You shall have a Wife too, if *Florante* will content you; that Rogue *Palmer* has betray'd me.

Val. No body shall betray you; we are all Friends: But this Lady and I have a Favour to beg of you.

Abb. A Favour to beg of me! Any thing, any thing, as many Favours as you please; 'tis but asking, and having, in the humour I am in, Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Our Friend *Ilford* has marry'd your Neice *Volante*, and you must give your Consent to the Wedding.

Abb.

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Abb. Give my Consent to the Wedding! Why, I'll dance at the Wedding. I'll have a Fiddle, and a young Fellow to tickle me, and teach me to Caper. Gads so; I don't know what Legs I stand upon at the News on't! I'll be as brisk as the Bridegroom the first Night. But we shall neither of us hold it; twon't last the Year round with us; I'm an old Fellow, that's the truth on't, 'tis done with me already; I'm upon my last Legs. But I have *Floriente* and *Charlot* to provide for still; Poor Girls! while they are in a Nunnery, they lye upon my Conscience: Let me but bring them into the World again, and I'll be contented to go out on't—

Val. Not yet a great while, *Abbe.*

Abb. As soon as I can get my self in the Mind.

Sir Ant. We'll keep you in another Mind.

Abb. Nay, I am easily perswaded; but I have done with you.

Val. The Lady *Abbe's* is consenting to their Escape.

Abb. Being a Kinswoman, she was easily perswaded to give 'em an Opportunity.

Val. 'Tis near the time now; would I had *Ilford* here.

Sir Ant. Why, I am here; I'll stand and fall by you.

Val. I must not now expose you.

Abb. If you can but carry 'em off, the Business is laid to your Hands. [Ex.

Palm. My Business is over in this Town; and I had best get off while I can; for fear of bringing a worse Business upon me. [Exit.

SCENE, the back-side of a Nunnery.

Enter Verole and his Bravo's.

Ver. What *Floriente* means by this Invitation to me, I can't tell; 'tis a Favour she never vouchsafed me before: Perhaps the Apprehension of taking the Habit which her Father intends she shall, has wrought upon her to consent rather to marry me: But let her consent, and design what she please, if she puts her self into my Power, as to Night she says she will, I design to let her see, how very little I value that Favour, for which I must be oblig'd

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lig'd more to her Confinement, than to her Inclination or Choice. Stand close, here's Company.

Enter Valentine, Sir Antony, and two Servants.

Val. I am as full of Apprehension, as an old Soldier upon the Guard of a Counterscarp; where his Fears cannot be more uneasy, than my Hopes are now.

Ver. He should be an *Englishman*, by the Similitude. to let his Friends know, from his own Mouth, that he has made a Campaigne.

Sir Ant. This is the Backside of the Nunnery——

Val. And the Garden Door—— I think I hear it open---
Charlot enters.

○ *Floriante!*

Ver. Floriante!

Sir Ant. Stand fast, we're set upon.

Val. You must not meet the Danger—— [*To Sir Ant.*

Ver. Fall on, and kill the Ravisher—— [*Fights.*

Come, my fair Fugitive, you must along with me.

[*Leads her out.*

Valentine's Party beats the Bravo's off; one wounded stays.

Floriante enters as Charlot did.

Flo. What Noise was that?

Brav. Some help, I hope.

Flo. How my Sister *Charlot* has succeeded, under my Name, with her Count, to morrow will discover.

Brav. Ha! the Count then has the wrong Woman.

Flo. Would *Valentine* were come.

Brav. O would he were to help me!

Flo. Who's there? a Man wounded?

Brav. One of your Servants; if you are *Floriante*.

Flo. I am.

Brav. And wounded in your Cause.

Flo. I'm sorry for't; do you belong to *Valentine*?

Brav. I do.

Flo. Where is he?

Brav. He got off safe; and if you'll lend me your charitable Hand, I'll guide you to him. [*Going off.*

Re-enter Valentine and Sir Antony.

Sir Ant. Rogues, Sons of Whores, and Cowards!

Flo. Sir *Antony*.

Sir

Sir Ant. Here am I.

Val. *Floriente!*

Flo. *Valentine!*

Val. I was afraid I had lost you.

Flo. Here's an honest Man was conducting me to you, one of your Friends.

Val. One of my Friends! He's one I did not reckon upon, if he be—This is one of Count *Verole's* Bravo's.

Brav. I am; and had not you interrupted me, I had done my Master Service; carry'd the Lady to him.

Flo. What a Mischief have I scap'd—

Val. Thou art a gallant Fellow, and dost deserve a better Master; but thou hast done thy Duty, and I will do mine; carry him home, and get a Surgeon to him—

[*Lead off*]

Flo. Well; I run a mighty venture.

Sir Ant. Of loosing a Maiden-head, I grant you.

Flo. I may Repent—

Sir Ant. The keeping of it so long.

Flo. I may repent at leisure.

Val. You may indeed, if you don't make haste; for we must expect to be pursu'd.

Sir Ant. You and I, Madam, are much about a Size, what if we change Cloaths; it may favour your Escape, if you come to be follow'd.

Val. Admirably thought on! Madam, you need not make a scruple of shifting before *Sir Antony*; whom, from this time, you may know to be a Woman.

Flo. A Woman!

Sir Ant. Now for my Petticoats again— [Exit.

SCENE the Abbe's House.

Count Canaile, Count Verole, Abbe and Charlott.

Can. Sir, I must thank you for the Care you have shewn of my Family; tho' I believe it has carry'd you farther then you are aware of: This is my Daughter *Charlot.*

Ver. *Charlot!*

Abb. *Charlot!*

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Char. The very same. But *Floriant* is oblig'd to you; you meant this Favour to her: But by this time she has put her self into the Care of a Gentleman, who will find a kinder way of disposing her, than into the Hands of her Father.

Can. Dishonourable Girl!

Ver. If it be possible, I'll recover her, and yet revenge my Love. [Exit.]

Can. But *Charlot*, how came you to think of running away with *Valentine*, when you know I design'd you to marry him?

Char. Why, I thank you, Sir, you design'd very well for me; but I was too well acquainted with *Valentine*, and my Sister's Thoughts, to depend over much upon that Hope: I knew there was no parting them; therefore consented the easier to assist her, in getting out of the Nunnery.

Abb. Very well.

Can. Very well Brother!

Abb. Let her go on.

Char. I began to apprehend the Danger of staying behind in a Place, and Profession, wholly disagreeable to my Humour.

Abb. And well you might.

Char. I thought fit to provide for my self.

Abb. In good time you did, Neice.

Char. And accordingly, in my Sister's Name, I sent to Count *Verole*; he came at the time appointed, expecting *Floriant*: But *Valentine*, by what accident, I know not, coming before his time, knowing nothing of me, or my Plot upon the Count, took me for her, call'd me *Floriant*, upon which his *Bravo's* fell upon *Valentine*: But the Count in a more gentle-manly regard to his Person, encountred me, and brought me where you find me.

Abb. But methinks the Count, taking you for *Floriant*, his old Mistress, might ha' made another use of his Victory, than to have brought you in triumph to your Father.

Char. I expected he would indeed; but by what he said to me, I found he had little or no design in coming there;

there; but to revenge himself upon my Sister, and her Scorn.

Can. I'm glad he has no other Design upon her.

Char. And so am I indeed, Sir.

Abb. Why *Charlot*? You are not in Love with the Count?

Char. Not so much in love with the Count, as I am out of love with a Nunnery: Any Man had been as welcome.

Can. Well, well; if *Valentine* be not hurt, this matter will clear of it self—

Abb. And so it will, I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE the Street.

Enter Sir Gentle Golding.

Sir Gent. Why, how a Man may be mistaken in his Friends! I could not ha' believ'd it; (had not one of their underling Rogues told me so himself) that any one could ha' been so cheated, as I have been, by my own Countrymen—If I durst but send any of 'em a Challenge, I might get some of my Mony again; but that may draw me into a worse Premunire, than I have yet been in: Let me see; can't I have a safer Revenge upon 'em? *Valentine* has stol'n a Fortune, and entrusted me to bring a Father to marry 'em; now if I should go wilfully, in a mistake, to the Gentlewoman's own Father, for a Licence to marry 'em. The truth on't is, I have a Mind to forbid the Banes, and get her my self, if I can; for *Floriente* is a Woman of Quality—

Count Verole in pursuit of her, enters with his Bravo's.

Ver. Do you know her, Sir?

Sir Gent. Yes Sir, I think I do.

Ver. Then as you are a Gentleman, assist me; thus far I have News of her.

Sir Gent. I am a Gentleman, Sir; you shall find me a Gentleman: And I'll tell you more News of her; I'll carry you to the very Place where she is, Sir; and that's as much as you can expect from a Gentleman, when a Friend is concern'd.

M 5

Ver.

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Ver. It is indeed, Sir, more than I expected; pray along with me. [Ex.]

Enter Valentine with Floriante in Sir Antony's, and Sir Antony in her Cloaths.

Val. So far we are safe, Ladies, and the shifting your Habits will secure us so: Would Sir *Gentle* would come again; you're grave at the Thought of him!

Flo. Men of your Conversation and Experience in the World, *Valentine*, seldom like the Women you marry.

Val. Because we seldom marry the Women we like.

Flo. Well, since Marriage at best is a Venture, I had as good make it my self, as let another make it for me, at my Cost.

Val. To let a Father chuse for you in Love, is as unlucky, as when you are in fancy at play, and pushing at a Sum, to desire another to throw out your Hand.

Sir Ant. I'll be hang'd if that Fool, Sir *Gentle*, has not betray'd us. [Looking out.]

Val. Yonder he comes indeed, with a Rabble of Rogues at his Heels.

Sir Ant. There's no resisting 'em; provide for your selves as well as you can. [Exeunt.]

I have yet a Trick to cozen 'em. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Gentle and Verole, as before.

Ver. See, see, upon sight of us, they have quitted their Prize: Is this their *English* Gallantry? They're out of fight already. Let 'em go; the Lady is our Game.

[Exit with Followers.]

Sir Gent. I'll make some of 'em know to their Cost, that by using me so little like a Gentleman, they have taught me to do as I do, and use 'em as they deserve.

Verole returns with Sir Antony.

Voy. Now *Floriante*, you find you have thrown your self away, upon a Fellow that has not the Spirit to stand by you, or himself, to keep your Folly in countenance.

Sir Ant. Pray Sir, a word with you— [Takes him aside.]

Ver. Well, Madam: What can you say to me?

Sir Ant. Why, I say, you're an Ass to run about to disturb other People: I am Sir *Antony Love*, not *Floriante*; don't discover me for your own sake, but get you gone

gone about your Business, and leave me to this *Englishman*.

Ver. I'll take his Advice, for fear of being laugh'd at: Sir, you have behav'd your self so like a Man of Honour in this Business, that I must desire you to take care of the Lady, while I go to inform her Father of what has happen'd. [*Exit Verole, and his Followers.*]

Sir Gent. Yes, yes; I'll take care of her, I warrant you. Why, what a lucky Rogue am I! upon my first Inclination to play the Knave, to have so good an Occasion of doing it. And indeed, who would take a trust upon him, but for the Privilege and Benefit of breaking it?—So, Madam, now I have you in my Care.

Sir Ant. You are a civil Gentleman, I know you.

Sir Gent. You shall know me for a civil Gentleman, if you please; tho' I am a Knight, where I am not familiar.

Sir Ant. I know you are, Sir; you may have Pity for me.

Sir Gent. Alack-a-day! I have indeed, a Heart brimful for you.

Sir Ant. You won't force me to marry that Monster?

Sir Gent. Not I, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam; nothing against Fancy.

Sir Ant. To throw away my Youth, Beauty, and Fortune, which you know are not contemptible.

Sir Gent. Incomparable, Madam; incomparable; your Youth and Beauty, without your Fortune.

Sir Ant. Would they were worth your asking.

Sir Gent. Would I might have 'em for asking.

Sir Ant. *Valentine* I despair of; but if there be an *Englishman*, as an *Englishman* he must be —

Sir Gent. Why, I am an *Englishman*; and would marry you.

Sir Ant. The sooner you secure me, the better then.

Sir Gent. I think so too, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Canaille, Verole, Abbe, Ilford, Volante and Charlott:

Abb. Why here's a Night of Action indeed; *Ilford*, you began the Dance with *Volante*; and Count, I hope you'll

252 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

you'll continue it, with my Neice *Charlott*: As for *Valentine* and *Floriant*e, they have had their Frisk in a Corner by this time, or he is not the Man I take him for.

Ver. When you fell into my Hands to Night; had I known my good Fortune, I had improv'd it then: But now I have it, in having you——And happier yet, in having your Consent.

Can. You have my Blessing both——

*Valentine and Floriant*e at the Door.

Abb. You may appear, we're all of a Family now, Cozen *Germans*, and Friends——Come, here's a Pair that wants your Blessing too.

Can. I can't deny it now——Rise and be happy.

Abb. I have a Blessing too for you, my Girls; five thousand Crowns a piece more than I design'd you; and a thousand extraordinary for her who brings me the first Boy; a small Gratitude, Gentlemen, to keep up your Fancy, and encourage your Pains, that you mayn't think it unprofitable Labour upon your Wives.

Can. But why in Sir *Antony's* Cloaths, *Floriant*e? Where is this mad Knight?

Flo. Some where is my Petticoats: But the Count can give you the best Tidings of him.

Ver. I left him with one Sir *Gentle Golding*; one whom you are beholden to; for familiarly, upon the first word, he betray'd you, and carry'd me to seize you.

Val. Well, I don't doubt but she will give us a handfom Revenge upon him.

Can. She? Who?

Val. Sir *Antony*, Sir; For this Sir *Antony*, after all, is a Woman.

Omnes. A Woman!

Abb. Ay, pox take her, she is a Woman.

Vol. Then I am free indeed.

Ilf. And I am happy.

Val. At leisure I'll tell you all her Story.

Enter Sir Gentle with Sir Antony.

Sir Gent. Now I am sufficiently reveng'd on *Valentine* and Sir *Antony* for cheating me; I think I have paid 'em in their own Coin: And disappointed the Count too, in marrying *Floriant*e.

Omnes.

Omnes. Florante!

Sir Gent. Come Father-in-Law, this Business will out I see; if you'll give us your Blessing so; if not, I shall begin upon your Daughter without saying Grace.

Can. Much good may do you, Sir, with your Bride.

Val. Ay, ay; we must all wish you Joy, Sir; you have a Blessing sufficient in a good Wife—

Sir Ant. If you know when you're well.

Sir Gent. O deliver me! What do I see!

Val. Why you see your old Mrs. *Lucy*, in your new Lady-wife; we are all Witnesses of your owning your Marriage.

Sir Gent. I do not own it—I'll hang like a Dog, drown like a blind Puppy, die and be damn'd, but I'll be divorc'd from her.

Val. That's your nearest way to a Divorce.

Ilf. And will save the Trouble of *Doctor's Commons*.

Val. Come, come, I'll put you in a better; There are old Scores between you and Mrs. *Lucy*—You have made her a Lady indeed, which shews a grateful Nature in you, and will sound well in the Ears of the World. But to support her Quality—

Sir Gent. Her Qualities will support that.

Val. Out of your two thousand Pounds a Year, give her a Rent-charge of five hundred, and she shall never trouble you more, not so much as to be a Godfather to another Man's Child upon her Body, which may otherwise inherit your Acres.

Sir Gent. Why there's the Devil on't again, to Father another Man's Children, when one is not so much as a-kin to 'em! Well, any Composition to be rid of her; I find 'tis a Blessing I must pay for.

Val. Come, come, we must have a Dance to all these Weddings. [A Dance.]

Sir Ant. Thus Coxcombs always the best Husbands prove;

When we are faulty, and begin to rove,
A sep'rate Maintenance supplies our Love.

Sir Gent. When we have Mistresses above our Sense,
We must redeem our Persons with our Pence.

254 *Sir ANTONY LOVE: Or,*

A SONG in the Second Act.

I.

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry
The distant Shoar, and long to prove
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treasures of the Land of Love.

II.

We Women, like weak Indians, stand
Inviting, from our Golden Coast,
The wandering Rovers to our Land:
But she, who Trades with 'em, is lost.

III.

With humble Vows they first begin,
Stealing, unseen, into the Heart:
But by Possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.

IV.

For Beads, and Baubles, we resign,
In Ignorance; our shining Store;
Discover Nature's richest Mine,
And yet the Tyrants will have more.

V.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
How he can Court, or you be Won:
For Love is but Discovery,
When that is made, the Pleasure's done.



A SONG in Dialogue, in the Fourth Act.

W O M A N.

NO more, Sir, no more, I'll ev'n give it o'er
I see it is all but a Cheat;
Your soft wishing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,
Which thus so you often repeat.

M A N.

'Tis you are to blame, who foolishly claim
So silly a lean Sacrifice:
But Lovers, who pray, must always obey,
And bring down their Knees, and their Eyes.

W O M A N.

Of late you have made Devotion a Trade
In Loving, as well as Religion:
But you cannot prove, thro' th^e Ages of Love,
Any Worship was offer'd but One.

M A N.

That one let it be, in which we agree,
Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger:
We're both of a Mind, make haste, and be kind,
And continue a Goddess no longer.

A SONG in the Fifth Act. By Major-
General Sackville.

I.

IN vain Clemene you bestow
The promis'd Empire of your Heart,
If you refuse to let me know
The wealthy Charms of every Part.

II. My

II.

*My Passion with your Kindness grew,
 Tho' Beauty gave the first Desire:
 But Beauty only to pursue,
 Is following a wandering Fire.*

III.

*As Hills in Perspective suppress
 The free Enquiry of the Sight:
 Restraint makes every Pleasure less,
 And takes from Love the full Delight.*

IV.

*Faint Kisses may in part supply
 Those eager Longings of my Soul;
 But oh! I'm lost, if you deny
 A quick Possession of the whole.*



EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Botelar.

IF Novelty has any Charms to move,
We hope, to Night, we've rais'd your drooping Love:
Not to the Youngsters of a noisie Pit,
Whose Tongues and Mistresses out-run their Wit:
But to the graver Sinners of the Bench,
Who, from your Mothers Maids, have lov'd a Wench:
Who, cheek by jowl with Time, have handed down
The Vices of all Ages to your own:
Here's a Variety, that may delight
The Palate of each Ages Appetite.
To you I'm sent, you who have dearly known
The several Rates of Pleasure in this Town;
And find at last, 'tis worth but your Half Crown.
You'll bear with Patience a dull Scene, to see,
In a contented lazy Wagery,
The Female Montford bare above the Knee.
She makes a mighty Noise, like some of you,
Who often talk of what you never do:
She's for all Womankind, and awes the Town,
As if her Husband's Breeches were her own.
She's been to Night our Hero, tho' a Female,
Show me but such a Whoremaster, tho' a Male:
Who thro' so many Shifts, is still the same,
Pursues all Petticoats, preserves her Fame,
And tho' she can do nothing, keeps the Name.

Some

EPILOGUE.

*Some of your Names are up too, we suppose,
Who turn'd of fifty, still would pass for Beau's:
You dance, you dress, you sing, you keep a Noise,
And think you're young, because you herd with Beys:
To such as you there is no Mercy owing;
Your talking must not serve for your not doing.
And since your feeble Failings within Doors
Are known to us, be wise, and even Scores,
Supply our Wants, and we'll conceal all yours.
No matter what you can, or cannot do,
You shall cheat others still, if we cheat you:
Keep us but rich, and fine, and we shall find
Young Lovers, always able to be kind.*

}

THE
WIVES EXCUSE:

OR,

Cuckolds make Themselves.

A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,
In the YEAR 1692.

*Nihil est his, qui placere volunt, tam adversarium,
quam expectatio.* Cicero.

Printed in the YEAR 1713.

WIVES EXPOSED

WAT F D Y

BY THE

THE

Printed in the Year 1845

To the Right Honourable

Tho. Wharton, Esq;

*Controulor of His MAJESTY'S
Houshold.*

S I R,



VERY Man of Fortune has the Power of doing a good Turn, but there must be more in the Man one would chuse to be oblig'd to: I have a thousand Obligations to you, and have confess'd 'em, upon every Occasion: I have enjoy'd the Benefit of your Favours; and have the Pride of 'em yet in my Heart, that you have not thought so much Good-nature thrown away upon me. I would make you what amends I could, and a Dedication is all that I have in my Power to return: 'Tis a Poetical Payment indeed, which, while it discharges one Debt, is running into another, begging your Protection for a Play, which will almost need your Interest to defend: I won't contend a Point, where most Voices are to carry it:
But

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But as I design'd this Play for you, when some People thought well of it, I hope it does not lessen the Present, that every Body does not. 'Tis only the Capacity and Commendation of the common Mistresses to please every Body, to whom I will leave some of my Criticks, who were affronted at Mrs. *Friendall*: For those Sparks, who were most offended with her Virtue in publick, are the Men that lose little by it, in private; and if all the Wives in Town were of her Mind, those metled Gentlemen would be found to have the least to do, in making 'em otherwise: But if she was of evil Example, *Witwoud* makes amends for her, in the Moral of her Character; where the Women are manifestly Safer in the Possession of a Lover, than in the Trust and Confidence of a Friend: But she was no more understood to the Advantage of the Men, than the Wife was receiv'd in Favour of the Women. As to the Musick-Meeting, I always thought it an Entertainment reasonably grown up into the liking of the Town: I introduc'd it, as a fashionable Scene of bringing good Company together, without a Desing of abusing what every Body likes; being in my Temper so far from disturbing a publick Pleasure, that I would establish twenty more of 'em, if I could: And for the *Billet-doux*, that was put into Mrs. *Sightly's* Hand, upon leading her out, I have heard of such a thing in a Church

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Church before now, and never thought the worse of the Place.

These, Sir, are capital Objections against me; but they hit very few Faults: Nor have they mortified me into a Despair of pleasing the more reasonable Part of Mankind. If Mr. *Dryden's* Judgment goes for any thing, I have it on my Side: For, speaking of this Play, he has publickly said, the Town was kind to Sir *Antony Love*, I needed 'em only to be just to this: And to prove there was more than Friendship in his Opinion, upon the Credit of this Play with him, falling sick last Summer, he bequeathed to my Care the Writing of half the last Act of his Tragedy of *Cleomenes*, which, when it comes into the World, you will find to be so considerable a Trust, that all the Town will pardon me for defending this Play, that preferr'd me to it. If Modesty be sometimes a Weakness, what I say can hardly be a Crime: In a fair *English* Trial both Parties are allow'd to be heard: And without this Vanity of mentioning Mr. *Dryden*, I had lost the best Evidence of my Cause. Sir, I have the Privilege of a Dedication to say some fine Things of my Patron; but I will be as little Impertinent as I can, and only beg leave to say some true ones, and no more than I have always declar'd in the Absence of Mr. *Wharton*, that (without the Advantage of your Family, and Fortune) you are the very Man I
would

The Epistle Dedicatory.

would chuse to be, if I could: I would have the Force of your Understanding, and Knowledge of Mankind, to make a Fortune out of the publick Business of the World: Or, if I were to mend my Condition more to my own Humor, and a way I should like better than thro' the hurry of a Crowd, your Wit and Conversation, your Person and Address, would best recommend me to the Women. I don't know, Sir, how successful you have been with that fair Sex; but I would not have it lye at any fair Lady's Door, (who has a Mind to be justified in disposing of her self) that she could not distinguish in your Favour, against all the Pretenders of the Town: If you have any Enemies among the Women, I must think, 'tis in a great Measure, because it was impossible to engage 'em all to be your Friends. Sir, I am a Well-wisher to all your Interests, and be pleas'd to accept of this Dedication of my Respects, as an Offering of my Inclination, as well as a Duty from my Gratitude.

I am, S I R,

Your very much Oblig'd

Humble Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

T O

Mr. *SOUTHERN*;

ON HIS

COMEDY,

CALLED, THE

WIVES EXCUSUE.

*SURE there's a Fate in Plays; and 'tis in vain
To write, while these malignant Planets Reign;
Some very foolish Influence rules the Pit,
Not always kind to Sense, or just to Wit.
And whilst it lasts, let Buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in it self, is of a nasty Scent;
But the Gain smells not of the Excrement.
The Spanish Nymph, a Wit and Beauty too,
With all her Charms, bore but a single Show:
But, let a Monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded Audience round the Tear.*

VOL. I.

N

May

To Mr. SOUTHERN.

*May be thou hast not pleas'd the Box and Pit;
Yet those who blame thy Tale, commend thy Wit;
So Terence Plotted; but so Terence Writ.
Like his thy Thoughts are true, thy Language clean,
Ev'n Lewdness is made Moral, in thy Scene.
The Hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
But rest secure, the Readers will be thine.
Nor was thy Labour'd Drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind Civility dismiss'd:
With such good Manners as the * Wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a Glance at parting; such a Look
And bids thee not give o'er, for one Rebuke.
But if thou won'dst be seen, as well as read;
Copy one living Author, and one dead;
The Standard of thy Stile, let Etherege be:
For Wit, th' Immortal Spring of Wycherly.
Learn after both, to draw some just Design,
And the next Age will learn to Copy thine.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

* The Wife in the Play, Mrs. Friendall.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

G Allants, you're welcome to our homely Cheer:
If you have brought your English Stomachs here;
We'll treat you, as the French say, chere entire.
And what we want of Humour, or of Wit,
Make up with your She-Neighbours in the Pit;
For on the Stage what e'er we do, or say,
The Vizard Masks can find you better play:
With all our Pains, we can but bring 'em in;
'Tis you must take the Damsels out again:
And when we've brought you kindly thus together,
'Tis your Fault if you're parted by foul Weather.
We hope these natural Reasons may produce,
In every Whoremaster, a kind Excuse
For all our Faults, the Poet's, and the Players.
You'll pardon ours, if you can find out theirs. [To the Maskers.
But to the gentler Men, who love at sight,
And never care to come to closer fight,
We have provided work for them to night.
With safety they may draw their Cannon down,
And into a Surrender bomb the Town.
From both side-boxes play their Batteries;
And not a Bullet shot, but burning Eyes:
Those they discharge with such successful Arts,
They fire, three deep, into the Ladies Hearts.
Since each Man here finds his Diversion,
Let not the damning of our Play be one.
But to the Ladies, who must sit it out,
To hear us prate, and see the Oglers shoot,
Begging their Favour, we have this to say,
In hopes of their Protection for the Play,
Here is a Musick-meeting every Day.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Love more.</i>	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Wellvile.</i>	<i>Mr. Kynnaſton.</i>
<i>Wilding.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Courtall.</i>	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Springame.</i>	<i>Mr. Mich. Lee.</i>
<i>Friendall.</i>	<i>Mr. Montford.</i>
<i>Ruffe.</i>	<i>Mr. Bright.</i>
<i>Mufick-Maſter.</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Friendall.</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Mrs. Sightly.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Mrs. Witwoud.</i>	<i>Mrs. Montford.</i>
<i>Mrs. Teazall.</i>	<i>Mrs. Cory.</i>
<i>Fanny, her Neice.</i>	
<i>Betty, Witwoud's Maid.</i>	<i>Mrs. Richardson.</i>

Two Pages, Footmen, and Linkboys.

SCENE LONDON.

THE



THE
WIVES EXCUSE:
OR,
Cuckolds make Themselves.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the outward Room to the Musick-Meeting*

Several Footmen at Hazard, some rising from Play.

1 FOOTMAN.



Pox on these Musick-Meetings; there's no fifth Act here, a free Cost, as we have at the Play-Houses, to make Gentlemen of us, and keep us out of harms way: Nothing but Lice, and Link-Boys, in this Anti-Chamber; or a merry Main to divert us; and that merry Main, as you call it, makes most of us sad all the Week after.

2 Foot. Why, what hast thou done, Gill?

N 3

1 Foot.

270 *The WIVES EXCUSE: Or,*

1 *Foot.* Undone my self, and a very good Friend of mine, my Belly, for a Week forward: I am hungry already in the Apprehension of wanting a Supper; for my Board-wages is gone to the Devil with his Bones.

3 *Foot.* Six is the Main, Gentlemen.

4 *Foot.* That was my last Tester. } *Both rising from Play.*

5 *Foot.* I'll play no more —

3 *Foot.* Set out my Hand, don't leave me so, Gentlemen.

6 *Foot.* Come, Sir, Seven to Six, I set you——

3 *Foot.* Briskly, my Boy.

6 *Foot.* I set you this.

3 *Foot.* How much?

6 *Foot.* Three halfperth of Farthings.

3 *Foot.* Three halfperth of Farthings! [*Rises from Play.*]
I see thou retain'st the Spirit of thy Ancestors, and as thou wert born, and bred, wilt live and die a Footman——Three half-penny-worth of Farthings!

2 *Foot.* He sets like a Small-beer Butler, in a Widow-Lady's Family.

3 *Foot.* May'st thou starve under the Tyranny of a House-keeper, and never know the Comfort of Board-wages again.

6 *Foot.* Well, well, I have my Mony for all that.

1 *Foot.* Why, what a pretty Fellow have we here debauch'd from us, and our Society, by living in a civil Family! But this comes of keeping good Hours, and living orderly: Idleness after Supper, in your private Houses, is the Mother of many Mischiefs among the Maids.

3 *Foot.* Ay, ay, want of Employment has thrown him upon some gentle Chamber-maid, and now he sets up for good Husbandry, to father her Failings, and get a Wet Nurse for his Lady.

6 *Foot.* Better so, than to father your Master's Bastards, as you do sometimes; or now and then cheat him of his Wench, in the Convoy, and steal his Clap from him.

4 *Foot.* Gad I mercy i'faith, Lad.

3 *Foot.*

3 Foot. That indeed is a Sin I often commit, and sometimes repent of: But, the Good with the Bad, I have no reason to complain of my Service.

6 Foot. Pray don't trouble your Head about mine then.

2 Foot. Come, come, we have all good Places if we can keep 'em: And for my Part, I am too deep in my Master's Affairs, to fear the losing of mine: What think you of the Family of the *Friendalls*, my Lads? a publick private Family, newly set up, and of very fair Reception.

3 Foot. Ay, *Disk*. Thou hast the time on't indeed.

2 Foot. The Master of it frank and free, to make an Invitation to the whole Town; and the Mistress hospitable and handfom, to give 'em welcome and content: For my Master knows every body, and contrives that every body shall know her.

3 Foot. Ay, marry Sir, there's a Family to breed up a Pimp in! You may make a Fortune out of such a Mistress, before your Master can get her with Child.

2 Foot. My Master has been married not a quarter of a Year, and half the young Men in Town know his Wife already; nay, know that he has known enough of her, not to care for her already.

3 Foot. And that may be a very good Argument for some of 'em, to perswade her to know a little of some body else, and care as little for him.

4 Foot. A very good Argument, if she takes it by the right handle.

2 Foot. Some of your Masters, I warrant you, will put it into her Hand.

3 Foot. I know my Master has a Design upon her.

2 Foot. And upon all the Women in Town.

4 Foot. Mine is in love with her.

5 Foot. And mine has hopes of her.

3 Foot. Every Man has hopes of a new marry'd Woman: For she marries to like her Man; and if upon Trial she finds she can't like her Husband, she'll find some body else that she can like, in a very little time, I warrant her, or change her Men 'till she does.

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2 *Foot.* Let her like as many as she pleases, and welcome: As they thrive with her, I shall thrive by them: I grind by her Mill, and some of 'em I hope will set it a going. Besides, she has discover'd some of my Master's Intrigues of late, that may help to fill the Sails; but I say nothing, I will take Fees a both sides, and betray neither.

3 *Foot.* If your Lady loves play, as they say she does, she will be so far in your Interest, that he that makes his Court to her, must have Money to recommend him---

2 *Foot.* To me he must indeed, if he expects my Assistance.

5 *Foot.* Come, come, what do you think of my Master, Mr. *Lovemere*, for the Lady?

3 *Foot.* I don't think of him.

2 *Foot.* Not so much as she does, I believe you; he's a generous Gentleman, and deserves very well of her, and me.

1 *Foot.* My Master, Mr. *Wellvile*, is often at your House.

3 *Foot.* He follows Mrs. *Sightly*, I can tell you. But if your Lady, Mrs. *Friendall*, has a Mind to be very well us'd; not to settle to't; but only by the way of a fashionable Revenge, or so, to do her self justice upon her Husband; I look upon Mr. *Wilding*, my Master, one or other, to be the cleverest Cuckold-Maker in *Covent-Garden*.

2 *Foot.* Not to settle to't indeed, for your Master is not over constant.

3 *Foot.* He does not stay in a Family, to be challeng'd into *Westminster-Hall*, by the Husband's Action of battery, for an Assault upon his Wife; he is not so constant.

4 *Foot.* Or if your Lady be dispos'd to the more refin'd part of an Amour, without the Brutality, or design of Enjoyment, only for the Pleasure of being talk'd of, or so forth —

3 *Foot.* Your Master *Courtall* will fit her to a Hair: For he will be as fond of the Appearances of an Intrigue, as she can be; to see him in the Chase, you would think he had pleasure in the Sport; for he will be as sure always to follow her, as never to press her: He will take
as

Cuckolds make Themselves. 273

as much Pains, to put her undeservedly into a Lampoon, upon his Account, as he would to avoid a handsome Occasion, in private, to qualifie her for the Scandal.

2 *Foot.* In short, Mr. *Courtall* will do every thing, but what he ought to do, with a Woman.

4 *Foot.* He has broke off with three Gentlewomen, upon my Word, within these two Months, for coming on too fast upon that Business,

2 *Foot.* Well, there are Pretenders enow; so I have the Profit, let my Lady take the Pleasure of the Choice: I'm for the fairest Bidder.

3 *Foot.* What, *Harry*, hast thou nothing to say of thy Mistress, Mrs. *Witwoud*?

7 *Foot.* Nothing extraordinary, but that I'm tir'd of her.

3 *Foot.* She lives, as she us'd to do, least at home; has no Business of her own, but a great deal of other Peoples. All the Men in Town follow her, but 'tis for other Women; for she has frightned every one from a Design upon her: Then she's a general Confident; and sometimes reports no more than she knows; but that's a Favour indeed, from a Wit, as they say she is.

7 *Foot.* If she be a Wit, I'll be sworn, she does not take me for one; for she sends me very often upon very ridiculous Errands.

3 *Foot.* I think you have a correspondent Porter, in every quarter of the Town, to disperse her scandalous Letters, which she is always bantering one Fool or other withal?

7 *Foot.* Four or Five always in pay with her.

3 *Foot.* But when Horn-Fair comes, that's sure to be a Holy-Day, and every marry'd Man, that has a Wife handsomer than she is, at her proper Cost and Charges, may expect a Fairing, to put him in mind of his Fortune.

7 *Foot.* I find you know her too well, to desire to live with her.

3 *Foot.* I had rather be Master of the Ceremonies to a Visiting Lady, to Squire about her how-d-yous, and Usher in the formal Salutations of all the Fops in Town, upon

274 *The WIVES EXCUSE: Or,*

her Day; nay, tho' she kept two Days a Week, than live in a Family with her.

1 *Foot*. Will this damn'd Musick-Meeting never be done? would the Cats-guts were in the Fiddlers Bellies.

Two Pages meeting.

1 *Page*. My Lady *Smirkit's* Page.

2 *Page*. Who's there? my Lady *Woudmore!*

1 *Page*. At your dear Service, Madam.

2 *Page*. O Lord! Madam, I am surpriz'd to see your Ladyship here —

2 *Foot*. What have we here?

3 *Foot*. The Monkeys Apeing their Ladies, let 'em go on.

2 *Page*. How can your Ladyship descend into these little Diversions of the Town, the Plays and the Musick-meetings?

1 *Page*. Little Diversions indeed, Madam, to us, who have seen so much better abroad, and still retain too much of the Delicacy of the *French*, to be pleas'd with the barbarous Performances of these *English*.

3 *Foot*. That's a touch for some of 'em.

1 *Page*. Yet there's no staying always at home, your Ladyship knows —

2 *Page*. Nor being always seen in the Drawing-room, I vow and swear —

1 *Page*. So that, Madam, we are almost under a Necessity of appearing in these publick Places —

2 *Page*. An absolute Necessity of shewing our selves sometimes.

1 *Page*. Ay, but, Madam, then the Men, they do so Ogle one —

3 *Foot*. Ah! very well, Mr. *Charles*.

1 *Page*. Into all the little Confusions, that a Woman is liable to upon those Occasions.

2 *Page*. I swear my Lord *Simperwel* has an irresistible way with him.

1 *Page*. He ogled me all the Musick long, I believe every body took notice of it, so furiously, I could not bear it my self; I vow and swear, he almost made me blush; and I would rather do any thing to deserve blushing,

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ing, in another place, than by a Country Modesty betray such an unpardonable Want of Breeding, to the censure of so much good Company.

3 *Foot.* I dare swear for her Ladyship, she had rather do it than blush for't.

1 *Page.* Why how now, Jack Sauce? [*To the Footman,*
But did I blush, Madam? [*To the Page.*

2 *Page.* Only for your Friends, Madam, to see us so neglected.

1 *Page.* Fie, fie, Madam, you made your Conquest too. I minded no body but my Lord; and I vow and swear, I must own it, Madam, he ogles one more like a Man of Quality, than any body about Town, that I know of, and I think I am pretty well acquainted with all the soft Looks in Town.

2 *Page.* One after another we have 'em all — but Jesu, Madam —

1 *Page.* Ay, Madam.

2 *Page.* They say the *French Fleet* will be here next Summer, with their *Tourvilles*, and their Things, and Jesu, Madam, Ravish us all.

1 *Page.* O Lord, Madam, Ravishing us is nothing, but our dear Religion, Madam, what will they do to that?

2 *Page.* Ay, what indeed, Madam?

1 *Page.* I would not lose the gaping Galleries of our Churches, for the best Religion in Christendom.

3 *Foot.* You are pretious Pages indeed, betray your Ladies Secrets, before you come into 'em.

Within. Make way for my Lord there, bear back Gentlemen.

1 *Foot.* So, so, 'tis done at last, let's get the Coaches to the Door. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Curtain drawn up, shews the Company at the Musick-Meeting; after an Italian Song, Lovemore, Wellville, Wilding, Courtall, Springame, Friendall, Ruffle, Mrs. Friendall, Sighly, Witwoud, Fanny advance to the Front of the Stage.

Mr. Fri. Ladies and Gentlemen, how did you like the Musick?

Sight.

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Sight. O very fine sure, Sir.

Wit. What say you to't, young Gentlemen?

Spring. I have something to say to you, I like a great deal better, provided you won't laugh at me.

[*Going aside with her.*

But the Musick's extreamly fine — [To the Company.

Well. Especially the vocal Part. For I did not understand a Word on't.

Mr. Fri. Nor I, faith, *Wellvile*, but the Words were *Italian*, they sung well, and that's enough for the Pleasure of the Ear.

Court. By which I find your Sense is found.

Mr. Fri. And found Sense is a very good thing, *Court-*
all — [Goes to Wild.

Well. That thou wot never be the better for.

Mr. Fri. *Wilding*, thou hast been so busie about that young Girl there, thou know'st nothing of the Matter.

Wild. O, Sir, you're mistaken, I am a great Admirer —

Mr. Fri. Of every thing in Petticoats.

Wild. Of these Musick Entertainments; I am very Musical, and love any call, that brings the Women together.

Mr. Fri. Vocal, or Instrumental! which do you most approve of? If you are for the Instrumental, there were the Sonata's to Night, and the Chacons, which you know —

Wild. The Sonata's and the Chacons which I know! Not I, Sir, I don't know 'em: They may be two *Italian* Fidlers of your Acquaintance, for any thing I know of 'em.

Mr. Fri. Fie, fie, Fidlers! Masters, if you please, *Wilding*, Masters, excellent in their Art, and famous for many admirable Compositions. [Mingles with the Company.

Court. So, he's fast in his own Snare, with his Sonata's, and Chacons: But how goes the World, *Wilding*?

Wild. The same Women every Day, and in every publick Appearance.

Court. Here are some Faces, I see, of your Acquaintance.

Wild.

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Wild. Ay, Pox take 'em, I see 'em too often to forget 'em: Would their Owners thought as ill of 'em as I do, they would keep 'em at home: But they are for shewing their Show still, tho' no body cares for the Sight.

[*They mix with the Company.*]

Wit. Methinks 'tis but good Manners in Mr. *Lovemore*, to be particular to your Sister, when her Husband is so Univerfal to the Company.

Spring. Prithee leave her to her Husband: she has satisfied her Relations enough in marrying this Coxcomb; now let her satisfy her self, if she pleases, with any body she likes better.

Wit. Fie, fie, there's no talking to you, you carry my Meaning further than I design'd.

Spring. Faith I took it up but where you left it, very near the Matter.

Wit. No, no, you grow scandalous; and I would not be thought to say a scandalous thing of a Friend.

Spring. Since my Brother-in-Law is to be a Cuckold, as it must be mightily my Sister's Fault if he be not, I think *Lovemore* as proper a Fellow to carry on so charitable a Work, as she could ha' lit upon: And if he has her Consent to the Business, she has mine, I assure you.

Wit. A very reasonable Brother!

Spring. Would you would be as reasonable a Friend, and allow me as many Liberties as I do her.

Wit. Why, so I will: She has the Men, and you shall have the Women, the whole Sex to pick and chuse——

Spring. One Mistress out of——

Wit. As many as you please, and as often as you have Occasion.

Spring. Why, Faith, that pleases me very well; you hit my Constitution, as if you were familiar with it, or had a Mind to be so.

Wit. Not I indeed, Sir.

Spring. And I have, *as you were saying——

Wit. As I was saying!

Spring.

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Spring. Very often an Ocrasion for a Mistress.

Wit. You say so your self, I know nothing of your Occasions.

Spring. Shall I bring you acquainted with some of 'em? I have great Variety, and have, every Day, a new occasion for a new Mistress: If you have a mind to be satisfied in this Point, let me go along with you---

Wit. Home with me?

Spring. Or home with me, will do my Business as well.

Wit. But it won't do mine, Sir.

Spring. Then let it be home with you, tho' my Lodging is very convenient.

Wit. Why, this is sudden indeed, upon so small an Acquaintance: But 'tis something too soon for you, and a little too late for me.

Spring. Not to repent, I hope, Madam? Better late than never, you know: Come, come, I have known a worse Offer better receiv'd.

Wit. And this Offer you will make to every Woman, 'till it be receiv'd, I dare answer for you.

Spring. That's more than you can do for your self for refusing it. But the Folly fall upon your own Head: I have done my part, and 'tis your fault if you're idle—

[Goes away.

Sight. You have been entertain'd, Cousin—

[Sightly to her.

Wit. By a very pretty prating Fellow, Cousin; and I could be contented to let him show his Parts this way, as often as he pleas'd.

Sight. What! like a Man of Honour, he's for making good what he says—

Wit. And comes so quick upon that Business, he won't afford a Woman a reasonable liking-time, to make a decent Excuse to her self, if she shou'd allow him a Favour.

Sight. The young Officer has heard enough of your Character, I suppose, not to put it too much into your power of laughing at him.

Wit. I'm sorry for't: I would have a Man know just enough of me, to make him a Lover; and then, in a little

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the time, I should know enough of him, to make him an Ass.

Sight. This will come home to you one day.

Wit. In any shape but a Husband, Cousin. But methinks *Lovemore* and *Mrs. Friendall* are very seriously engag'd---

[*Observing Lovemore with Mrs. Friendall.*]

Sight. I have had an Eye upon 'em.

Wit. For such a Trifle as Cuckolding a Husband is in this Town.

Sight. The Men will always design upon our Sex; but I dare answer for her ---

Wit. And so will I. That if she should fall from the frailty of the Flesh, into that Folly, she will appear no Monster, what ever her Husband may be. What say you to a ramble after the Musick?

Sight. I say nothing to't.

Wit. A Hackney jaunt, from one end of the Town to t'other?

Sight. 'Tis too late.

Wit. I know two several Companies gone into the City, one to *Pontacks*, and t'other to the *Rummer*, to Supper: I want to disturb, strangely; what say you, Coz? Let's put on our Masques, draw up the Glasses, and send up for the Men, to make their Women uneasy: There's one of 'em to be marry'd, it may do good upon her, by shewing what she must trust to, if she will have a Husband.

Sight. And can you be so mischievous?

Wit. Can you resist the Temptation?

Sight. I came with *Mrs. Friendall*, and must go home with her. Look to your Charge there.

Wit. I have an Eye that way.

Sight. We shall see you to-Morrow, Cousin?

Wit. At your Toylet, Cousin; you are always my first Visit.

[*Goes to Wilding and Fanny.*]

Mrs. Fri. Is this your Friendship to *Mr. Friendall*? I must not hear it.

Love. You see he gives you leave.

Mrs. Fri. Therefore I can't take it; the Confidence is so generous, that ev'n that wou'd secure me to him.

Love.

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Love. The Confidence is as generous on your side; and do you think that will secure him to you?

Mrs. Fri. I'll ask him, if you please.

Love. You'll but disturb him.

Mrs. Fri. Mr. Friendall.

[*Calling him.*

Mr. Fri. Ha! what's the Matter, Madam?

Mrs. Fri. There has happen'd here a scurvy Dispute between me and one of your Friends, Sir, as you think fit to call 'em.

Mr. Fri. A Dispute! about what, prithee? But before I hear a Word on't, *Lovemore*, thou art certainly in the wrong, in holding an Argument with a Woman.

Love. I begin to think so too, Sir, for contenting with a Lady, that will be try'd by no Body, but her Husband.

Mr. Fri. But what's the Business? Nothing extraordinary between you, I hope?

Mrs. Fri. Believe me, Sir, I think it very extraordinary —

Love. Very extraordinary indeed, Madam, to be so publicly expos'd for a private Opinion.

Mrs. Fri. And you shall be the judge of the Difference.

Mr. Fri. No, no, no Difference among Friends, it must not come to that, I'll make up all Differences between you.

Love. You may do much indeed to set all straight.

Mr. Fri. And so I will, i'faith *Lovemore*, I'll reconcile all I'll warrant you; but come, what is this mighty Matter between you?

Mrs. Fri. I think it a mighty Matter, Mr. Friendall, to be so far suspected in my Conduct, that any one, under the Title of your Friend, should dare, in your absence, to be so very familiar with me —

Mr. Fri. How, Madam!

Love. All will out, I see.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Fri. In my Absence, so very familiar with you.

Mrs. Fri. As to censure these innocent Liberties that the Women allow themselves in the Company of their Husbands.

Love. So, she has sav'd her Credit with me, and mine with her Husband.

[*Mrs. Friendall joins Mrs. Sightly and Witwoud.*

Mr. Fri.

Mr. Fri. Why, *Lovemore*, thou art in the wrong of all this; I desir'd you to sport off a little Gallantry with my Wife, to entertain and divert her, from making her Observations upon me, and thou dost nothing but play the Critick upon her.

Love. I find I was mistaken. But how wou'd you have me behave my self?

Mr. Fri. Why, I wou'd have you very frequent in your Visits, and very obliging to my Wife: Now and then, to carry on our other Pleasures the better: For an Amusement, or so, you may say a civil Thing to her, for every Woman, you know, loves to have a civil Thing said to her sometimes; but then you must be very cautious in the Expression; if she shou'd in the least apprehend that you had a design upon her, 'twou'd raise the Devil in one part of the Family, and lay him in another, perhaps, where I had a mind to employ him: Therefore I wou'd have you keep in Favour with her----

Love. I'll do my best, I promise you.

Mr. Fri. She's inclining, you must know, to speak very well of you; and that she does of very few of the Men, I assure you: She approves of the Intimacy and Friendship between us, and of your coming to the House; and that may stand you in stead with the Lady, you wot off--

Love. I apprehend you---so begging the Ladies Pardon [*To Mrs. Friendall.*] with a design of doing something to deserve it---

Wit. That will never fail with the Women, *Mr. Lovemore.*

Love. I will make an Interest with the Masters, to give you a Song at parting. [*Goes to the Masters.*]

Sight. An *English* Song, good *Mr. Lovemore.*

Mr. Fri. O by all means, an *English* Song.

[*Goes to the Masters too.*]

Welv. Any Song, which won't oblige a Man to tell you, he has seen an *Opera* at *Venice* to understand.

Mr. Fri. Pray, let him sing the Ladies the Song I gave him.

Musick-Master. Which Song, Sir?

Mr. Fri. The last.

Musick-

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Musick-Master. 'Tis not set, Sir.

Mr. Fri. Not set, Sir! [*Turning from him, to the Ladies.*]

Love. That's a Fault he'll never forgive you.

Musick-Master. Why, really, Sir, I would serve any Gentleman to my power; but the Words are so abominably out of the way of Musick, I don't know how to humour 'em: There's no setting 'em, or singing 'em, to please any Body but himself.

Sight. O! but we lose by this.

Mr. Fri. Hang 'em, idle Rascals; they care not what Entertainment we lose, so they have but our Mony.

Sight. Is it your own Song, *Mr. Friendall*?

Mr. Fri. I must not rob your Ladyship of your Part in it.

Sight. My Part in your Song, Sir!

Mr. Fri. You were the Muse that inspir'd me; I writ it upon your Ladyship.

Sight. Fie, fie; that Pride wou'd ruin me: But I know you say so to every Woman. [*She turns from him.*]

Mr. Fri. I 'gad, she's i'th' right on't; I have told a Dozen so already at the Musick-meeting, and most of 'em believe me.

Sight. Does *Mr. Friendall* often write Songs, Madam?

Mrs. Fri. He does many things, he shou'd not do, Madam; but I think he loves me, and that excuses him to me: Tho', you may be sure, 'tis with the tenderest Concern for my own Reputation, that I see my Husband daily trifle away his so notoriously, in one Folly or other of the Town. [*Goes to Mr. Friendall.*]

Wit. For her own Reputation, it must be; for the World will believe, she turns such a Husband to the right Use, whatever she says to the contrary.

Mrs. Fri. *Mr. Friendall*, pray be satisfy'd with a good Estate; and not imagine, because you have that, you have every thing else. The business of writing Songs should be over with a marry'd Man. And since I can't be suspected to be the *Phillis*, or *Cloris*, 'tis an Affront to me, to have any other Woman thought so.

Mr. Fri. Indeed, Madam, so far you are right: I never heard of any Man, that writ a Song upon his Wife.

SONG

SONG, by Major-General Sackville.

INGRATFUL Love! Thus every Hour,
To punish me by her Disdain!
You tyrannize to shew your Power;
And She, to triumph in my Pain.

You, who can laugh at human Woes,
And Victims to her Pride decree,
On me, your yielding Slave, impose
Your Chains; but leave the Rebel free.

How fatal are your poison'd Darts!
Her conqu'ring Eyes the Trophies boast,
Whilst you insnare poor wandering Hearts,
That in her Charms and Scorn are lost.

Impious, and Cruel: You deny
A Death, to ease me of my Care;
Which she delays, to make me try
The force of Beauty, and Despair.

Mr. Fri. Lovemore, we may thank you for this: But when you keep your Promise to me, at Dinner, to Morrow; and you, and you, and all of you, Gentlemen, [*Speaks to all the Men.*] I'll do you Reason to the good Company. 'Some of my Servants there——

[[Goes to the Door]

Court. Madam, I am very luckily here to offer you my Service.

Mrs. Fri. No particular Woman must expect it from so general a Follower of the Sex, as Mr. Courtall is.

Court. A general Follower of the Sex indeed, Madam, in my Care of 'em.

Mrs. Fri. Besides, 'tis dangerous to be seen with a Man of your Character; for if you don't make it an Intrigue, the Town makes it for you: And that does most of your Business as well.

Court. There's no knowing a Man by his Character in this Town; the partiality of Friends, and the prejudice of

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of Enemies, who divide it, always make him better or worse than he deserves.

Mrs. Fri. If you have no regard to my Reputation, pray be tender of your own. 'Tis now-a-days as scandalous in a Man, who wou'd be thought to know the Town (as I know you wou'd) to wait upon a bare Face to her Coach, as it us'd to be to lead out a Vizard-Mask: But the Pit has got the better of the Boxes, with most of you, in that point of Civility; and I don't doubt, but it turns to better Account.

Spring. Indeed, Sister, it does turn to better Account; and therefore we must provide for our selves——

[*Takes Courtall with him to Mrs. Witwoud.*

Why, here's a Woman, *Courtall*---- If she has a Vizard-Mask to encourage me----

[*Love. goes to Mrs. Fri.*

I cou'd go to the World's end with her: But, as she is, bare-fac'd, and an honest Woman----

Wis. You'll do a foolish thing, for once; see her to her Coach, I dare say for you, to make her otherwise.

Spring. Why, if it must be so----- [*Addressing to her.*

Wild. You own your Aunt is a Bed; and you see Mrs. *Witwoud's* too busie to mind your going away with me.

Fan. I can't to Night, but I'll call upon you to Morrow Morning, as I go to Six a Clock Prayers.

Love. I hope, Madam, I may without Exception wait upon you.

[*To Mrs. Friendall.*

Welw. And, Madam, I have the Title of an old Servant to your Ladyship, to expect that Favour from you——

[*To Mrs. Sightly.*

Sight. Mr. *Friendall*, having a handsome Wife in the Company, may be jealous; and you will pardon me, if I am unwilling to give him a suspicion of a Man, whom I would have every Body think as well of, as I do my self.

Mrs. Fri. Mr. *Friendall* gives you more Opportunities than I can approve of, and I cou'd wish you wou'd not take the Advantage of 'em they'll turn to no Account.

Mr. Fri. Come, Ladies, I am your Man I find----

[*Leads Mrs. Sightly, Mrs. Friendall following.*

Ruf. What think you of this Occasion?

Love.

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Love. You can't have a better; follow him----And be famous----
[*Springam leads Witwoud, Wilding leads Fanny out, Ruffle after the Company.*]

Well. What have you now in hand?

Love. Why all my Hopes of the Wife depending upon the senseless Behaviour of the Husband; I have contriv'd, by this Fellow, before her Face too, to expose him, a way that must ruin him with her for ever; let's follow, and expect the Event----
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Street.

Several Link-Boys, and Footmen.

Link. Have a Light, Gentlemen, have a Light, Sir.

[*Springam with Witwoud.*]

Spring. Light your selves to the Devil.

[*Wilding with Fanny, and several others.*]

2 Link. Bless you, Master, we can find the Way in the dark. Shall I light your Worship there?

Spring. Then call a Coach, and thy Wit shall be thy reward.

5 Foot. Mr. Friendall's Coach there----'Tis at the Door, Sir.

Enter Mr. Friendall leading Mrs. Sightly with his Wife;

Ruffle enters after 'em. Lovemore and Welville in the Rear.

Mr. Fri. I must improve every Opportunity with your Ladyship, to convince you of the Truths I have been telling you to Night, and in this Billet, I give it under my Hand how very much I am your Servant----

[*Sightly throws it behind her.*]

Sight. Fie, fie, before your Wife---- [Ruffle takes it up.]

Mrs. Fri. Sir, that Paper does not belong to you.

[*Friendall leads Mrs. Sightly off, and returns for his Wife.*]

Ruf. Don't be jealous, Lady, I know no design the Gentlewoman has as yet upon my Person, and I'll belong to you, if this Gentleman pleases.

Mr. Fri. You're pleas'd to be merry, Sir, but no touching her, I beseech you.

Mrs. Fri.

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Mrs. Fri. What wou'd the Fellow have?

Ruf. Why, I wou'd have this Fellow gone about his Business.

Mr. Fri. My Business lies here at present, Sir.

Ruf. You lie there, Sir.

[*Hits Mr. Friendall a Box on the Ear, and draws; the Women shriek, Mrs. Friendall pretends to hold her Husband, the Company come about 'em.*]

Mrs. Fri. Good Mr. Friendall, another time, consider where you are. You are more a Man of Honour, I know, than to draw your Sword among the Women; I am sorry this has happen'd in a Place where you can't right your self, without wronging the Company. But you'll find a time to do a Justice to your self, and the Ladies, who have suffer'd in the apprehension of such a Brutality.

Spring. I'll go along with you ----

[*All go off but Witwoud.*]

Wis. Wou'd the Devil had 'em, for drawing their Swords here; I have lost my little Captain in the Fray: My Charge is departed too, and for this Night I suppose has left me to make an Excuse to the Family, for her lying abroad with a Country Cousin, or so; that Rogue *Wilding* has carry'd her Home with him, and 'tis as well now, as a Week hence, for when these young Wenches once set their Hearts upon't, everything gives them an Opportunity to ruin themselves: Her Aunt *Teazell* has made her rise to Six-a-Clock Prayers, to fine purpose, if this be the Fruits of her Devotion: But since she must fall to some Body, I'm glad *Wilding* has her, for he'll use her ill enough in a little time, to make her wiser for the future; by the dear Experience and Vexation of this Intrigue, (being disappointed of many things she *Expects*) she may make a Virtue of Necessity, repent because she can't keep him to her self, and make an honest Man a very good Wife yet.

[*Exit.*]

*Love*more, *Wellvile*, *Ruffle* return.

Ruf. I have done my Part, and am satisfied with the Honour of the Achievement.

Love. 'Tis a Reputation clear-gain'd: Since there's no danger of accounting for't.

Ruf.

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Ruf. So thanking you, for this occasion of shewing my self, I am your humble Servant — [Exit.]

Wellv. Who is this Hero, pray?

Love. Why this is a Spark, that has had the Misfortune of being kick'd very lately, and I have help'd him to this occasion of repairing his Honour, upon our very good Friend, a greater Coward than himself: He has serv'd my Ends, now let him serve the Towns.

Wellv. But did you observe how the Lady behaved her self in the Quarrel, to conceal her Husband's Cowardise?

Love. What a handsom Excuse she made in his Favour, to the Company? when she can never make any for him to her self.

Wellv. This matter well manag'd, may turn to account; tho' you must not be seen to expose him, you may take the Advantage of his Exposing himself.

Love. And let her say what she can upon this Subject, I believe no Woman can be contented to have her Honour much longer than her Fortune in the Possession of a Man, who has no Fund of his own, to answer in Security for either.

Thus, who a Married Woman's Love would win,

Should with the Husband's Failings first begin;

Make him but in the Fault, and you shall find

A good Excuse will make most Women kind. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Witwoud at a Table, with Betty, and a Footman waiting.

Wit. NO News of my Cousin Fanny this Morning?

Bet. For God's sake, Madam, not a Word of her lying out to Night, we shall have the Devil to do with the old Gentlewoman, if she knows it.

Wit.

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Wit. That's a Secret I can keep from her, for my own sake, *Betty*: But how comes this about? I'm quite out of Gilt Paper; *Harry*, you fetch me two or three Quire from Mr. *Bentley's*, and call at Mrs. *Da Robe's*, my Mantoa Womans, as you come back, for Letters—and d'you hear? Give this Note to *Joe* the Porter, he needs no Instructions; let him leave it for Mr. *Wilding*—
[*Footman and Maid go out.*] I find I must meddle in this Business; for her Visits at this rate, will not only be troublesome to him (as I would have 'em) but in a little time, be publick to the whole Town: Now, tho' I am very well pleased with any matter of Scandal; I am so nearly related to the Interest of this Girl, I would not have her the occasion of it. They say the Understanding ought to be suited to the Condition, to make any one happy: Would she were in a Condition suitable to her Understanding; she has Wit enough for a Wife, and nothing else that I know of.

Teazall enters to her.

Teaz. O, Madam! you're Wellcome home.

Wit. Rather Good-morrow, Cousin.

Teaz. Rather Good-morrow indeed, that's the proper Salutation: For you're never to be seen in your Lodging at any other time of the Day; and then too, as soon as you're out a Bed in a Morning, you summon a Congregation of your Fellows together, to hear you prate by the Hour, flatter every Body in the Company, speak ill of every one that's absent, and scatter about the Scandal of that Day.

Wit. Why, Madam, you won't quarrel at that, I hope, 'tis one of the most fashionable innocent Diversions of the Town, it makes a great deal of Mirth, speaking ill of People, and never does any Body any harm.

Teaz. Not with any that know you, I believe. How came you home last Night? The Night before, you arriv'd like a carted Bawd, justly punish'd for the Sins of the People. You confess'd you were forc'd to bilk your Coach, to get rid of the Coxcombs that dog'd you from the Play-House, and being pursu'd by the Coachman and Footmen, (for I don't doubt but you gave the Gentle-
men

men encouragement enough to come home with you; you look'd as if you belong'd to a Cellar, in some of the Allies you were hunted through, and had been Caterwawling in all the Kennels in Town.

Wit. That was an unfortunate Night indeed.

Teaz. Well, deliver every good Woman's Child, I say, from such daggle-tail'd Courses as these are; what will be the end of 'em, I beseech you? You will make your self as odious in a little time, as you endeavour to make every Body else: This is not the way to get a Husband; the Men know too much of you already, to desire any more of you.

Wit. I don't set up for a Husband.

Teaz. Marry come up here! you may have an occasion for an Husband, when you can't get one. Husbands are not always to be had at a Months warning, to finish another Man's Work: What, 'tis beneath the Character of a she Wit, I suppose, to be constant: Or is a Husband out of Fashion with you forsooth? Another Woman's Husband can go down with you to my knowledge, and as ugly a Rogue too, with as hanging a Countenance, as I could wish any Villain I had a mind to be rid of—your Diversion, as you call him.

Wit. O spare my Shame, I own he is my Curse, doom'd for my Plague and Pleasure.

Teaz. Spare your Shame! I'll say that for you, you have not been sparing of any Endeavour that could bring a Shame any way into the Family where-ever you liv'd yet; if there was ever a Fool soft enough to throw it upon. All your Relations know you, and are afraid to have you in a House with 'em: And I suppose you are very well pleas'd to be from under their Roof; to have your Fellows come after you to my House as they do; and as I am Fool enough to allow of.

Wit. For no harm, Cousin, I hope.

Teaz. Perhaps you think it no harm; and, indeed, it can't easily do you any harm: But, I'm sure, I have one of my Nieces already undone, by your bringing her acquainted with some of 'em. I was forc'd to marry her, you know, below her Rank (for the usual Reason of this

End of the Town) into the City, where 'twas less scandalous, the Wives there having a Charter for what they do. And now *Fanny*, a very Girl, when I have provided a Husband, and all, for her, (for she must have a Husband,) she takes after her Sister; (as a little thing will make a President for what we are inclin'd to;) she takes after her Sister, I say, and is unfortunately engaged in a Passion for *Mr. Wilding*: And how to prevent it----

Wis. Indeed, I must acknowledge I was, in a great Measure, the unfortunate Cause of my Cousin *Biddy's* Mis-carriage; but for my Cousin *Fanny*, rely upon me; nothing shall come on't: I am now going to *Mr. Wilding* on that Account; and have sent a Note to secure him at his Lodgings 'till I come.

Enter Betty.

Teaz. Well, where's this Girl? Why does not she come, when I send for her?

Betty. Madam, she went to Six-a-Clock Prayers, and is not come back yet.

Teaz. God's Bodikins! has she got the Trick on't? Of abusing the Church into the place of Assignment already? *Wilding* has carry'd her home with him that's certain: Get you gone after her; may be you may prevent his wicked Design on her. Go, go, and redeem her, tho' you leave your self in her room.

Wis. I'm oblig'd to you, truly, Madam.

Teaz. I dare venture you, you'll not be in Love him; you'll give him as good as he brings; and, let the worst come to the worst, you have liv'd too long in the Town, to be uneasie for any Man; or be concern'd beyond the Pleasure and Convenience of the Intrigue. Therefore I may venture you, a little time goes a great way in this Business; deliver her, and I won't find fault with you, these three Days you shall do what you please---- [*Exe.*

SCENE *Mr. Friendall's House.*

Mrs. Friendall following Mr. Friendall.

Mrs. Fri. Nay, *Mr. Friendall*, I know what you will object to me; but you must hear me out. The concern
and

and care of your Reputation, is as dear to me, as it can be tender to you; since I must appear to the World, only in that Rank of Honour which you are pleas'd to maintain.

Mr. Fri. Why, Madam, you have as handsome an Equipage as any Man's Wife in Town, that has a Father alive.

Mrs. Fri. This must not put me off. I see you make little of the Matter, to hide it from my Fears; and there indeed you're kind: But 'tis in vain to think of concealing from me what you intend; from what you ought to do, I know what you will do, after so base a Wrong.

Mr. Fri. A drunken Extravagance, the Fellow will be sorry for't, when he's sober----

Mrs. Fri. If you wou'd stay 'till then.

Mr. Fri. And beg my Pardon.

Mrs. Fri. That he shall do, if that wou'd satisfy you.

Mr. Fri. Satisfie me!

Mrs. Fri. And let it satisfy you, it ought to satisfy you from such a one. For, I believe he wou'd not have quarrell'd any where else, nor there neither, but upon the prospect of being prevented, or parted, or secur'd over Night, in order to beg Pardon in the Morning.

Mr. Fri. Ay, Madam, but consider----

Mrs. Fri. Pray consider me, *Mr. Friendall*, I must suffer every way, if you proceed to a Revenge; in your danger, which must be mine; in my Honour, which ought to be more yours, than to expose it upon every little Occasion----- Come, come, in other things you have a good Opinion of my Conduct, pray let me govern here: You may be assur'd, I'll do nothing to lessen you; the Satisfaction shall be as publick as the Affront. Leave it to me for once, I wonnot be deny'd---- He is not worth your Danger.

Mr. Fri. Well, you shall govern me.

Mrs. Fri. What you are a marry'd Man, and have a good Estate settled upon you; and shou'd not be accountable to every idle Rake-hell, that has a mind to establish a Renown, from being troublesome to publick Places.

Mr. Fri. What then wou'd you propose?

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Mrs. Fri. A small Request; not to stir abroad, nor be at home to any Body, 'till you hear from me.

Mr. Fri. I promise you I won't--- [Exit.

Mrs. Fri. I dare take your Word: His tameness last Night, and backwardness this Morning, in resenting that Blow, satisfy me that he is not in a Fever for Fighting: I don't know that he is a Coward; but having these Reasons to suspect him, I thought this was my best way to hinder him from discovering himself: For if he had betray'd that Baseness to me, I shou'd despise him; and can I love the Man I must despise? Brother, I sent for you--- [Springam to her.

Spring. To make up this Quarrel I know, and I come to lend a helping Hand to the Work, I design to be a Second in the Business.

Mrs. Fri. You must be my Second then, for I have taken the Quarrel upon me.

Spring. With all my Heart, I 'gad; We, who live all the Summer for the Publick, shou'd live in the Winter for our selves---

Mrs. Fri. And the Women, good Captain---

Spring. That's living for our selves, for 'tis not living without 'em: And a Duel now might but interrupt a Month of other Business perhaps, that would be more agreeable to my Constitution, I assure you: Then we are to have no fighting it seems?

Mrs. Fri. For Reasons I'll tell you hereafter.

Spring. Nay there was no great danger of it; I have found out the Gentleman's Lodgings, and Character. We shall strike up a Peace before a Bottle to an end.

Mrs. Fri. This Challenge must be deliver'd as from him: I trust the Management to you: Only take this in Advice, that Mr. Friendall wants your Assistance within; you must stand by him, and oblige the Gentleman to make him Satisfaction, without bringing his Person in danger.

Spring. I understand you, and he shall satisfy him, or me.

Mrs. Fri. See him satisfy'd, and I'll satisfy you, with something shall be better to a younger Brother, than the false Musters of a Winters Quarter.

Spring.

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Spring. I warrant you.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fri. Whatever I think of him, I must not let him fall into the Contempt of the Town: Every little Fellow, I know, will be censoriously inquisitive, and maliciously witty, upon another Man's Cowardise, out of the pleasure of finding as great a Rascal as himself. How despicable a Condition must that Matrimony be, when the Husband (whom we look upon as a Sanctuary for a Woman's Honour) must be oblig'd to the Discretion and Management of a Wife, for the Security of his own! Have a care of thinking that way; for in a marry'd State, as in the Publick, we tie our selves up, indeed; but to be protected in our Persons, Fortunes and Honours, by those very Laws that restrain us in other things; for few will obey, but for the Benefit they receive from the Government---

Enter Servants.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Lovemore---

[*Goes out.*]

Mrs. Fri. Lovemore here! I know he comes to tempt me to rebel; but I'm prepar'd for him --- Good-morrow Mr. Lovemore.

Enter Lovemore.

Love. I cou'd not expect to see your Ladyship so early: I come to Mr. Friendall.

Mrs. Fri. May I thank you for the Visit?

Love. I come as a Friend, you may be sure, Madam: Where your Honour's concern'd, I can't be an Enemy.

Mrs. Fri. Not reasonably, indeed, to any Man that wou'd injure it, since you are a profess'd Enemy.

Love. An Enemy!

Mrs. Fri. Unless you will allow no body to ruin it, but your self.

Love. Indeed, I would allow no body to defend it, but my self, if I had the keeping of it: But a happier Man has that Title, and I can only hope to be a Second in your Service.

Mrs. Fri. I thank you for the Service you design me; but that happier Man, as you call him, who has the Title, will maintain it, it seems; for he, and my Brother *Springam*, I'm afraid, are gone about it already.

Love. Gone, Madam!

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Mrs. Fri. An hour ago, before I had notice to prevent 'em: for Mr. *Friendall*, you may be sure, was impatient for an Occasion of righting himself.

Love. I might have thought so, indeed, Madam: would I had come sooner.

Mrs. Fri. You may yet be serviceable to me, Sir, tho' you are too late for Mr. *Friendall*.

Love. How, Madam, I beseech you?

Mrs. Fri. By endeavouring to prevent 'em: You are acquainted with the Ways of reconciling Matters of this honourable Nature. I am going to make an Interest with a Kinsman, a Collonel of the Guards, my self, to secure 'em. Let your good Nature in this, be a Proof of your Friendship; and command me to my Power——

[*Exit.*]

Love. Prevent 'em! Yes, yes: That I must do for my own sake: For if he should behave himself better than I imagin'd he would, it may secure him in his Wife's Esteem, and only ruin me with her, who laid the Design.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *Wilding's Lodging.*

Enter Wilding, and his Man.

Wild. Have you dispos'd of her?

Serv. Safe into a Chair, Sir: she's jogging homeward lighter by a Maiden-head, I presume, than she came, Sir.

Wild. The Loss is not so light, but she may feel it.

Serv. Heavy enough, perhaps, nine Months hence, Sir. But have you sent ever a Lie along with her?

Wild. How, Sirrah?

Serv. Pardon me, Sir: Not that I believe your Honour was sparing of your Conscience, in saying any thing, and swearing to't, that she had a Mind to believe.

Wild. That you may swear, indeed.

Serv. But she's gone away so very well satisfy'd with what you have said and done to her, she's above inventing a Lie for her self: The first angry Word they give her at home, I suppose, you may hear of her; a Hackney-Coach removes her, and her Commodores, upon very little

little warning; and I expect when she will send in half a dozen Band-boxes, to take Possession of your Lodgings. But, pray Sir, if I may be so bold —

Wild. Yes, yes; at this time you may be so bold: The Service of your Wit secures you the Privilege of your Jest.

Serv. Then, pray Sir, why did you take so much pains to persuade this young Creature to come away from her Aunt, when I know you never design to take care of her your self?

Wild. Why, 'Faith, I can't make you a very good Answer: But the best Reason I know of, is, (besides the Reputation of undoing her) it looks kind, at the time, to talk of providing for the Woman that does one the Favour. 'Twas a very plausible Argument, to cozen her into a Consent; level to my Design of Lying with her, and carry'd to the very Mark of Love.

Serv. Indeed, it costs nothing to promise, when nothing can oblige you to pay: And if she depends upon it, at her Peril; 'tis she will be disappointed, not you; tho' Ten to One, poor little Rogue, from the Fondness of her own Inclinations, she guesses at yours: And fancies, from the Courtesie she has done you, you will be so civil a Gentleman, to marry her.

Wild. Not unlikely; There's none of these young Girls, (let a Man's Character be never so loose among 'em.) but, from one Vanity or other, will be encouraged to design and venture upon him: And tho' fifty of their Acquaintance have fall'n in the Experiment, each of them will still imagine she has something particular in her Person, forsooth, to reclaim and engage him to her self. So most of 'em miscarry upon the Project of getting Husband.

Serv. Gad forgive me for Swearing; but, as I hope to be sav'd, and that's a bold Word for a Footman, I beg your Pardon; there's a Lady below, in a Vizard, to speak with you. [Exit.]

Wild. Get you gone, you Rascal; beg her Pardon, and Leave to wait upon her: She would have been admitted, in less time, to a Privy-Counsellors Levée, though he had

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laid aside the Business of the Nation, to manage hers. This must be the Letter-Lady: She comes a little unreasonable, if she knew all: If she has Experience enough to allow for some natural Miscarriages, which may happen in the beginning of an Amour, I may pacifie her that way: 'Tis but swearing heartily, damning the Modesty of my Constitution, laying its Faults upon an Over-respect to her, and promising better things for the Future: That us'd to be a current Excuse; but 'tis the Women's Fault, if it pass too often upon 'em——If she improve an old Acquaintance, the Coldness of the Entertainment will secure me from the Persecution of her Visits hereafter: But if it be a Face I never saw, I may use her well enough yet, to encourage her to another Appointment. So every way does my Business, whatever becomes of the Ladies—— [*Witwoud enters mask'd.*] O, Madam, I beg your Pardon——

Wit. No Excuses, good Sir; Men of Employment are above good Breeding; and I see you have a great deal upon your Hands.

Wild. I am a Man of Business, indeed, Madam; and, as you were pleas'd to signify in your Letter, my Practice lyes among the Women: What can I do for you?

Wit. Can't you tell what, Sir? You are not the Man I took you for: But you are like our Fortune-tellers, who come into our Secrets more by our own Folly, in betraying our selves, than by any Skill or Knowledge of their own.

Wild. Indeed I should ha' proceeded, as most of those Fellows do, set out impudently at first, taken several things for granted (as that you were no Maid, and so forth) ventur'd briskly at every thing, and something might have happen'd to please you.

Wit. Did the Lady, just gone away from you, find it so?

Wild. She had what she came for: You would take it ill, to lose your Labour your self, Madam.

Wit. She ventur'd at every thing, as briskly as you could, I suppose, Sir?

Wit.

Will. 'Tis a towardly Girl indeed, and comes on finely; I have no reason to complain of losing my Labour upon her: She's ready for running away from her Relations already. Are not you a little that way inclin'd? Come, come, if you have any troubles upon your Spirits, Child---

Wit. You can remove 'em into the Flesh, I warrant you.

Will. If you have ever a Husband, that lie's heavy upon your Conscience, I have a Cordial will drive the Distemper from your Heart.

Wit. Why that's kind indeed, to make some room for the Lover: But that is not my Distemper: I could resolve it my self, if I had a Husband, whether I would make him a Cuckold, or no: But I lye under a Difficulty of disposing of a Maiden-head.

Will. There I must resolve you, that case I often handle.

Wit. But hear it, I beseech you, before you decide it.

Will. That would do well in *Westminster-hall*, I grant you, but in Proceedings of this nature, we are always on the Plaintiffs side: Let the sober Party say what they can to the Reason of the thing; you are certainly in the Right, in pleasing your self.

Wit. 'Twill come to that, I believe: For you must know, Sir, that being under the Discretion and Tyranny of an old Aunt---

Will. You will naturally run away from her.

Wit. And being considerable enough, to be followed for my Fortune---

Will. You will certainly be betray'd, and Sold by her---

Wit. To some Booby of her own Breed, who paying too dear for the Purchase, will undo himself, to undo me.

Will. Come, come, you are now under my Care, 'tis my Fault, if you miscarry---

Wit. And mine too, if I do.

Will. Let me be your Trustee---

Wit. Indeed the Woman should cheat the Man, as much as she can, before Marriage, because, after it, he has a Title of cheating her, as long as he lives.

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Wild. If you can't make over your Mony, make over your—

Wit. Common Conveyances both in our Sex, Sir.

Wild. A Maiden-head's a Jewel of no value in Marriage—

Wit. 'Tis never set down indeed, in the Particular of a Woman's Estate.

Wild. And therefore least miss'd by a Husband, of any thing she brings along with her.

Wit. If indeed, by the Articles of Marriage, a Man should covenant for a Maiden-head, the Woman, in a legal Honesty, ought to satisfy the Bargain; but the Men never mention that, for fear of inflaming the Jointure.

Wild. And the Women never put 'em upon't.

Wit. Out of a Conscience in their Dealings to be sure, for fear they should not always be able to be as good as their Words.

Wild. I see, Madam, we differ only in our Sexes; and now, if you please, we will beget a right Understanding between them too.

Wit. How, Sir!

Wild. I'll shew you how: Have a Care what you do; Madam, 'tis a very difficult Matter, let me tell you, to refuse a Man handsomly; look you, Madam, I would have you make a decent Resistance, a little of it enhaunces the Favour, and keeps up the value of your Person; but too much on't is an undervaluing of mine. Nay, nay, when it once comes to fighting, you often ruin what you would raise. Strugling too long, is as much to your Disadvantage, as not struggling at all; and you know 'tis the same thing to a Woman, a Man's being indifferent, as his being incapable to oblige her—Come, come, enough of this—

Wit. So I say too, Sir, the Jest will go no further, I see.

[Unmasks, he declines into a Respect to her.]

Wild. Mrs. Witwoud! I did not expect to see you here, indeed, Madam.

Wit. I came upon Business, Mr. Wilding, but the Temptation of a Vizard Mask, and the Pleasure of prating upon such an Occasion, has carried me a little beyond it.

Wild.

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Wild. I am oblig'd to you for a great deal of Wit, whatever else you design me by this Visit.

Wit. Which now you hardly thank me for; since 'tis impossible for an old Acquaintance, to answer your Expectations of a new Face.

Wild. To shew how I value your Visit, and the Regard I have for you, I will give some necessary Orders in the Family, to prevent your being seen in my Lodgings, and wait upon you again. [Exit.]

Wit. By this extraordinary Care of my Reputation, I find he has no design upon it himself: Not that I have any design upon Mr. *Wilding*; but I am sorry to find, that every Man has not a Design upon me; for since Want is the rate of things, I know no real value of Reputation, but in regard of common Women, who have none; no extraordinary worth of a Maiden-head, but as 'tis a Temptation to the Man to take it away; and the best Commendation of Virtue is, that every Man has a Design to put it to the Trial. It vexes me tho' to think he should grow so tame, upon the Sight of me; not that I believe, I had any thing in my Face that alter'd him; something did, that's certain; by which I find 'tis not enough for a Woman to be handsom, there must be a probability of making that handsom Woman kind, to make a Man in love with her, for no Man is in love without some Encouragement to hope upon: Now from one of my Character, who have impertinently prated away so much of my time, (in setting up for a Wit, to the Ruin of other Peoples Pleasure, and loss of my own) what Encouragement or Probability can there be, but that, as I have liv'd a Fool, I ought to die repenting, unpity'd and a Maid: If I had dy'd a Maid, 'tis but what I deserv'd for laughing so many honest Gentlemen off their charitable Design of making me otherwife.

Wilding enters to her.

Wild. Now, Madam, you command me.

Wit. It shall be to do your self a Favour then, Mr. *Wilding*, to rid you of an Incumbrance, which lyes as heavy upon your Pleasures, as a Wife upon her Husband.

Wild.

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Wild. O defend me from a Wife.

Wit. And from a silly Mistress, Sir, the greater But-then of the two: A Wife you may lay aside, but a foolish fond Mistress, will hang about you, like your Conscience, to put you in mind of your Sins, before you are willing to repent of 'em: You know whom I mean, Mr. *Wilding*, you may trust me with the Secret, because I know it already.

Wild. That's one very good Reason truly, Madam.

Wit. My Cousin *Fanny* indeed is very well in her Person——

Wild. I'm glad on't.

Wit. Very well to be lik'd I mean.

Wild. I mean so too, Madam: Tho' I have known a Clap mistaken for a Maiden-head, before now. [*Aside.*]

Wit. But she's a Girl, and I can guess how very unfit a Girl must be, to give you any desire beyond undoing her: For I know your Temper so well, (now you have satisfy'd the Curiosity or Vanity of your Love) you would not bear the Punishment of her Company another Day, to have the Pleasure of it another Night, whatever you have said to persuade her to the contrary.

Wild. Fie, Madam, think better of me.

Wit. Better, nor worse, than I do of all the young Men in Town: For I believe you would now resign her to any body else, with as much satisfaction as you got her for your self: I know most of those matters end in the Benefit of the Publick: And a little of your ill Usage (which you will take care to supply her withal) may make her one of the common Goods of the Town: But that's a Ruin I would prevent if I could: Therefore, to save you the Labour of getting rid of her (for that's the only design you have now upon her, I'm sure) I came to spare your Good-nature the Trouble, by making you a very fair Offer.

Wild. Let's see how reasonable you can be, in another Body's Bargain.

Wit. Very reasonable you shall find me, if you will but give over your farther Attempts upon her, (which now you may easily be persuaded to I suppose) and contribute,

tribute, by your Assistance, to my Design of marrying her: I will engage my self and Interest (which you know is very considerable in my own Sex) to serve you in any other Woman of my Acquaintance.

Wild. Faith, Madam, you bid like a Chapman.

Wit. Any Woman, of any Family or Condition, the best Friend I have I'll befriend you in, and thank you in to the Bargain.

Wild. Stay, let me consider, which —

Wit. But take this Advice along with you; raise the Scene of your Affairs above the Conquest of a Girl. Some of you Sparks think, if you can but compass a Maiden-head, though but your Tailor's Daughter's, you have settled a Reputation for ever. Why, Sir, there are Maiden-heads among the Women of Quality, though not so many perhaps; but there are Favours of all kinds to be had among 'em; as easily brought about, and at the same price of Pains, that you can purchase a Chamber-maid's. —

Wild. I'm glad you tell me so.

Wit. Why, there's Mrs. New-love and her Cousin Tru-game, Mrs. Artist, Mrs. Dancer, Lady Smirker, Lady Woudmore; and twenty more of your Acquaintance and mine, all very fine Women to the Eye —

Wild. And of Reputation to the World.

Wit. Why those very Women of Reputation to the World have every one of 'em, to my certain Knowledge, an Intrigue upon their Hands, at this very time; for I'm intimate with all of 'em.

Wild. I see you are.

Wit. But, as fine as they seem to the Eye, Mr. *Wilding*, what with the false Complexions of their Skins, their Hair and Eye-brows; with other defects about 'em, which I must not discover of my Friends, you know; with their Stinking-breath in the Morning, and other unsavory Smells all the Day after, they are most of them intolerable to any Man that has the Use of his Nose.

Wild. That I could not believe indeed, but that you tell me so.

Wit. Then there's Mrs. Faceall, a very fair Woman indeed,

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deed, and a great Fortune: As much in shape as you see her, I have been a God-mother to two of her Children, and she passes for a very good Maid still.

Wild. She past upon me I assure you; for I was very near marrying her my self once.

Wit. Chuse where you please, but I would not advise you to any I have nam'd yet.

Wild. Is there any hopes of Mrs. *Friendall*?

Wit. Little or none, yet a-while, I believe: Mr. *Love-more* has at present engaged her: But there's my Cousin *Sightly*! Lord, that I should forget her so long! That I should be so backward in serving a Friend! She is the fittest Woman in the World for you; the most convenient for your Purpose, in all the Town: easie in her Humour and Fortune, and able to make her Lover so every way: She shall be the Woman.

Wild. Would you would make her so.

Wit. I can and will make her so. We shall walk in the *Mall* this Morning, if you think fit to be there, it may introduce the Acquaintance.

Wild. I'll but dress, and be with you.

Wit. I don't doubt, but in a little time, to give you an Opportunity, and the Lady an Inclination of having it improved, but that must be your Business: I'm a-going about mine, to make her a Visit. Remember our Bargain, Sir. [Exit.]

Wild. I warrant you:

Let Whore-masters rejoice; the Times must mend,
If every Woman has but such a Friend. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Ruffle's Lodgings.*

Enter Ruffle and Servant.

Ruf. **A** Gentleman to speak with me! I am gone to *Banstead-downs*, to the Horse match.

Serv. There's no Match there, Sir, this Fortnight.

Ruf.

Ruf. Not this fortnight! I had forgot my self: But you may say, I went out by five in the Morning; and you don't know when I come back. Go, tell him so.

Serv. I have told him already, you were within, Sir.

Ruf. Pox on him, what manner of Man is he? Does he look like a Man of Business?

Serv. Not much like a Man of Business.

Ruf. No, I warrant you; some Coxcomby Companion or other, that visits in a Morning; and makes other People idle, not to be idle himself. But can't you tell what he would have with me?

Serv. I'll ask him, if you please.

Ruf. He may be a Messenger for ought I know.

Serv. I'll bring an Account of him. [Exit.]

Ruf. Would he were a Messenger: I could be contented to pay the Fees, to be secur'd in the Hands of the Government for a Fortnight. Well, this Guilt is certainly very terrible. The Blow I gave *Friendall* was a very ill thing done of me; it lyes heavier upon my Conscience this Morning, than it did upon his Face last Night.

Servant re-enters.

Serv. His Name is Captain *Springam*: You know his Business, he says.

Ruf. Yes, yes, I guess at it: I thought what it would come to. Show him up to me. [Exit Servant.]

I must do as well as I can. [Strips into his Gown and Cap.] There comes no good of being too forward upon these Occasions----- 'twill require some time to dress again; 'Tis gaining Time at least.

Enter Springam.

Spring. Good-morrow, Sir, I have a small Bill upon you here.

Ruf. A Challenge I suppose.

Spring. Payable at Sight, as you will find it.

Ruf. You take me unprovided, you see, Sir, to answer you at sight.

Spring. I'll stay 'till you dress, Sir, if that be all, to have you along with me.

Ruf. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll go along with you; never doubt it, Sir; you shan't stay long for me; I may dress time enough

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nough for some Body, if that be your Business: I'll do the Gentleman Reason, I warrant him.

Spring. We ask no more, Sir.

Ruf. You are his Friend, I suppose?

Spring. At your Friend's Service: I serve upon these Occasions sometimes, by way of Second, or so, when I want Employment of my own.

Ruf. Is fighting your Employment?

Spring. 'Tis a Soldier's Employment.

Ruf. Why really, Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm sorry I must disappoint you; I never make use of a Second; especially in such a Quarrel as this is; where I am so much in the Wrong already, that I am almost unwilling to engage in it any farther my self: Where is your Friend, pray?

Spring. Below, in a Coach, Sir.

Ruf. O dear Sir, don't let him wait upon me, bring him up, I beseech you — and d'ye hear, Sir? I'm loath to justify an ill thing, if he is resolv'd to be satisfy'd, why with all my Heart, Sir, I'll give him the Satisfaction of a Gentleman, I'll beg his Pardon; pray tell him so.

[Exit Springam.]

Ruf. If fighting be his Employment, wou'd he were at it, or any where else, and I fairly rid of him: I cou'd discover now that *Lovemore* set me on to affront him; that wou'd throw the Quarrel upon *Lovemore*: But then *Lovemore* knows me, and I must expect to be scurvily us'd by him if I do: Hang Baseness; 'tis but begging Pardon at last.

Springam enters with Mr. Friendall.

Spring. A very civil Gentleman, Brother, he is not the Man you took him for.

Ruf. No, indeed, Sir, the Captain's in the right; I never justify an ill Thing.

Mr. Fri. 'Tis very well you don't, Sir.

Ruf. I am more a Man of Honour, I assure you, Sir.

Mr. Fri. I shall be glad to find you so.

Ruf. Sir, you shall find me so; I scorn to do an ill Thing, as much as any Man: I was last Night in the wrong, as every Man is sometimes; and I'm sorry for't: What would you have more, Sir?

Mr. Fri.

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Mr. Fri. That is not enough, Sir, I must have more.

Ruf. Why, I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Mr. Fri. What's begging my Pardon, Sir, for such a publick Affront?

Spring. So, now he grows upon him. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Fri. That won't do my Business, begging my Pardon: My Reputation's at Stake, and that must be satisfy'd before you and I part, Sir.

Ruf. Lord, Sir, you are the strangest Man in the World; you won't oblige me to justify an ill Thing, would you?

Mr. Fri. Damme, Sir, what do you mean? Not to give me Satisfaction?

Ruf. I mean, Sir, to give you any Satisfaction in Reason; but I can't fight against my Conscience, if I were to be hang'd, Sir, not I.

Spring. No, Brother, that's a little too hard upon the Gentleman: You see his Conscience won't suffer him to fight with you.

Mr. Fri. Damn him and his Conscience; he made no Conscience of affronting me.

Spring. But his Conscience has flown in his Face since, it seems.

Mr. Fri. And now he finds it only in his Fears.

Spring. Come, come, you may be satisfy'd without fighting.

Mr. Fri. If you think so, Brother —

Lovemore enters and joins with Friendall.

Love. Pox on't, they're here before me.

Ruf. Captain, I'll beg your Friend's Pardon, in any publick Place, at the Musick-Meeting, if he pleases----

Spring. That's staying too long for't.

Ruf. Or in full *Mall*, before the Beau's, or the Officers of the Guard; or at *Will's* Coffee-House before the Wits, or in the Play-House, in the Pit, before the Vizard-Masks, and Orange-Wenchs; or behind the Scenes, before the Women-Actors; or any where else, but upon the Stage; and you know, one wou'd not willingly be a Jest to the Upper Galleries.

Mr. Fri. You hear what he says, *Mr. Lovemore.*

Love. I'll do you Justice, Sir.

Ruf.

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Ruf. If none of these Offers will serve his Turn,

[*Seeing Lovemore he takes Heart again.*

Sir, if your Friend will be satisfy'd with nothing but Extremities, let him look to himself, let what will be the Consequence; I must do as well as I can with him.

Love. So, he has seen me, I find.

[*Aside.*

Spring. What the Devil he won't fight at last sure. [*Aside.*

Ruf. Sir, your most humble Servant: You guess these Gentlemens Business I suppose: I have offer'd 'em any Satisfaction in reason: But taking me, as you see, Sir, at a Disadvantage, two to one, nothing wou'd content 'em without exposing my self, as a Rascal, to all the Town, Sir; now, Sir, you are more a Gentleman I know, and they shall be damnd before I give 'em any other Satisfaction, now I have a Man of Honour to stand by me.

Love. Gentlemen, I came to reconcile you, if I can: What say you?

Spring. He offer'd just now to beg my Brother's Pardon in the Play-House.

Ruf. Make your best on't; I did so.

Mr. Fri. Then let it be to Night in the Side-Box, before the Ladies--

Ruf. With all my Heart, Sir.

Mr. Fri. For they are the part of the Town that a Man of Pleasure should secure a Reputation withal. Your Servant Sir. *Lovemore*, your humble Servant.

[*Friendall and Springam go out.*

Love. And hast thou begg'd his Pardon?

Ruf. And glad to come off so: I was never so put to't, to bring my self off a Quarrel before; it had been impossible, if the Captain had not done a good Office between us; but I bore up as soon as I saw you.

Love. But then 'twas too late. You had sneakingly begg'd his Pardon before: If you had sent to me at first, I wou'd have brought you off cleverly: Suppose he had carry'd you behind *Southampton House*, which he never intended, 'twas but falling down, or dropping your Sword, when you came there, to have sav'd all: But now you have ruin'd your own Reputation, and my Design upon him for ever.

Ruf.

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Ruf. What cou'd I do? He not only sent me a Challenge, but came himself to carry me along with him.

Love. How? Send you a Challenge, and come with it himself! that's something odd; pray, let's see the Challenge.

Ruf. There 'tis; make your best on't; the Paper will make admirable Crackers for a Lord-Mayor's Show, every Word in't is as hot as Gun-Powder, I am glad I'm rid on't. [Exit.]

Love. If this be *Friendall's* Stile, 'tis mightily mended of late: I have a Note of his about me, upon *Child*, for Mony won at Play: I'll compare 'em----- 'Tis not his Hand neither----Nay then there's more in't---This may be a Stratagem of his Wife's----I've seen her Hand, and think this very near it: It must be so: But then *Friendall's* coming for Satisfaction, is an Argument he might send this Challenge: But coming at the same time with it himself, is an Argument against him, that he knew nothing of the Matter. For tho' he delivers his Love-Letters, he wou'd hardly deliver his Challenges himself: And for his coming here, *Springam* might put him upon't, from a reasonable Probability that this Fellow was a Rascal. I don't know what to fix upon: This Challenge will be of use to me with the Lady: I'll take it for granted that she writ it, and proceed upon it accordingly. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to St. James's Park:

Enter Mr. Friendall, Springam, Mrs. Friendall and Mrs. Teazall.

Spring. Brother, if you have no farther Service for me, I must think of employing my self, my Walk lies another way. [Exit.]

Mrs. Fri. I'm glad you're rid of this Business so handsomly Mr. *Friendall*, and that Mr. *Lovemore* was by at his begging your Pardon.

Mr. Fri. When I undertake things of this kind, I always go thro' with 'em.

Mrs. Fri. This is very well over, and I hope you will take care to keep out of 'em for the future.

Mr. Fri. Every Man has the Misfortune of 'em sometimes, Madam, Mrs. Fri.

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Mrs. Fri. But 'tis a prudent Man's part to keep out of the Occasion of 'em: And, in order to't, *Mr. Friendall*, I cou'd wish you wou'd not make your House, as you daily do, one of the publick Places of the Town.

Teaz. She's in the right on't indeed, *Mr. Friendall*, you are very happy in the Discretion of a good Lady, if you know when you're well; there are very few Women wou'd quarrel with your good Nature in this Point, Sir; but she has too great a Regard to her own and your Reputation, you see, not to apprehend the Malice of ill Tongues upon the Liberties you allow in your Family; the graver part of your Friends take notice of it already, and let me tell you, Sir, are extremely concern'd.

Mr. Fri. That they are past the Pleasures of good Company themselves: Why really, Madam, I believe it: But they may say what they will, I shall do what I please: I live to my self, and not to the whimsical Humour of the graver part of my Friends, and so you may tell 'em, good Madam, from your humble Servant. [Going.]

Mrs. Fri. You won't leave us, *Mr. Friendall*?

Mr. Fri. I'll go home with you like a good Husband, Madam; but no Man of Fashion, you know, walks with his Wife; besides, there's a noble Lord I must walk with. [Exit.]

Mrs. Fri. Any thing to be rid of my Company.

Teaz. Why, how have the Men, at this rate, the Impudence to think the Women should not Cuckold 'em! If I had such a Husband, as old as I am, a my Conscience, I believe, I shou'd use him as he deserv'd: But that's some Comfort, use him as you please, no Body will think you wrong him; and let me tell you, 'tis a great thing to have the Town on ones side.

Mrs. Fri. I'll keep 'em so, if I can.

Teaz. Nay, Faith and Troth, you have given him fair warning; if he won't take it, he must answer himself for all the Mis-carriages you can be guilty of in your Conduct hereafter.

Mrs. Fri. There's something more in that, *Mr. Teazall*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lovemore and Wellvile following 'em.

Well. There's your *Mrs. Friendall* before us: I honour her Character as much as I despise her Husband's. Love.

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Love. Tho' he has 'scap'd the publick Discovery, if she knows him to be a Coward, it does my Business still as well.

Well. If I did not think him one, I wou'd put him to a Trial he shou'd not so easily get clear off; for putting a Note into Mrs. *Sightly's* Hand at the Musick-meeting.

Love. How!

Well. But I owe him a good Turn for it.

Love. It comes into my Head, and you shall pay him the good Turn: What if you put Mrs. *Sightly* upon telling his Wife of it?

Well. Ha!

Love. You ought to do it.

Well. I think so too my self; and you may be satisfy'd I'll do't; more out of a regard to the Woman I value so much, than any design of promoting your Cuckolding the Fool.

Love. Good grave Sir, the Plot is never the worse, I hope, for carrying your Friend's Interest along with the Ladies.

Well. Make your best use on't, *Lovemore*, I'm contented we shou'd thrive together. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mrs. Slightly and Witwoud after 'em.

Wit. You are mightily injur'd indeed, Madam, to be persuaded to come abroad, so much to your disadvantage, such a delicate Morning as this is, so much against your Inclinations: But you'll know your Int'rest better, in a little time, and me for your Friend, I suppose, when you find the Benefit of it.

Sight. Nay, Cousin, the Injury may be forgiven, for the Pleasure of the Walk, at this time of the Year.

Wit. Why, the very Walk is to be lik'd, tho' there were no Body in it to like us: But there's a great deal of good Company in the Mall, and I warrant you, we'll have our share of the Commendation of the Place, in spite of fresher Faces: You are sure of your part of it already.

Sight. How so, good Mrs. *Witwoud*?

Wit. Why, good Mrs. *Sightly*, there's Mr. *Welltoile* before you.

Sight. My Platonick Lover as you call him.

Wit. And as you find him.

Sight.

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Sight. I think him very much my Friend.

Wit. Very much your Friend! I grant you indeed, every Woman, that is not wholly insensible, (and one would not be thought insensible you know,) every Woman ought to have a Platonick Passion for one Man or other: But a Platonick Lover in a Man! is——

Sight. What pray?

Wit. Why, he is a very unmannerly Fellow; he is not what he should be; that's certain: As for the matter of Respect, which we keep such a clutter about, and seem to value so much in the Men, all that I know of it, is, that if any Man pretended to follow and like me, I should never believe what he said, if he did not do something to convince me: I should think he affronted me extremely, if upon the first handsom Occasion, he did not offer me every thing in his Power.

Sight. How Cousin!

Wit. I hate a Blockhead, that will never give a Woman a reputable Occasion of refusing him: 'Tis one of the best Complements a Lover can make his Mistress's Pride, and I never knew any Man, that did his Business without it.

Sight. Why *Witwoud*, thou art Mad sure.

Wit. Not for your Mr. *Wellville*; if I were in your Place, I should have something the better Opinion of him, if he would have a little worse Opinion of me: But between you and me, I should not like him for a Lover.

Sight. He does not pretend to be one.

Wit. Who's here? *Wilding* and *Courtall* behind us? That *Wilding*, Cousin, is a very pretty Gentleman.

Sight. And *Courtall* too, very well.

Wit. I must bring you acquainted with *Wilding*.

Sight. No more Acquaintance, good *Witwoud*.

Wit. For his Discretion, and Conduct, his good Behaviour, and all that, *Wellville* is his Acquaintance, and will answer for: But his agreeable, easie Wit, and good Humor, you may take upon my Word: You'll thank me, when you know him. [Exeunt.]

Enter Wilding and Courtall.

Wild. She's a Woman of her Word: You see she has brought Mrs. *Sighly* along with her.

Court.

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Court. I never doubted it: She'll carry her to Supper in a Night or two: She's never the worse Bawd, I hope, for being a Gentlewoman.

Wild. A good Family indeed gives a Countenance to the Profession; and a Reputation is necessary to carry on the Credit of a Trade.

Court. Here's *Wellvile* just behind us.

Wild. Prithee stay with him: I'll tell you how I thrive. [Ex.]

Enter Wellvile.

Well. Good-morrow Mr. *Courtall*.

Court. O Sir, yours.

Well. Was not that *Wilding* left you?

Court. He's in his Employment, Sir, very busie.

Well. In pursuit of the Women I know: It hardly answers the Expence, I doubt.

Court. You have no reason to say so: There's a Lady before us, of your Acquaintance, Mrs. *Sighly* by Name, of another Opinion: I suppose, she thinks such an Assurance, as his, in coming to the Point, is more to the Nature of the thing, than all your Ceremony and Respect.

Well. Mrs. *Sighly*!

Court. She, Sir, the very same: I could tell you a Secret, *Wellvile*; but you are one of those Fellows, that hate another Man should lye with a Woman, tho' you never attempt her your self: I confess I am something of your Mind: I think the Enjoyment the dull Part of an Intrigue, and therefore I give it over, when I see the Lady in earnest.

Well. But the Secret, *Courtall*.

Court. Why Faith, *Wellvile*, if you have Temper to manage it, the Secret may be of use to you: *Wilding*, you know, never debauches a Woman, only for himself; where he visits, in a little time, every Man may be receiv'd in his turn. You must know, 'twas *Witwoud* put him upon Mrs. *Sighly*, she knew what she did I suppose, and has promis'd him a good Office in her way: Make your Advantage of what I tell you; but not a Syllable to any one.

Enter Springam.

Spring. O *Courtall*! here are a Couple of Vizard-Masks have set upon me in the next Walk, and I wanted thee to take one of 'em off my Hands.

Court.

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Count. I'll stand by you, my noble Captain. [*Exeunt.*]

Well. (solus) I'll think no more on't, 'tis impossible: What's impossible? Nothing's impossible to a Woman: We judge but on the outside of that Sex; and know not what they can, nor what they do, more than they please to shew us. I have known Mrs. *Sightly* these seven Years——known her! I mean, I have seen her, observ'd her, follow'd her: May be there's no knowing a Woman: But in all that time, I never found a Freedom that allowed me any Encouragement beyond a Friend——May be I have been wanting to my self——But then she would not throw her self away upon a common Lover; that's not probable: If she had been affectedly reserv'd, I wou'd suspect, the Devil in her Heart had stamp't the Sign of Virtue in her Looks, that she might cheat the World, and sin more close. But she is open in her Carriage, easie, clear of those Arts that have made Lust a Trade——Perhaps that Openness may be Design——'Tis easie to raise Doubts——And still she may be—— I won't think she can——'till I know more: But *Witwoud* is, I know her, every thing that's mischievous; abandon'd and undone; undone her self, she wou'd undo the Sex: She is to bawd for *Wilding*: I know her bad enough for any Trade. But Bawds have some good Nature, and procure Pleasure for Pay: *Witwoud* has baser Ends, a general Ruin upon all her Friends. [*Several pass over the Stage, Mr. Friend— all slighted by 'em, one after another.*]

1 *Lord.* I have a little Business at present; but I shall see you at the Play. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Fri. In the King's Box, my Lord——
My dear Lord, I'm your humble Servant. [*To another.*]

2 *Lord.* Another time, good Mr. *Friendall*; you see I'm engag'd. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Fri. A Pox o'their Engagements: A Man can't make one among 'em. O my most noble Lord.

3 *Lord.* I know you will upbraid me, Mr. *Friendall*; but I'll recover your Opinion, and come and dine with you. Let's have *Jack Dryden* and *Will. Wicherly*, as you call 'em: Some of these Days, we'll be very witty together: But now I am your Servant. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Fri.

Mr. Fri. This is a very unfortunate Morning with me : I have not walk'd one turn with a Lord, since I came in : I see I must take up with the Men of Wit to Day —
O *Mr. Wellvile !*

Well. Don't let me keep you from better Company.

Mr. Fri. Faith, Sir, I prefer a Man of Wit, to a Man of Quality at any time.

Well. If she thinks *Witwound* her Friend, after this, 'tis a sign she's pleas'd with it, and there's an end on't.

Mr. Fri. Why, *Wellvile*, thou art *cogitabund*, as a Man may say; thy Head is running upon thy Poetry.

Well. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I did not mind you indeed. Your Servant, *Mr. Wilding* —

Wilding enters to 'em.

Mr. Fri. Wilding. yours. But *Wellvile*, prithee, what is't to be? A Song? a Tribute to the whole Sex? or a particular Sacrifice? or is't a Libel upon the Court, ha? (we'll keep your Council;) or a Lampoon upon the Town? Whar, I am a great Honourer and humble Servant of the Muses my self —

Well. A very Favourite of 'em, I hear Sir.

Mr. Fri. I sometimes scribble indeed, for my Diversion —

Wild. And the Diversion of the Ladies, *Mr. Friendall* —

Well. And the Diversion of all the Town, *Mr. Friendall*.

Mr. Fri. Why, Faith Gentlemen, Poetry is a very pretty Amusement, and, in the way of Intrigue, or so, among the better Rank of People, I have known a Paper of Verses go farther with a Lady in the Purchase of a Favour, than a Present of fifty Pounds would have done.

Wild. O, Sir, 'tis the only way of Purchasing a Woman that is not to be bought.

Mr. Fri. But, *Wellvile*, prithee communicate, Man.

Well. Why, if you will have it, I have a Design upon a Play.

Mr. Fri. Gad so, let me write a Scene in it: I have a thousand times had it in my Head, but never could bring it about to write a Play yet.

Wild. No; no; you had it not in your Head, Sir.

Mr. Fri. I vow to Gad, but I have then, twenty times,

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I'm confident; but one thing or other always kick'd it out again: But I promise you, I'll write a Scene for you.

Wild. Before you know the Subject?

Mr. Fri. Prithce, what is't? But be what it will, here's my Hand upon't, I'll write it for you.

Well. You must know then, Sir, I am scandaliz'd extremely to see the Women upon the Stage make Cuckolds at that insatiable Rate they do in all our modern Comedies: Without any other Reason from the Poets, but, because a Man is married he must be a Cuckold: Now, Sir, I think, the Women are most unconscionably injur'd by this general Scandal upon their Sex; therefore to do 'em what Service I can in their Vindication I design to write a Play, and call it——

Mr. Fri. Ay, what, I beseech you, I love to know the Name of a new Play.

Well. *The Wives Excuse: Or, Cuckolds make Themselves.*

Mr. Fri. A very pretty Name faith and troth; and very like to be popular among the Women.

Wild. And true among the Men.

Mr. Fri. But what Characters have you?

Well. What Characters? Why I design to shew a fine young Woman marry'd to an impertinent, nonsensical, silly, intriguing, cowardly, good-for-nothing Coxcomb.

Wild. This Blockhead does not know his own Picture.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Fri. Well, and how? She must make him a Cuckold I suppose.

Well. 'Twas that I was thinking on when you came to me.

Mr. Fri. O, Yes, you must make him a Cuckold.

Wild. By all means a Cuckold.

Mr. Fri. For such a Character, Gentlemen, will vindicate a Wife in any thing she can do to him. He must be a Cuckold.

Well. I am satisfied he ought to be a Cuckold; and indeed, if the Lady would take my Advice, she should make him a Cuckold.

Mr. Fri. She'll hear Reason I warrant her.

Well. I have not yet determin'd how to dispose of her. But in regard to the Ladies, I believe I shall make her Honest at last.

Mr. Fri.

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Mr. Fri. I think the Ladies ought to take it very ill of you, if you do: But if she proves Honest to the last, that's certain, 'tis more than the Fellow deserves. A very pretty Character this, faith and troth. [*To Wilding.*

Wild. And very well known in this Town.

Mr. Fri. Gad, I believe, I can help you to a great many hints, that may be very serviceable to you.

Well. I design to make use of you: We, who write Plays, must sometimes be beholden to our Friends. But more of this at leisure.

Mr. Fri. Will you walk, Gentlemen, the Ladies are before us.

Well. I have a little Business with *Wilding*. We'll follow you. [*Exit Friendall.*

Wild. Business with me, *Wellvile*?

Well. About a fair Lady, I'll tell you as we walk. [*Exeun.*
Enter Lovemore with Mrs. Friendall, Mrs. Sightly, Mrs. Witwoud, and Mrs. Teazall.

Teaz. Nay, indeed, *Mr. Lovemore*, as matters are manag'd between the Men and Women of the Town, 'tis no less a Blessing for a Lady to have a Husband that will but so much as offer to fight for her and her Honour, than 'tis for a Husband to have a Lady, that has any Honour to defend: There's such a depravity in Matrimony, o' both sides, now-a-days.

Sight. Why, good Madam, is it such a Business, for a Man to offer to fight for his Wife?

Wit. All that I know is, the Man that would not fight for me, should do nothing else for me.

Teaz. You'll have your Wit, let who's will blush for't.

Love. As you say, Madam, [*To Mrs. Teazall.*] a Man of Honour is a great Blessing in a Husband; such as *Mr. Friendall* has shown himself to be. And here's a Lady will value the Blessing as it deserves.

Mrs. Fri. I must indeed despise him in my Thoughts. [*Aside.*

Wit. Fulsome and foolish! let's hear no more on't: They don't think this can blind us: [*Walking off with Sightly.*

Love. If you were not inclin'd to it before, Madam, this last Behaviour of his would engage you to value such a Blessing as you ought.

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Mrs. Fri. My Duty would engage me — What does he mean by this?

Wit. Cousin *Teazall*, your Opinion pray.

Love. I have something to tell you, Madam, if you would but allow me; this is no place.

Mrs. Fri. You'll find a time I warrant you. Ladies, the Mall begins to thin. [Goes to 'em.]

Welville and Wilding coming forward.

Wild. Well, Sir, since you declare your self in love with the Lady, and I am not, I promise you, and you may trust me, I'll never follow her more.

Well. I do trust, and thank you for the Promise. Ladies your Servant. [He addresses to Sightly.]

Wit. O! he's come at last. [Wilding to Witwoud.]
There's nothing to be done here; you've outstaid your time; but we'll call at the Chocolate-house in St. *Alban-street*, as we go home; you may meet us there by accident, you know.

Wild. If I were to be hang'd now, I must meet 'em there; though I have given my Word to the contrary.

Teaz. Is that the filthy Fellow?

Wit. That's *Wilding*, Madam.

Teaz. I see there's no knowing a Whore-master by his Face; he looks like a modest, civil Gentleman.

Well. Your Friend, Mrs. *Witwoud*, Madam, [To Sightly] may be of that good-natur'd Opinion that *Lovemore* is familiar with the Husband, only to be more familiar with the Wife. But you must be cautious of what you say; for fear we turn the Scandal upon you.

Sight. Upon me, Mr. *Wellvile*?

Well. Pardon me, Madam, I have the Freedom of a Friend: But Mr. *Friendall* declares he is in love with you; and after that, the good-natur'd Town (whatever they believe) will go near to say, that your Familiarity with his Wife may be in order to the Husband.

Sight. Contemptible! Sure no-body would think so.

Well. 'Tis an ill-natur'd Age to handsome Women, Madam.

Sight. Must I suffer, because he's a Fool?

Well. You may suffer, because he's a Fool.

Sight. This is not only to be accountable for our own Conduct.

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Conduct, but to answer for all the Indiscretion of the Mens.

Well. You must, Madam, for those Mens you allow to be so near you.

Sight. It would be but an ungrateful piece of News to Mrs. Friendall, if I should be serious enough to tell her of it.

Well. 'Twould be more ungrateful to her, if any body else did; and would go near to make you serious, if another should tell her for you.

Sight. But who can tell? It may be the Cause of a Breach between 'em.

Well. Nay, Madam, if it be considerable enough to make a Breach in Marriage; you may be sure 'twill make a Breach in Friendship: And how much that will be to the Advantage of your Reputation upon such an Occasion---

Sight. I am convinc'd you are my Friend, Mr. Wellvile, and thank you for this care of me.

[*They mingle with Lovemore, Mrs. Friendall, and the rest.*]

Wit. This is the Aunt would ha' been upon your Bones, I assure you, if I had not deliver'd you.

Wild. How shall I do to appease her?

Wit. There's but one way now to please her. You must know she has been in her time, like other Women, in at most of the Pleasures of this Town; but being too passionate a Lover of the Sport, she has been—a Bubble at all Games: And having now nothing to lose but her Money, she declares for *Lanterelow*, and is contented to be only chea ed at Cards.

Mr. Friendall with Springam and Courtall.

Mr. Fri. Why, what do you think, Ladies? these Gentlemen here, in spite of the Temptation of so much good Company, refuse to dine with me.

Spring. O Madam! are you there? [To Witwoud.

Court. Your Brother has seduced me, Madam. [To Mrs. Fri.

Spring. We'll visit you at Night, Ladies, in Masquerade; when the Privilege of a Vizard will allow us a Conversation, out of your Forms, and more to our Humour a great deal, Ladies. [Exit Spring. and Court.

Mr. Fri. Lovemore, Wellvile, Wilding---you'll follow us?

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Love. We won't fail you, Sir.

[*Mr. Friendall goes out with the Ladies.*]

Wit. *St. Albans-street* —

Wild. Will tell you more of this.

Well. *Wilding*, you'll take another turn with us?

Wild. Faith, no, I'm tir'd: We shall meet at *Friendall's* all. [Exit.

Well. At *Friendall's* be it then;

Where the kind Husband welcomes every Guest.

Love. He but invites, his Wife must make the Feast. [Exe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Mr. Friendall's House.*

All the Company enters after Dinner.

Love. **M***R. Friendall*, you have the best Wines, and the greatest choice of any Man in Town.

Mr. Fri. There's an Elegance in Eating and Drinking, Gentlemen, as well as in Writing.

Well. Or your Stile wou'd never go down. [Aside.

Mr. Fri. How did you like the *Lucina* I gave you, the *Gallicia*, the *Mountain-Alicant*? You taste the Sun in them perfectly, Gentlemen.

Wild. O plainly, Sir!

Mr. Fri. Then the *Aracina*, the *Ranchio*, and the *Peralta*, the *Carcavelis*, the *Lacryma*, the *Schiveas*, the *Zepharonia*, the *Montalchyno*, with all the *Muschatellos*, and to conclude, my single Bottle of *Tockay*.

Love. Admirable all, Sir.

Mr. Fri. A Friend of mine, that brought the *Tockay* from *Buda*, assures me, the Stones of all those Grapes are Gold.

Well. That makes the Wine so scarce.

Mr. Fri. Nay, not unlikely: But of all the Wines of all the Climates under the Sun —

Wild. Give me the *Greek*.

Mr. Fri. O, I abominate —

Well.

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Well. The Language, but not the Wines; you may relish them without it.

Mr. Fri. Ay, that may be: But of all the Wines, Pagan, or Christian, in the World, I think the *Borachio* the noblest

Well. 'Tis of the roughest kind indeed, of Beasts, would he were in the Skin of one of 'em.

Wild. But your *Vine de Congress*, *Mr. Friendall*—

Mr. Fri. True; but 'tis a *Dutch Wine*, and grows in the Province of *Zealand*, I have drank it upon the Place.

Wild. But, *Mr. Friendall*, pray in all your variety and interest among your Friends in the City, have you not sometimes met with such a Wine, as the *Vine de Shornuck*?

Mr. Fri. *Vine de Shorneck*? Yes, I have drank of it at *Thompson's*, and was the first that took notice of it; but 'tis a prohibited *French Wine*, and I have too great an Acquaintance with the Members of Parliament, not to drink according to Law.

Wild. Yours is very good Snuff, *Mr. Friendall*.

Mr. Fri. Yes, truly, I think 'tis pretty good Powder.

Wild. Pray your Opinion of mine, you are a Critick.

Mr. Fri. This is *Havana* indeed; but then 'tis wash'd: Give me your dry Powders, they never lose their Scent: Besides, yours is made of the Leaves of the Tobacco—

Well. Why, what the Devil's yours?

Mr. Fri. Mine, Sir, is right *Palillio*, made of the Fibres, the Spirituous part of the Plant; there's not a Pinch of it out of my Box in *England*; 'twas made I assure you to the Pallat of His Most Catholick Majesty, and sent me by a great Don of *Spain*, that's in his Prince's particular Pleasures.

[Goes to the Women.]

Well. And his, it seems, lie in his Nose.

Mr. Fri. Ladies, what say you to the Fresko of the Garden? We'll drink our Tea upon the Mount, and be the Envy of the Neighbourhood.

Wit. O delicately thought upon!

Mr. Fri. Madam, which Tea shall we have?

Mrs. Fri. Which the Company pleases, *Mr. Friendall*.

Mr. Fri. The plain *Canton*, the *Nanquin*, the *Bohea*, the *Lantheroom*, the *Sunloe*, or which? Ha!

Well. Have you any of the *Non Amo Te*?

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Mr. Fri. Faith, no, Sir, there came but little of it over this Year; but I am promis'd a whole Canister by a Friend of a considerable Interest in the Committee.

Love. Then the *Bohea*, Sir, the *Bohea* will do our Business.

Mr. Fri. My *Bohea*, at the best Hand too, cost me ten Pound a Pound, but I have a Tea with a damn'd Heathenish hard Name, that I think I was very much befriended in at an *Indian House* in the City, if you please, we'll have some of that.

Mrs. Fri. 'Tis in my Cabinet, *Mr. Friendall*, I must order it my self for you. [*Goes out.*]

Mr. Fri. That Madam must make the Complement the greater to the Company: *Allons*, you know the way, I wait upon you. [*All go out but Lovemore.*]

Love. This way she must come, she can't avoid me, thanks to the honest Husband. [*Mrs. Friendall returns.*]

Mrs. Fri. Are you one of the Gentlemen that love the Tea with a hard Name?

Love. Faith, Madam, I must love any thing that gives me an Opportunity —

Mrs. Fri. With any Woman that has a mind to improve it.

Love. Of adoring you.

Mrs. Fri. Me, *Mr. Lovemore*! I was going before, but now you drive me.

Love. Stay, this Violence, if you can call it Violence on my Knees, excuses you to all your Female Forms; nay, to your self, severer than your Form, if you should stay and hear me.

Mrs. Fri. Well, what's the Matter?

Love. Every thing is Matter of your Praise, the subject of fresh Wonder: Your Beauty made to tire the Painter's Art, your Wit to strike the Poet's Envy dumb.

Mrs. Fri. Are you turn'd Poet too?

Love. Indeed you can inspire me —

Mrs. Fri. With the Spirit of Scandal I may, a small matter Conjures up a Lampoon against the Women — But to the purpose, Sir; you pretend Business with me, and have insinuated a great deal of pains all this Day to get an occasion of speaking to me in private; which now, by *Mr. Friendall's* Assistance, you think you have ingeniously

ously secur'd: Why, Sir, after all, I know no Business between us that is to be carry'd on, by my being alone with you.

Love. I'm sorry for that indeed, Madam.

Mrs. Fri. Suppose, Mr. *Love*more, a Man shou'd hit you a Box on the Ear.

Love. Only suppose it, good Madam.

Mrs. Fri. Why, Sir, any Man that's Brute enough may do it; tho' that Brute should beg your Pardon never so publickly for the Wrong, you wou'd never heartily forgive him for pitching upon you.

Love. Not heartily I believe indeed.

Mrs. Fri. Why, very well: You keep me here against my Will, against all Rules of Decency to me, my Sex, and Character; the worst of Wrongs; yet you will think it hard to be condemn'd, or hated, for your light Opinion of me, that first encourag'd you to this Design.

Love. Hated for loving you!

Mrs. Fri. Ay, there's the Business: Who wou'd not stay to see her Worshipper upon his Knees, thus prais'd, and ador'd? Her Beauty made to tire the Painter's Art, her Wit to strike the Poet's Envy dumb; and all deliver'd in such a dying tone, no Lady can out-live it. Mr. *Love*more, you might have known me better, than to imagine your sly Flattery could softly sing me into a Consent to any thing my Virtue had abhor'd. But how have I behav'd my self? What have I done to deserve this? What Encouragement have I given you?

Love. A Lover makes his Hopes.

Mrs. Fri. Perhaps 'tis from the general Encouragement of being a marry'd Woman, supported on your side by that honourable Opinion of our Sex, that because some Women abuse their Husbands, every Woman may. I grant you indeed, the Custom of *England* has been very prevailing in that Point; and I must own to you an ill Husband is a great Provocation to a Wife, when she has a mind to believe as ill of him as she can.

Love. How if the Wife believe too well of him?

Mrs. Fri. Why then the Folly's hers: For my part, I have known Mr. *Friendall* too long, not to know justly.

what he deserves; I won't justifie his Faults, but because he does not take that care of me he shou'd, must not I have that regard to my self I ought? What I do is for my own sake: Nay what is past, which, by your hints, I know you do suspect, I own I did it; not for the Commendation of your Wit, nor as a Debt to him, but to my self, foreseeing a long Life of Infamy, which in his Follies I was marry'd to; and therefore sav'd my self by saving him.

Love. Your Conduct every way is excellent, but there it was a Master-piece indeed, and worthy Admiration.

Mrs. Fri. And wou'd you have me lose that Character, so worthy your Admiration, which, even you, an Enemy, must praise, when you wou'd ruin? No; what I've done to raise this Character, may be an Argument I will do more to heighten it, to the last Act of Life.

Love. And all for the Reward of being thought too good a Wife to such a Husband,

Mrs. Fri. How! you know him then?

Love. You and I know him.

Mrs. Fri. Fit to bear a Wrong? Is that the Reason of your wronging him? I want but that; O let me but believe you injure him, because you know you may, and attempt me, because you think it safe; and I will scorn you low, as you do him: You say you know him: Now, Sir, I know you, you, and your Practices against us both: You have encourag'd all that has been done, exposing him, only to ruin me. 'Tis necessary to believe as ill of you as I can: And for the future, 'till you clear your self—

Love. I can clear my self.

Mrs. Fri. I'll think you capable of every thing; of any Baseness to advance your Ends; so leave you to your Triumph. [Going.]

Love. Madam, stay, I must be justify'd: This Challenge here has taught me all I know; made me suspect who writ it, and presume all I have said to you.

Mr. Fri. Where had you it?

Love. *Ruffie* gave it me. I hope you may forgive my knowing it, since by resigning it into your Hands, I give you

you up the only Evidence that can rise up against him: Such a piece of News, Madam, wou'd have been welcome enough to the ill-nature of the Town; and I might have had my Ends in such a Report, had I encourag'd the exposing him: But when I saw how near you were concern'd, I had no other Pleasure but the thought of serving you; if I have serv'd you, I am over-paid; if not, I must serve on: For I but live to serve you.

Mrs. Fri. My Employment calls upon me; are not you for Tea?

Two Footmen enter with a Service of Tea, and go out with Mrs. Friendall.

Love. I find I am restor'd, but I was reduc'd to the necessity of a Lie to come into Favour again; but that's a Necessity that every Man of Honour must submit to sometimes, that has any thing to manage with the Women: For a Lover, that never speaks more than the Truth, is never believ'd to be a Lover: And he that won't lie to his Mistress, will hardly lye with her: So let his Honesty reward him; the Lady won't, I dare say for her. There must be a cheat upon the Sense sometimes, to make a perfect Pleasure to the Soul: For if the Women did but always know what really we are; we shou'd not so often know so much of them as we do: But 'tis their own Faults; they know we can't live without 'em, and therefore ask more of us than we have honestly to give for the Purchase. So, very often, they put us upon Dissimulation, Flattery and false Love, to come up to their Price. *Mrs. Friendall* went away a little abruptly: I'm glad she did: For that methinks confesses an Obligation which she has not yet in her Power to return.

Enter Wellvile to him.

Well. Lovemore, your Plot begins to thrive: I left *Mrs. Sighly* telling *Mrs. Friendall* every thing between her and *Mr. Friendall*: I thought fit to acquaint you with it, that you might be prepar'd: You know best what Use to turn it to: My Business is with *Mrs. Sighly*.

Love. I thank you for the News: They're coming this way, I wou'd not have 'em see us: I must hover here.

[*Exeunt Lov. and Wellv.*

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Friendall and Mrs. Sightly.

Mrs. Fri. I cou'd not have believ'd it.

Sight. I am sorry you have Reason to believe it upon my Account: Indeed, I was unwilling to believe it; I suffer'd it as long as I cou'd; but finding no end of this Persecution —

Mrs. Fri. You have us'd me like a Friend, and I thank you — his Note since Dinner desires you wou'd meet him at Seven, at *Rosamond's Pond*: You can't be so hard-hearted to disappoint him?

Sight. If you have a mind to have a plainer Proof of his Treachery —

Mrs. Fri. The Proof is plain enough: You say it: Besides, he has given it under his Hand here; and I believe the Gentleman, tho' you won't.

Sight. Or if you wou'd, let him know you have discover'd him, and upbraid him with his Baseness before me---

Mrs. Fri. That wou'd but harden him, or make him vain, by shewing a Concern for him.

Sight. If you have any Curiosity to be satisfy'd, I'll go with you to the Place appointed.

Mrs. Fri. I wou'd not have him know either of us.

Sight. Then we must have a Man to secure us.

Mrs. Fri. We may trust your Friend Mr. *Wellwile*.

Sight. Mr. *Friendall*, you must know, thinks him in love with me; so being a Rival, may make him avoid us: But Mr. *Lovemore* will do as well.

Mrs. Fri. I wou'd not have him know it.

Sight. He knows it already; I made no Secret of it, and Mr. *Wellwile* told it him.

Mrs. Fri. Then he, or any one —

Enter Lovemore to 'em.

Sight. O! here he comes: Mr. *Lovemore*, we must employ you this Afternoon.

Love. To serve my self, in waiting upon you.

The rest of the Company enter to 'em.

Teaz. Well, here's such a Clutter to get you to Cards: You have drank your Tea: What will you do next, I trow?

Wit. Why take a Napp, or smoak a Pipe, any body that has a mind to be private.

Teaz.

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Teaz. Wou'd I had one civilly in a Corner.

Mr. Fri. Get the Cards in the Drawing-room. [*To a Serv.*]

Wit. Not 'till we have the Song, *Mr. Friendall*, you promis'd us.

Mr. Fri. Why, Faith, I was forc'd to set it my self: I don't know how you'll like it with my Voice; but Faith and Troth, I believe the Masters of the Musick-meeting, may set their own Words, for any trouble I shall give 'em for the future about mine.

Wild. Nay, then you ruin 'em.

Wit. The Song, the Song, Sir.

SONG written by a Man of Quality.

I.

SAY, cruel Amoret, how long
In Billet-dous, and humble Song,
Shall poor Alexis woo?
If neither writing, sighing, dying,
Reduce you to a soft complying:
O! when will you come to?

II.

Full thirteen Moons are now past o'er,
Since first those Stars I did adore,
That set my Heart on fire;
The conscious Play-house, Parks and Court,
Have seen my Sufferings made your Sport:
Yet am I ne'er the nigher.

III.

A faithful Lover shou'd deserve
A better fate, than thus to starve
In sight of such a Feast:
But Oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry Slave shou'd taste one Bit;
Give some kind Looks at least.

Wild. Admirable well —

Wit. Sett and sung, Sir.

Love. A Gentleman does these things always best.

Wild. When he has a Genius.

Mr. Fri.

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Mr. Fri. Ay, Sir, he must have a Genius: There's no being a Master of any thing without a Genius.

Mrs. Fri. *Mrs. Teazall*, Pam wants you in the next Room. *[Scene draws, shews Tables and Cards.]*

Teaz. I'll make the more of him, when I get him into my Hands.

Well. I have something to tell you, worth more than the Cards can win for you. *[To Mrs. Sightly.]*

Mrs. Fri. Who's for Comet?

Love. I am your Man, Madam.

Mrs. Fri. You play too deep for me.

Wit. Cousin, you'll make one of us?

Sight. I go your Halves, if you please, I don't care for playing my self. *[They go in to play. The Scene shuts upon 'em. Wellvile and Sightly stay.]*

Sight. Now, Mr. *Wellvile*, you have something extraordinary to say to me.

Well. I have, indeed, Madam; but I shou'd prepare you for the Story, there are some Friends in it, that you will be concern'd to have an ill Opinion of.

Sight. I have reason to think you my Friend.

Well. Then pray give me leave to ask, how long you have known Mr. *Wilding*.

Sight. I never spoke to him 'till this Morning at the Chocolate-house, as we came from the Park.

Well. I think he's Mrs. *Witwoud*'s particular Acquaintance.

Sight. That, I suppose, gave him his Title of speaking to us.

Well. And she has a mind to bring him acquainted with you. I'm sorry I must warn you of him: I was in hopes it wou'd have dy'd of it self: But his talking to you, at the Chocolate-house, after he had promis'd never to follow you more, makes me apprehend, that he is still carrying on his Design upon you.

Sight. A Design upon me!

Well. He has a Design upon you: And you have heard enough of his Character, to suspect the Honour of any Design he has upon any Woman: But such as it is, your Cousin *Witwoud*, and very good Friend, for Ends of her own,

own, which I can inform you in, has undertaken to bring it about. I see you are surpriz'd.

Sight. I pray, Sir, go on.

Well. I never pretended to be a Friend of Mrs. *Wirwound's*, but now I hate her: And what I tell you, is not to ruin her with you; but of nearer Consequence, to save you from being undone by her: This is not a Secret; I'll tell her of it my self, and my Thoughts of her into the Bargain: But, Madam, you know best, how far she has solicited his Cause to you; how far my Story is probable; and whether you don't think, she perswaded you to walk this Morning in the Mall, in order to meet Mr. *Wilding*: That was the Business of her Visit to you, as he tells me, whatever she pretended to the contrary.

Sight. You astonish me.

Well. I am astonish'd my self, indeed, Madam, not to find her as I always thought her, fit for any Mischief: But to think she can pretend to be a Bawd, and provide no better for a Friend: To sacrifice you to a Man, who wou'd tell all the Town of it, as well as *Courtall*, and has confess'd to me, that he never was in love with you, nor had a thought that way, 'till she put it into his Head, and promis'd to assist him in't.

Sight. Unheard of Villany!

Well. Faith, Madam, if I might advise you, it shou'd be to a Man of Honour at least; that can be so tender of a Reputation, not to lessen a Lady's Favour so far, to make it the common Mirth of the Town: If you have any Favours to dispose of, dispose of 'em your self: Let not another run away with the Benefit of your good Turns: I have been an old Admirer, Madam; and I hope stand as fair, and have as good a Title to put in my Claim, as any Man of her providing.

Sight. So, Sir, then it seems you think I must be provided for, and therefore these Advances must please me: I have some reason to believe what you say of my Cousin *Wirwound*; but I have no reason to think you very much my Friend; she has betray'd me, and you are pleas'd to I think deserve it: I thank you for your Caution; but it shall secure me for the future, against her and you:

For

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For as much as I thought you my Friend; nay, though I languish'd for you, the encouragement you are pleas'd to make, from other Peoples base Opinion of me, shall teach me to despise you. [*The Scene opens, the Company rises from play, and comes forward.*]

Teaz. Nay, nay, I have done with you: If this be your fair Play, there's no danger of your Soul; why, you make no Conscience of cheating any Body out of your own Gang.

Wit. Conscience at Cards, Cousin! you are a better bred Lady than to expect it.

Mr. Fri. Conscience, Madam, is for serious Affairs, no Body minds it at play.

Teaz. Nay I'm ev'n right enough serv'd, I deserv'd it, that's the truth on't: I must be playing with Company so much younger than my self, but I shall be wiser for the future, and play the Fool in my own form, where I may Cheat in my turn.

Mrs. Fri. If you speak of your Losings, Madam, I believe my Fortune has been harder than yours; in ten Sets running with *Mr. Wilding*, I never turn'd one, nor had Comet in my Hand.

Wit. Nay, if you win her Mony, you may win every thing of her, if you know how to manage your Game.

[*Goes to Mrs. Sightly.*]

Wild. And Faith I'll play, it as well as I can.

Wit. Cousin, I have won an Estate for you.

Sight. You have undone me. [*Exit, Wit. following.*]

Wild. I'll watch my time, and follow 'em.

Mr. Fri. Lovemore, prithee keep the Company together; I have an Appointment upon my Hands, and must leave you: We must serve one another sometimes, you know.

[*Goes off.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Jew, newly turn'd Protestant, that my Master was Godfather to, has brought the Essences and Sweet-waters he order'd him, to raffle for.

Mrs. Fri. Shall we try, whether we like any of 'em.

[*Going.*]

Will. We shall find him a Jew still in his Dealings, I suppose.

Love.

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Love. You wou'd not have him lose by his Conversion, I hope.

Wild. Like other wise Men, he's for saving Soul and Body together, I warrant him. [They go in.]

SCENE *Changes to the Garden.*

Wittwoud following Sightly.

Sight. Never think of denying, or excusing it to me, I am satisfied there's more in it than you ought to defend; there are so many Circumstances to convince me of your Treachery to me, I must believe it.

Witt. I see, Cousin, you will believe any thing against me: But as I hope to be sav'd, upon the Faith of a Christian, and may I never rise off my Knees into your good Opinion again, if I don't abhor the Villany you lay to my Charge; something I must confess to you, but I beg you to forgive me, 'twas unadvis'd indeed, but innocent, and without a design upon you: *Courtall's* a Coxcomb, and nothing but *Wilding's* Vanity, or *Welville's* Revenge, cou'd be necessary to the Ruin of me with you, the only Relation I love and value in the World.

Sight. O! I had forgot the Pains you took to secure me, to Morrow Night at Cards, at your Lodgings with Mr. *Wilding*: Cousin, let me tell you, a Bawd is the worst part of an Intrigue, and the least to be said for't in excuse of the Infamy. But you had something more than a Lover to provide for me, or you wou'd not have expos'd me to a Man that wou'd expose me to all the Town; Is it because I have been your best and last Friend, (for you will hardly find such another in your Family) that thus you reward me for the Folly? Or is it because I am a witness of your Shame, that you wou'd be a Contriver of mine? I know, (and I look upon it as a Judgment upon the former Follies of your Life,) that you are notoriously abandon'd to the beastly Love of a Fellow, that no Body else can look upon; and, may be, you are mischievously pleas'd to make me as despicable as your self; there must be the Devil in the bottom on't, and I'll fly from him in you.

Witt.

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Wit. O! don't leave me in this Passion, I am utterly ruin'd if you go; upon my Knees I beg it of you.

Sighs. Cousin, I forgive you: what's past shall be a Secret for both our sakes; but I'm resolv'd never more to come into your Power; so farewell, and find a better Friend than I have been. [Goes out.]

Wit. She's lost, and my Design upon her, which is yet a greater Misfortune to me. [Wellv. and Wild. enter to her.]
O! Sir, I am oblig'd to you—and you are oblig'd to your self for your Success with Mrs. *Sighs*; so like a Boy, to discover the Secret, before 'twas in your power to expose! away, I'll have no more to say to you. [Goes out.]

Wild. So, Sir, you have made fine work on't with the Women. I thought I had satisfy'd you in the Mall this Morning.

Well. Sir, I must be better satisfy'd than I was in the Morning, I find there's no relying upon your word, since, after your Promise, never to follow her more, you could excuse your self to me in the Mall to meet her at the Chocolate-House.

Wild. Nay then we have both our Grievances, and this must answer 'em. [Going to fight, Court. enters to part 'em.]

Court. Fie, fie, Friends, and fighting! that must not be Gentlemen. Mrs. *Witwood* has told me the Matter; and unless you had a fourth Man to entertain me, you had ev'n as good put up again: We are all in Fault, and all deserve to be swing'd for't, that's certain: *Wilding* was a Fool for telling me of his Design, and I was a Fool for talking on't to *Wellvile*; and *Wellvile* no wiser than either, for making such a Bustle about it: Therefore pray Gentlemen let's agree in this Opinion, that by our own prating, and prying into other Peoples Affairs, we often discover and ruin one anothers Designs;

For Women are by Nature well inclin'd:

Our Follies frighten 'em from being kind.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Witwoud's Lodgings.

Enter Wilding following Witwoud.

Wit. **N**AY I don't wonder you thrive no better with the Women, when you can part with such an Advantage over *Mrs. Friendall*: You say you have won a Sum of her, which she would not be known to lose: Why, another Man would take the Privilege of a winning Gamester, upon such an Occasion, to press her to a Promise, at least, of coming out of your Debt.

Wild. I shall improve, I find, upon the Advantage of your hints: But *Mrs. Sightly*, Madam —

Wit. *Mrs. Sightly* indeed: Was that a Woman to throw away upon the Vanity of being talk'd of for her? In the time you were bragging to other People, of being in her Favour, you might have been every-where you desir'd.

Wild. Nay, not unlikely.

Wit. I have made all the Excuse I could for you; some too, that in my Conscience I thought very unreasonable my self; and could pass upon no Body but a Woman, that was easily dispos'd to forgive you.

Wild. If she would but hear what I have to say for my self.

Wit. Nay, she's pretty well prepar'd, but you must not think of speaking to her bare-fac'd, that she can't consent to for her own sake: You have made the matter so publick, she has Eyes upon her to be sure now: But it happens very luckily, *Friendall* has a Masquerade to Night at his House: There, if you please, I can give you an Opportunity of clearing your self to her.

Wild. I ask no more of you.

Wit. Never think of defending your self, for what's past you were certainly i'th' wrong; and she thinks you so: You know well enough what to say to a Woman, that has a mind to believe you.

Wild. How shall I know her at the Masquerade?

Wit.

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Wit. Go you, and prepare for't: And depend upon me for your Intelligence. [*Wilding goes out.*] I find I am declining in my Reputation; and will bring every Woman of my Acquaintance into my own Condition, of being suspected at least: I have promis'd more than I can do with my Cousin *Sightly*; I have lost my Credit with her too lately, to betray her in the way of Friendship — let me see — *Betty* —

Enter Betty.

You know where the Man lives that made my Cousin *Sightly's* Scarf, go to him from me, desire him to borrow it, that a Lady may see it, who likes it, and desires to have one made of the same Pattern — [*Exit Betty.*] I despair of bringing her to the Masquerade: I must personate her my self, and meet *Wilding* in her room: But what may be the Issue of that? Let what will be the Issue: The farther he presses his Design upon me, the farther I carry my Design upon her: And for once, in order to my Revenge, rather than not expose her, I'll venture to grant him the Favour, that he may tell on't: and she have the benefit of the Scandal — [*Goes out*]

SCENE in *St. James's Park.*

Enter Lovemore with Mrs. Friendall, and Mrs. Sightly.

Love. Yonder comes Mr. *Friendall*, Madam.

Mrs. Fri. Would I were at home again: I came upon a foolish Discovery of his Actions, to be surpris'd in a very unaccountable one of my own.

Sight. That is, walking *Incognito* on this side the Park with a Man of your Character, Mr. *Lovemore*.

Mrs. Fri. I hope he won't know us.

[*They put on their Masks.*]

Sight. He's too busie in his own Affairs.

Love. He comes upon us. I must speak to him.

Enter Friendall.

Mr. Fri. You are provided for, I see: The Ladies, I suppose, wish I could say as much for them too: Very genteel Women both faith and troth; I warrant 'em Women of Condition, if not Women of Quality, by their Assignment at *Rosamond's Pond*.

Love.

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Love. You fancy that from the Quality of your own Intrigue.

Mr. Fri. Why there's something in that too: And the Truth on't is, my Assignment is with a Woman of Quality.

Love. Mrs. *Sightly*, I fancy, *Friendall*.

Mr. Fri. Fie, fie, why should you think so? But let her be who she will, if she disappoint me, I'll own it to-morrow to every Body——

Love. That she disappointed you?

Mr. Fri. No; that 'twas Mrs. *Sightly* I had an Intrigue with.

Sight. A small matter makes an Intrigue of his side, I find.

Mr. Fri. Sure I have seen some-body very like this Lady?

[*Viewing his Wife.*]

Mrs. Fri. I would not be known for the World.

Love. I'll bring you off, I warrant you.

Mr. Fri. She has the Air and Mein very much, of a Lady of my Acquaintance.

Love. Not unlikely, Faith: It may be she her self, for ought I know to the contrary: But if you have a Mind to be satisfied——

Mrs. Fri. Lord! what do you do?

Love. I have no Occasion for her at present: This is my Woman: She's but an ill-natur'd Incumbrance, at this time; and you'll do me a Favour to dispose of her.

[*To Mrs. Sightly.*]

Mr. Fri. Nay, if you are so free to dispose of her, I'm satisfy'd she is not the Woman I took her for: For, to tell you the Truth, *Lovemore*, I thought 'twas my Wife: And, I gad, I began to be very uneasy; not so much for finding her in your Company, as that she should come so peevishly to disturb me, in an Affair so very much above her.

Sight. Why, Sir, they say your Wife is a very fine Woman.

Mr. Fri. A Wife a fine Woman, Madam? I never knew a Husband that thought so in my Life.

Mrs. Fri. But some body else may, Sir, if you allow her to make those Entertainments for the Town, that I hear you do.

Mr. Fri.

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Mr. Fri. Gad so, *Lovemore*, prithee bring the Ladies to my Masquerade to Night; there's no body but People of Quality to be there, for Pleasure is my Business, you know; and I am very well pleas'd, to allow my Wife the Liberties she takes, in favour of my own; for to tell you the Truth, the chief End of my Marrying her, (next to having the Estate settled upon me) was to carry on my Intrigues more swimmingly with the Ladies.

Love. That's a Convenience in Matrimony, I did not think of.

Mr. Fri. One of the greatest, upon my Word, Sir. For being seen so often abroad, and visiting with my Wife, I pass upon the formal Part of the Town for a very good Husband; and upon the Privilege of that Character, I grow intimate with all her Acquaintance, (and, by the way, there's hardly a Family in Town, but I can contrive to come acquainted with, upon her account) there I pick and chuse in the very Face of their reverend Relations, and deliver my Billets my self.

Mrs. Fri. You have 'em ready then?

Mr. Fri. Two or three always in my Pocket:---[*Shews 'em.*] I write half a Dozen in a Morning, for the Service of that Day.

Love. Hard Service, I assure you.

Mr. Fri. Not at all: the Letters are but Copies one of another; and a Love-letter should be a Love-letter, you know, passionate and tender, who-ever 'tis design'd for. Ha! yonder are two Women in Masks! I must not be seen with you: Ladies, you know when you're well, I suppose, by the Choice of your Man; make much of him, he's my Bosom-friend, and Confident of my Pleasures.

Mrs. Fri. And you of his, I suppose? There's no Pleasure without a Confident.

Mr. Fri. Faith, Madam, I am of your Mind: But *Lovemore*'s a little too reserved, 'tis, at present, his Fault, from a want of knowing the Town; but he'll mend of it, I hope, when he comes to have a Woman worth talking of. *Lovemore*, not a Word at home of seeing me here, as you value the Fortune of your Friend: Adieu.[*Goes out.*]

Mrs. Fri.

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Mrs. Fri. Are you the Confident of the Gentleman's Pleasures?

Love. I have not betray'd 'em, Madam.

Mrs. Fri. Methinks a Friend should have warn'd me of 'em.

Love. I would not be thought to do ill Offices, especially in Marriage, Madam.

Mrs. Fri. I don't think you would; would Mr. Friendall were as tender of wronging me — [Aside.]

Sight. You have had a handsome Account of their Expedition: And we are both oblig'd to Mr. Friendall.

Mrs. Fri. I am very well paid for my Curiosity of coming here: I suppose we shall have a Rendezvous of his Wenches at the Masquerade, pray let's be ready to receive 'em. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *Mr. Friendall's House.*

Men and Women in Masquerading Habit.

Enter Wellvile, Wilding, Courtall, Springam, Witwoud and Betty.

Wit. Wilding has his Eye upon us I see: I have something to say to him, in my own Person, and then I must change Scarfs with you: Be sure you are i'th' way.

Well. I thought I had known you; [To Betty.] I beg your Pardon, Madam, for the Mistake.

Betty. You're very welcome to't, Sir, I would have you mistaken; and that you will always be, when you judge upon the Outsides of the Women.

Well. You are for a stricter Examination, I find: There are Conveniencies for a full Discovery, in the next Room, some Body will show you the way. [Leaves her.]

Wild. That's Slightly in the Scarf, and *Witwoud* with her, I suppose; I must not be mistaken.

Court. I like the Freedom of a Masquerade, very well; but it confounds a Man's Choice.

Spring. Why, Faith, I have a Mind to be particular, if I could but hit upon the Woman.

Wit. And that you shall presently, little Captain, I'll put my self in your Way.

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Spring. Behind a Cloud my pretty Moon! [To Betty:] Shall I be the Man in you?

Betty. With the Bush at your Back-side: You deserve to be whipt for your Wit, Sir. [Goes from him.]

Spring. I stand corrected, Madam.

Wit. Does she beat thee, little Master? Come a'me, and I'll make much of thee——

Spring. As much as you can of me, I dare say for you.

Wit. Come, come, I'll use you better——

Spring. To use me worse; is not that your Design? She has given me my Answer at once; you perhaps would linger me thro' a Winter's Expectation, and not do my Business at last——

Wit. What's your Business, pray?

Spring. Why your Business, any Woman's Business, that has a Mind to employ me in't.

Wit. No touching me: I have an unfashionable Husband in the Company, that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold——

Spring. But you will, I'm sure, if it be but to teach him better Manners.

Wit. I like your Company extreamly; but I have a great deal of Business, and would willingly be rid of you, at this time; but this Ring shall answer for me, 'till I see you again. [Going.]

Spring. Pray redeem it, as soon as you can.

Wit. Sir, Sir, if you have any Interest in the Family, pray let's have a Song, or a Dance, to divert us.

Spring. I'll see what I can do for you—— [Goes away.]

Wit. You should be *Wilding*.

Wild. And you should be as good as your Word.

Wit. The Lady is better than you can expect: That's she in the embroider'd Scart. You must not speak to her, before the Company; take her aside, by and by, in a Corner; she'll thank you for your Care of her. Here's more Company:

Enter Lovemore with Mrs. Friendall, and Mrs. Sightly.
I won't be seen with you----now Betty for the Change----

[Witwoud and Betty go out.]
Well.

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Well. Lovemore, I am in disgrace with Mrs. Sightly ;
And can't find her, to come into favour again.

Love. That's she, that came in just now with Mrs.
Friendall: I'll direct you to one, by going to the other.

[*They go to 'em.*]

A SONG, Written by *Tho. Cheek Esq;*

Corinna, I excuse thy Face;
The erring Lines which Nature drew:
When I reflect, that every Grace
Thy Mind adorns, is just and true:
But oh! thy Wit what God has sent?
Surprizing, airy, unconfin'd:
Some Wonder sure Apollo meant,
And shot himself into thy Mind.

A SONG in the First Scene of the Fourth
A^c.

Hang this whining way of mooring,
Loving was design'd a Sport:
Sighing, talking, without doing,
Makes a silly, idle Court.
Don't believe that words can move her,
If she be not well inclin'd:
She her self must be the Lover,
To persuade her to be kind.
If, at last, she grants the Favour,
And consents to be undone:
Never think her Passion gave her
To your Wishes, but her own.

*After the Song, Witwoud and Betty, having chang'd Scarfs,
Enter, to be ready for the Dance; after which —*
Love. Some can't get Husbands, and others can't get
rid of 'em.

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Mrs. Fri. Every Woman carries her Cross in this World: A Husband happens to be mine, and I must bear it, as well as I can.

Love. I would ease you of it.

Mrs. Fri. No more upon this Subject, you have carried the Argument so far, 'tis allowing what you say, to listen any longer. But Mr. *Lovemore*, I will give you what Satisfaction I have in my Power, and Praise is the Reward of Virtue, you know; I think you have proceeded like a Man of Experience in this Business, and taken the natural Road to undermine most Women. I must do you this Justice, that nothing has been wanting on your side.

Love. I would have nothing wanting on my side, Madam.

Mrs. Fri. And however you came by the Knowledge of Mr. *Friendall's* Weaknesses, you have improv'd 'em as much as they could bear upon the Conduct of his Wife: If they have not carry'd me as far as you design'd; 'tis the Fault of my Heaviness, perhaps, that can't be transported into the Woman you'd have me.

Love. There's a Fault somewhere.

Mrs. Fri. Mr. *Lovemore*, some Women won't speak so plain, but I will own to you, I can't think the worse of you for thinking well of me: Nay, I don't blame you for designing upon me, Custom has fashion'd it into the way of living among the Men; and you may be i'th' right to all the Town: But let me be i'th' right too to my Sex and to my self: Thus far may be excus'd: You've prov'd your Passion, and my Virtue try'd; but all beyond that Tryal is my Crime, and not to be forgiven: Therefore I intreat you, don't make it impossible to me for the Future, to receive you as a Friend; for I must own, I would secure you always for my Friend: Nay more, I will confess my Heart to you: If I could make you mine——

Love. For ever Yours.

Mrs. Fri. But I am marry'd, only pity me——

[Goes from him.]

Love.

Love. Pity her! She does not deserve it, that won't better her Condition, when she may: But she's marry'd she says; why, that was the best of my Reasons of following her at first; and I like her so well, as she's another Man's Wife, I should hardly mend the matter by making her my own. I won't think yet my two Months thrown away upon her: One time or other, some way or other, I may be the better for her; at least with some other Women: But I begin to believe that every Man loses his Labour this way sometimes.

Sight. Who can that Woman be?

[*Observing Wilding and Witwoud.*]

Well. *Wilding's* the Man I know.

Sight. Then it may be my good Cousin *Witwoud*.

Well. Presuming upon the Scarf, which is very like yours, I ventur'd, and spake to her. I should have known Mrs. *Witwoud*, I believe.

Sight. Pray try if you can learn who she is.

[*They parl in a low Voice.*]

Wit. This Place is too publick for a Vindication of this Nature, if you retire into the next Room, I may accept of your Excuses; upon your Promise of good Behaviour, and better Conduct for the Future.

Wild. I'll follow you——

[*Witwoud retires: Wellvile to Wilding.*]

Well. You will be the Man I see, *Wilding*: The Lady's withdrawn; don't let her stay for you.

Wild. Faith, *Wellvile*, 'tis a Fortune thrown upon me; and since it came without my seeking, methinks you should hardly think it worth your Courting: She'll bring it about one way or other, you find.

Well. You speak as if I knew the Lady.

Wild. I would have you know so much, that she is not worth the honourable Care you have of her.

Well. Of whom?

Wild. As if you did not know her.

Well. Why, 'tis not Mrs. *Sightly*.

Wild. I have declin'd it as much as I could in regard to a Friend; but when she follows me——

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Well. Mrs. *Sightly* follow you!

Mr. Friendall enters and joins with *Mr. Lovemore*.

Wild. No naming Names, good *Wellvile*.

Well. Nay, then I must convince you; I just left Mrs. *Sightly* to come to you; she's now in the Company, and I'll carry you to hear me speak to her——

[*Carries Wilding to Sightly.*]

Love. Why, this was a terrible Disappointment.

Mr. Fri. There are *Lampoons*, Sir, I say no more; but I may do my self reason in one of 'em, and disappoint her yet of her Disappointment.

[*Among the Women fastens upon Sightly.*]

Wild. Why then *Witwoud* has put another Woman upon me; and abus'd Mrs. *Sightly* and me: I am satisfied of the Cheat, and would be assisting to the Revenge of it if I could.

Well. You would not be the Instrument to make it publick your self?

Wild. No, that I can't consent to.

Well. Then leave it to me: *Friendall's* a Property fit for our several Interests: But *Lovemore* must employ him.

[*Wellvile to Lovemore.*]

Mr. Fri. Faith, Madam, I am very fit for your Purpose, at present, I have met with a little ill Usage from a Lady; by not meeting with her: But you may be the better for it, if you please: You shall have the Pleasure, and she shall have the Reputation of the Intrigue.

Sight. I am for all or none. [*Lovemore comes to him.*]

Love. The rarest Accident, *Friendall*; the Reason that you were disappointed in the Park, I can tell you, was, the Lady had appointed to meet *Wilding* here: She is now withdrawn into the next Room in Expectation of him; which *Wellvile*, her old Lover, suspecting, has taxt him of, and ruin'd the Design. Now, if you would have me, I'll keep up the Jealousie between 'em, and give you an Opportunity to go in to her.

Mr. Fri. By all means, *Lovemore*, this was unexpected, and done like a Friend; I owe you a good Turn for't, be sure you keep 'em here. [*Sneaks out after Witwoud.*]

Sight.

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Sight. What are you designing upon Mr. Friendall?

[To Wellvile.

Well. There's Mischief in't; and you may all be the better for't.

[*Mrs. Teazall pressing in with a Footman upon the Company.*

Mrs. Fri. What's the Noise there?

Foot. Madam, here's a rude, unmannerly Gentlewoman presses in upon me, and refuses to pull off her Mask, as your Honour order'd.

Teaz. You saucy Rascal you, I shew a better Face than thy Mother had, when she laid thee to the Parish, you Rogue: Prate to me, you Varlet! and an honest one, tho' I say it, than any of the Company: Here's fine work indeed in a civil Family! What, are you ashamed of your doings, that you won't discover your selves?

Spring. Mistress, you have the natural Privilege of a Mask. And being disguised in your own Face, you may say what you please.

Teaz. Marry, come up here; will nothing but a good Face down with you? a Woman has a fine time on't, with your finical Fancy: But I want leisure to laugh at you.

[*Looking every where for her Neice.*

Court. Do you know me?

Teaz. Ay, ay, I guess at you: Learn to speak without a Question, you Fool, before you set up for a Wit.

Court. I know you.

Teaz. Why then you may be satisfied, I shall think you an Ass.

Spring. Nay, good Mother, you had e'en as good pull off your Mask. You see you are discover'd.

Teaz. Discover'd, you snotty-nos'd Jacanapes! Would I could discover your Master; I would send him a Note of your Name: You are not yet clean from School, and are setting up for the Women forsooth: You have been so us'd to be turn'd up for a Blockhead, that you are for peeping into every Bodies Back-door, to find as great a Fool as your self: Sirrah, Sirrah, a good Burch Rod for your Mistress; that would tickle your Tail, as you deserve.

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Spring. Nay, good your Reverence.

Mrs. Fri. What's the Matter, pray?

Teaz. Why the wicked ways of Living in this Town, are matter enough for the Vexation of any Woman, that has a Girl to look after: God's my Life! Can't you keep up your Masquerades, in the Primitive Institution of making Cuckolds, as it us'd to be, without bringing the young Wenches into the Mystery of Matrimony before their time? Where's my Neice among you? 'tis a burning Shame to draw away a poor young Girl into these deep st galloping doings, as you do.

Mrs. Fri. Good Mrs. *Teazall*, not so censorious: Pray where's the harm of a little innocent Diversion?

Teaz. Innocent Diversion, with a Pox to't! for that will be the end on't, at last: Very innocent Diversion indeed; why, your Musick-meetings, Dancing-meetings, Masquing-meetings, are all but Pretences to bring you together: And when you meet, we know what you meet for well enough; 'tis to the same Purpose, in good troth: All ends in the innocent Diversion.

Well. Nay, Faith, the Gentlewoman has reason for what she says.

Teaz. Well, make me thankful for it; there's one civil Gentleman among you: And really there's a great deal of Comfort in opening a poor Woman's Case, to a discreet good-natur'd Gentleman: Pray, Sir, hear me; and if you don't allow that I have some cause for what I do, I will be contented never to see Coat-card, nor have Pam in my Pocket again.

Mrs. Fri. But who are you looking for all this while?

Teaz. An untowardly Girl, to be sure, my Cousin *Fanny*, Madam: She has undone her self, and my Hopes of a Husband for her: Gad forgive me, I have no Patience, when I think upon't: Last Night, *Witwoud* forsooth, she carries her to the Musick-meeting; then one *Wilding*, an impudent Whore-mastering Fellow, he carries her home with him, which I could forgive well enough too, if it ended there: But now, when all things were agreed upon, and Mr. *Buttybum* was to give us a Supper, and sign
the

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the Writings, in order to marry her to-morrow; when the Baggage was call'd upon, to perform her Part, whip, she had given us the slip, tuck'd up her Tail, and run a roguing after that Fellow again: But I shall light upon her.

Love, Wilding, what say you to this?

Teaz. O, Sir, are you there? if there be any Justice in *England* for the Women, I'll have you bound to the good Behaviour; I'll swear the Peace against you my self; for there's no-body safe, young or old, at this rate, if such Whore-masters as you are allow'd to do as you do.

Wild. I am bound already to behave my self like a Gentleman: I do what good I can, in my Generation; but injure no-body.

Teaz. Sirrah, Sirrah, you shall find you have injur'd my Neice, and me, before I have done with you.

Wild. You won't bring it to *Westminster*, I hope, to be decided, who has most injur'd her; I, by being civil to her; or you, by telling it to all the Town.

Teaz. Why that's true again.

Wild. And let the Company judge, who appears to be most her Enemy; I, in teaching her a very good Trade; or you, in endeavouring to break her, before she's well set up in't.

Cour. Nay, now it goes against you. [To *Teazall*.

Wild. I have put her in a very good way; if she manage it well, she'll make more on't, than her Mother made of her Matrimony.

Teaz. Nay, 'twas the Ruin of her, that I grant you.

Wild. And let the worst come to the worst, if she fails in this Calling, she may begin in another, (as they do in the City sometimes) 'tis but setting up for a Husband at last.

Teaz. But that you won't consent to, it seems.

Wild. Faith, Madam, I ha'nt seen your Neice since Morning; and then Mrs. *Witwoud* oblig'd me to give over my Pretensions to her, upon the Promise of procuring Mrs. *Sightly* for me.

Sight. Without my Knowledge, Sir?

Wild.

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Wild. Indeed, Madam, you were not to know of the Bargain.

Teaz. Then you don't know where *Fanny* is?

Wild. Not I faith, Madam.

Well. We were just complaining of Mrs. *Witwoud's* Unkindness to you, as you came in.

Teaz. Ay, Sir, I am beholding to you.

Well. She has been very busie all this-Night in carrying on an Intrigue, between your Neice and some body: They are retir'd into the next Room; they went out at that Door, if you have a Mind to be satisfy'd.

Teaz. I'm sorry, Sir, I han't time to thank you for this Favour: I must make haste, for I'm resolv'd to be satisfied.

Scene draws, (shows) Friendall and Witwoud upon a Couch.

Very fine! here is a Sight indeed!

Wit. Confusion!

Mr. Fri. What a Pox! disturb a Gentleman's Pleasures! and in his own House too! ha! *Witwoud* here! Nay then, would you had come sooner: Madam, I beg your Pardon for some Liberties I have taken with your Ladyship: But, Faith, I took you for Mrs. *Sightly*.

Wit. I never was mistaken in you.

Wild. You see I had too great a Respect for you, and therefore provided you a more deserving —

Wit. Fool.

Well. And one that had as good-natur'd a Design upon Mrs. *Sightly*, as you had your self.

Teaz. Nay, now, Gentlewoman, I think 'tis come home to you, and I am glad on't, with all my Heart.

Sight. You have paid dear enough for that Scarf; you may keep it for a Pattern for your Friends, as 'twas borrow'd for: I won't insult over you, and am only pleas'd that I have 'scap'd your Snares.

Wit. That Disappointment is my greatest Curse; and Disappointments light upon you all. [Goes out.]

Court. This is your Mistress, Captain.

Spring. And I 'gad she shall be mine now in spite of her

her Teeth: For since I find she can be civil upon occasion, I shall beat her into good Manners, if she refuses me. *[Goes after her.]*

Well. Every thing has fallen so much to your Advantage, that sure the Fault I made may be forgiven: What amends I have in my Power, I am ready to make you: My Liberty, of what I have to give, is what I value most; and that is yours, when you consent to let me make you mine.

Sighs. This is too sudden to be serious: When you're in earnest, you won't need an Answer.

Wild. They are striking up a Peace on all Hands, Gentlemen; we shall be left out of the Treaty.

Love. There's yet a Lady to declare her self.

Mrs. Fri. Mr. Friendall, I'm sorry you thought it necessary to your Pleasures, to make me a Witness of my ill Usage: You know I can, and have past many things, some Women would think Wrongs, as such resent 'em, and return 'em too: But you can tell how I've behav'd my self.

Mr. Fri. Like a Gentlewoman always, Madam, and my Wife.

Mrs. Fri. The unjust World, let what will be the Cause of our Complaint (as there is Cause sufficient still at home) condemn us to a Slavery for Life: And if by Separation we get free, then all our Husband's Faults are laid on us: This hard Condition of a Woman's Fate, I've often weigh'd, therefore resolv'd to bear: And I have born; O! what have I not born? But Patience tires with such oppressing Wrongs, when they come home to triumph over me; and tell the Town how much I am despis'd.

Mr. Fri. I see we are both disappointed in this Affair of Matrimony; it is not the Condition you expected; nor has it the Advantages I propos'd. Now, Madam, since 'tis impossible to make it happy between us, let us even resolve to make it as easie as we can.

Mrs. Fri. That must be my Business now.

Mr. Fri. And mine too, I assure you: Look you, Madam, your own Relations shall provide for you at Pleasure,

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sure, out of my Estate; I only article that I may have a Freedom of visiting you, in the Round of my Acquaintance.

Mrs. Fri. I must be still your Wife, and still unhappy.

Love. What Alteration this may make in my Fortune with her, I don't know; but I'm glad I have parted them.

Mr. Fri. Well, Gentlemen, I can't be very much displeas'd at the Recovery of my Liberty, I am only sorry *Witwoud* was the occasion of it: For an old blown-upon She-wit, is hardly an Intrigue to justify the Separation on my Side, or make a Man very vain of his Fortune.

Love. This you must all expect, who marry Fools; Unless you form 'em early in your Schools,
And make 'em, what they were design'd for, Tools.

[*Exit.*]



EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

M^{*Y*} Character, not being much in Vogue,
Has drawn me in to speak the Epilogue:
But, pray conceive me right, not to disparage
That ancient, English Perquisite of Marriage;
Which, when the Priests first made all Pleasure Sin,
Faster than they could cheat us, drew us in
With Rites and Liberties of Cuckolding.
That us'd to be the Custom, and so common,
No Girl but wish'd her self a marry'd Woman.
Whether I've done my Husband right, or no;
Most Women may be in the right, that do:
Our Author does not set up for reforming;
Or giving hints to Fools who won't take warning:
He's pleas'd, that other People are pleas'd too,
To help to reap that Harvest which they sow:
For among all the Cuckolds of this Town,
Who show themselves, and are as daily shown,
Our Poets may make some of 'em their own.
You find in me what may excuse a Wife:
Compare at home the Picture with the Life,
And most of you may find a Friendall there;
And most of you more justly us'd than here:
Our Author has his Ends, if he can show,
The Women ne'er want Cause for what they do:
For, Ladies, all his Aim is pleasing you.

Some

EPILOGUE.

*Some metled Sparks, who nothing can withstand,
Your Velvet-Fortune-Hunters, may demand,
Why, when the Means were in the Lady's Hand,
The Husband civil, and the Lover near,
No more was made of the Wife's Character?
Damn me, cries one, had I been Betterton,
And struts, and cocks, I know what I had done;
She should not ha' got clear of me so soon.
You only fear such Plays may spoil your Game:
But Flesh and Frailty always are the same;
And we shall still proceed in our old way,
For all that you can do, or Poets say.*



The End of the First Volume.